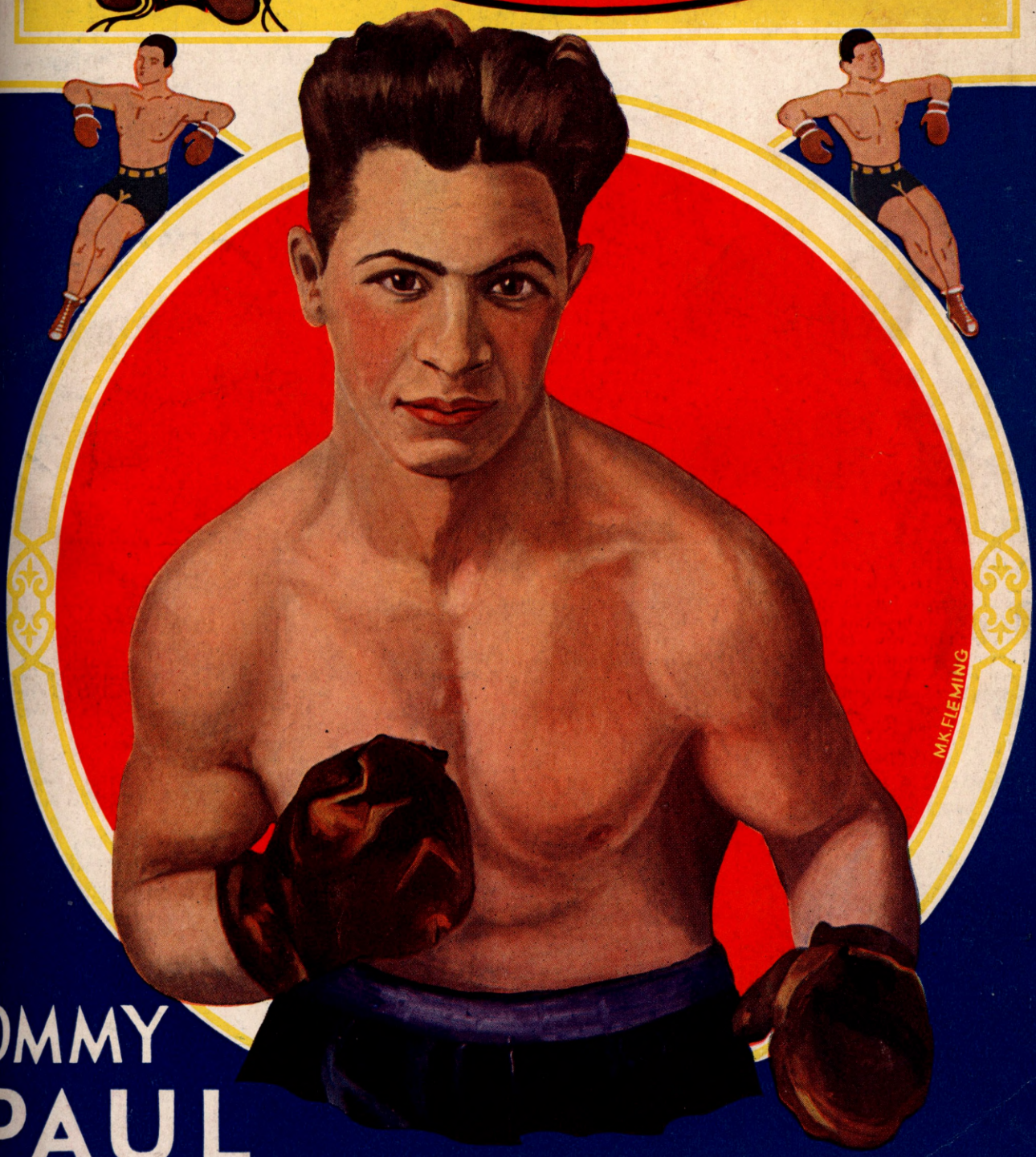
25 CENTS

SEPTEMBER

The RING



TOMMY PAUL

Upper New York State's Bantam King

IN THIS ISSUE

The SCHMELING-STRIBLING FIGHT *in* STORY *and* PICTURES

Find the Twin Pirates to Qualify!

YO-HO-HO! Pirates bold and a treasure chest. Jewels, gold, silver Treasure laden ships on the Spanish Main. Thoughts of these, and more, come to mind as you look at this picture of a lone man guarding a chest against a band of ruffians.

In the picture are two men who look alike and dress alike. They are "twin pirates." Can you pick them out? Look sharp! Keen eyes will find them, can you?

More Than $12,960.00 *IN PRIZES*

If you find the "twins" write their numbers in the coupon or a letter, mail to us and you will qualify for an opportunity to share in over $12,960.00 in Prizes. Besides hundreds of dollars in special cash rewards. This offer is made by a reliable business house for advertising purposes. You are sure to be rewarded if you take an active part. In case of final ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

One hundred and three cash prizes will be given those who write us about this amazing advertising campaign. We will give away $12,960.00 in cash. You get $3,700 if you win grand first prize. In addition there are 102 other wonderful cash prizes. The winner of the grand second prize may win $2,200, and winner of the grand third prize may win $1,700. Also four other prizes of $500.00 each and many others. All told $12,960.00 in cash. Money to pay you is already on deposit in the Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank, a big Chicago bank.

All you do to qualify in this great advertising plan is to send your answer. Not a penny of your money is needed now or later. Send the coupon, postal, or letter at once for particulars. Roger Scott, Mgr., 427 West Randolph Street, Dept. 2860, Chicago Ill

Indiana Farmer Wins $3,500

C. H. Essig, R. R. 3, Argos, Ind., wrote: "I wish to acknowledge receipt of your $3,500 prize check. I thank you 3,500 times for it. Oh, boy! This is the biggest sum of money I ever had in my hands in my life and I am tickled pink over it. When you think of the people who spend their whole lifetime working and in the end never realize such a sum, it is indeed a fortune to win"

Won $650

S. H. Bennett, Lynchburg, Va., wrote, "I was more than pleased to receive the $650.00 prize check, I am so well pleased with the nice treatment given me. I found your products all you claim for them."

Won $525

E. C. Tillman, Berwyn, Ill., wrote: "It is impossible to express my sincere appreciation for your check for $525.00 prize. It came when I was out of work, which makes it 'look like a million dollars.'"

South Carolina Minister Wins

Dr. S. T. Willis, Pastor of the First Christian Church of Columbus, S. C. won a cash prize recently.

Hundreds have been rewarded in our past advertising campaigns. Mrs. Edna D. Ziler, of Kentucky, won $1,950. Miss Tillie Bohle, of Iowa, $1,500. Be prompt! Answer today!

Roger Scott, Mgr., Dept. 2860
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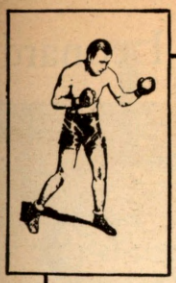

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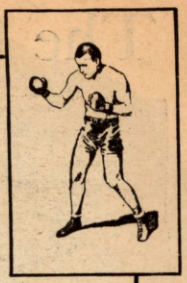

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The story of the Sharkey-Walker battle told in stirring action pictures taken at the ringside by our staff photographer.

Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog—A. D. Phillips analyzes the middleweight who seeks to emulate the great Bob Fitzsimmons.

Exploring the wild regions for the grunting, groaning Human Pachyderms—An interesting story of Jack Pfeffer, the wrestling impresario.

The Fighting Man—what are his requirements? Wilbur Wood takes you through a series of amusing incidents in his discussion of the glass jaw, the "weak" heart.

These in addition to fiction by Daniel M. Daniel, and articles by Frank Graham, A. D. Phillips, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Joe Humphreys and Nat Fleischer.

For up-to-the-minute news of the boxing world, for timely wrestling gossip and pictures of your favorite fistic heroes, buy THE RING.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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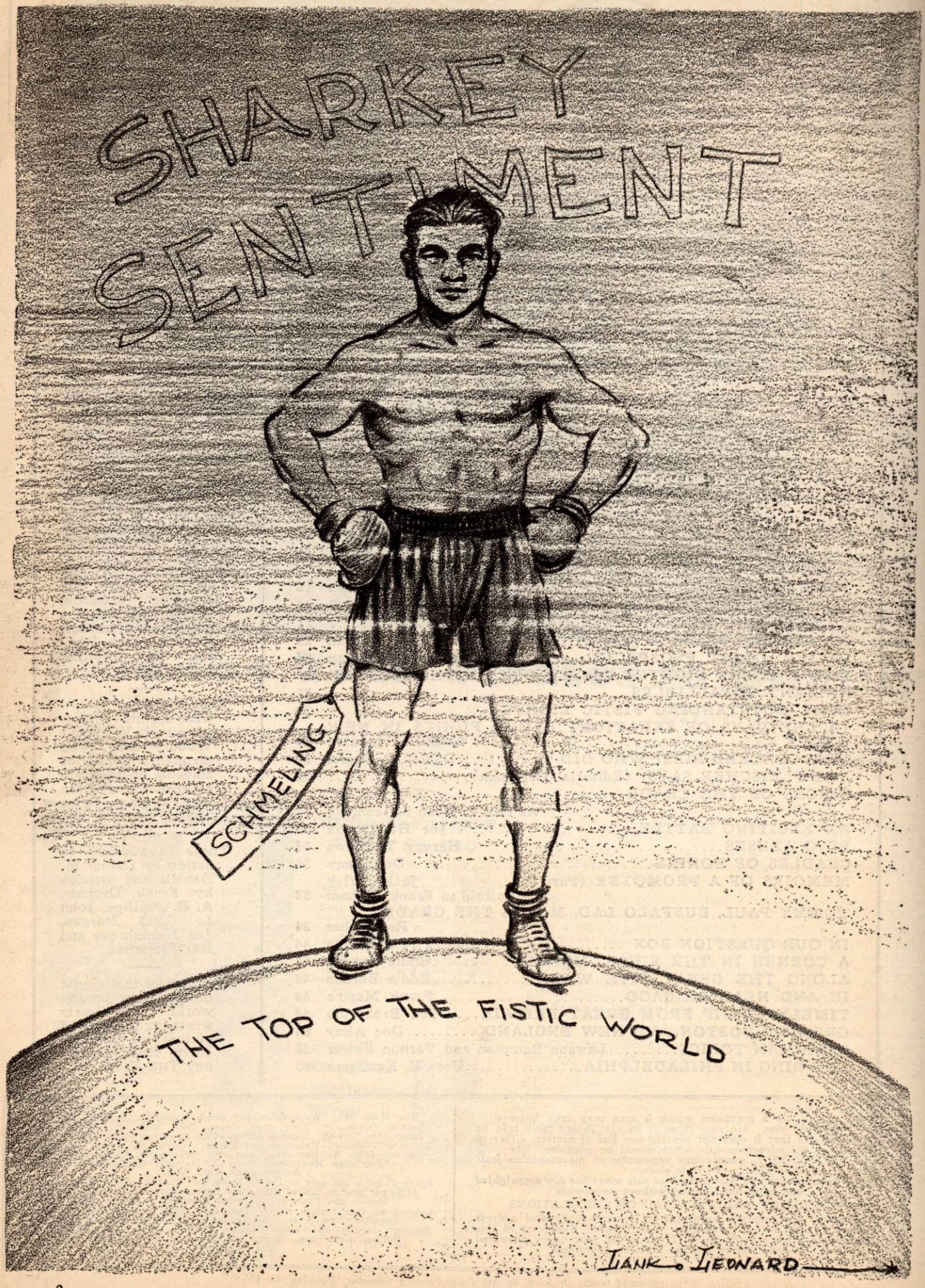
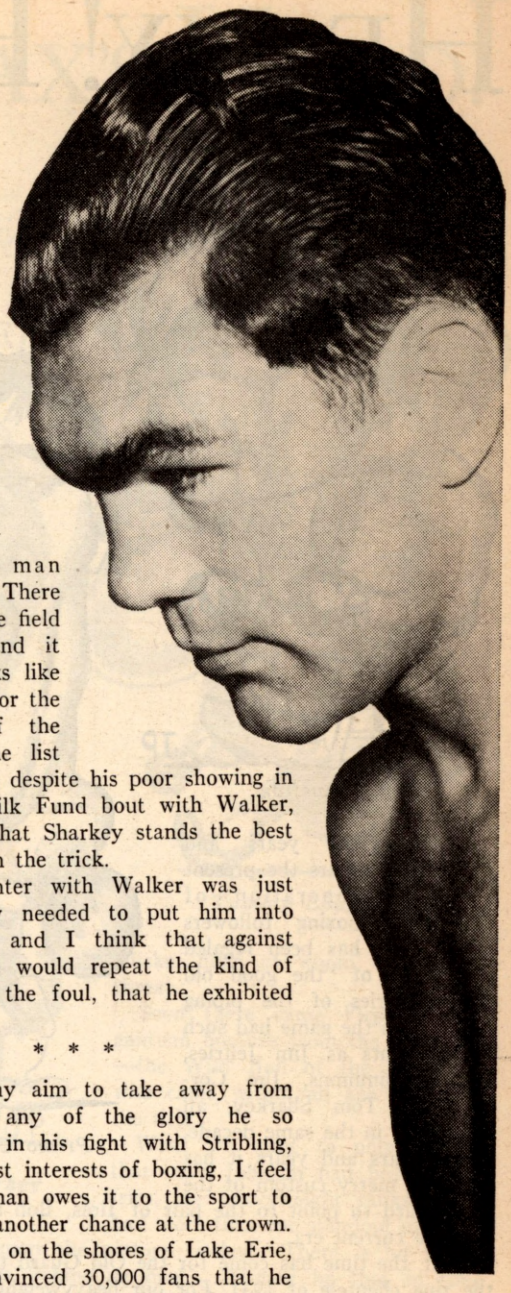
The Cloud is Thinner Now *By* "Lank" Leonard



It's Up to Schmeling!

By Max Fleischer



A CHAMPION in name only since he won the title from Jack Sharkey on a foul June 12 of last year, Max Schmeling of Germany to-day is a champion in reality.

By stopping Young Stribling, the Black Uhlan removed the stigma of the "foul champion" from his escutcheon and henceforth can look the whole world in the face without fear of being pointed out as "the man who won the world's heavyweight championship sitting down."

Ignored by his Fatherland because he had failed to live up to the traditions of German sportsmanship by refusing to yield to popular clamor for a return bout with Sharkey; scoffed at here as "the sitting down" title holder, Herr Max can now hold his head high with the realization that he has vindicated himself in the Cleveland battle.

I, among others, had belittled the German's claim to international recognition as title holder. I did that because of his refusal to live up to his agreement to give Sharkey a return engagement, despite the fact that I awarded him a beautiful silver championship belt. But, like my colleagues, I am now ready to accept Schmeling for what he proved himself to be in his recent contest. Particularly so, now that the man who was considered his superior, Jack Sharkey, failed to impress against Mickey Walker. That Sharkey flivver and Stribling knockout, now make Schmeling the world's outstanding heavyweight.

Max is not the greatest champion the heavyweight division has had in recent years, but he has proved that it will take an extraordinary man to beat him. There is none in the field right now, and it therefore looks like a long reign for the German. Of the leaders in the list of contenders, despite his poor showing in the recent Milk Fund bout with Walker, I still think that Sharkey stands the best chance to turn the trick.

The encounter with Walker was just what Sharkey needed to put him into fighting trim and I think that against Schmeling, he would repeat the kind of battle, minus the foul, that he exhibited last year.

* * *

IT is not my aim to take away from Schmeling any of the glory he so justly earned in his fight with Stribling, but in the best interests of boxing, I feel that the German owes it to the sport to give Sharkey another chance at the crown. In the contest on the shores of Lake Erie, Schmeling convinced 30,000 fans that he is an excellent long distance scrapper, that he meausures up to the standard of great fighters and that he will make a good champion.

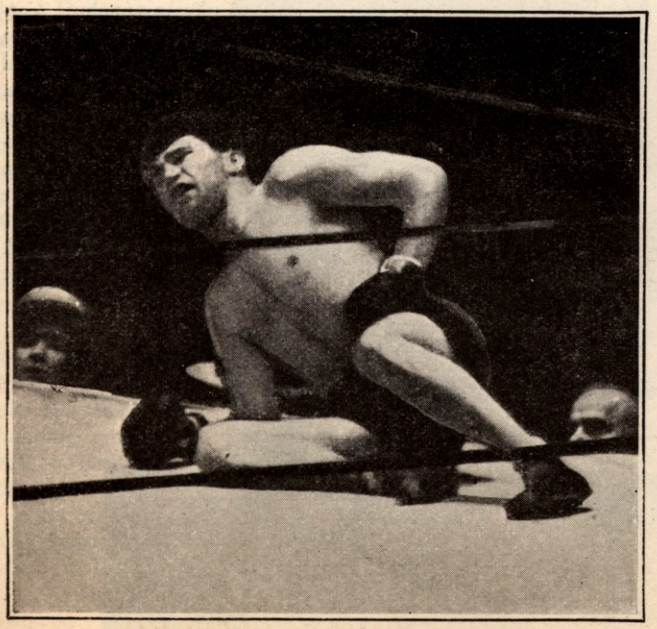
Therefore I see no reason why he shouldn't forget his "injured eye" excuse, return to this country, accept Sharkey's challenge and prove his right to a place on the Tunney-Muldoon trophy. Those who saw both the Cleveland and the Ebbets Field contests, viewed in the West, a champion with the best part of his career ahead of him and in Brooklyn, a contender on the downgrade. Hence there should be no further need for not attempting to wipe out the one blot on Schmeling's record—the winning of a crown while on the floor.

There is no further reason for keeping Sharkey on the side lines for another year. If, as I have said elsewhere in this issue, Sharkey showed us his best against Walker, then the Schmeling of Cleveland has nothing to fear from the Boston gob. That is another reason why Schmeling should seek to eliminate Sharkey from the picture either in late September or down in Miami this winter.

The million dollar gate is lurking in the distance. A Schmeling-Sharkey fight can bring it back. Let's have it.

* * *

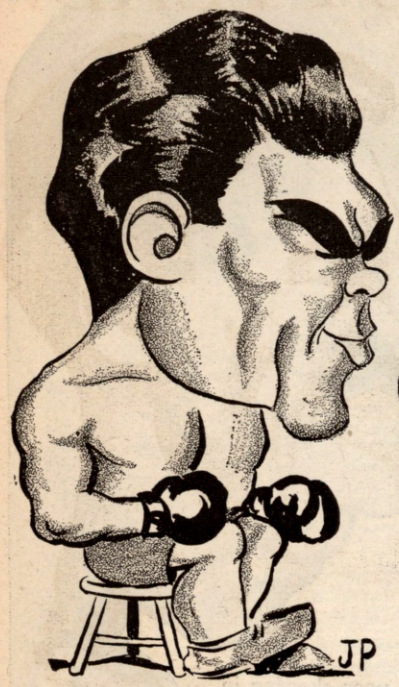
BY stopping the King of the Canebrakes with only fourteen more seconds of the fifteenth and last round remaining, Schmeling redeemed himself. That (*Continued on page* 44)



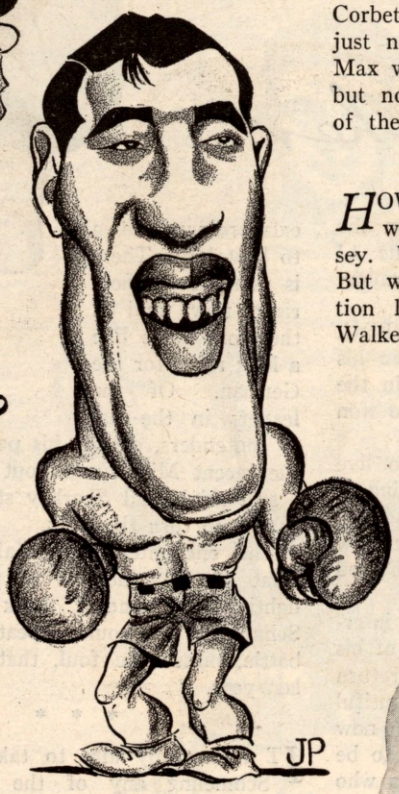
How about wiping this out, Max?

HEAVY! HEAVY! WHAT

Days of Jeff, Fitz, Sharkey and Corbett are Brought Back



Max Schmeling



Primo Carnera

FOR years and years the present generation of boxing followers has been regaled with tales of "the good old days"—stories of the piping times when the game had such heavyweights as Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett and Tom Sharkey, all competing in the same decade.

For years and years it has been the merry custom of the Old Guard to point to the pair of Jims, Bob and Tom, and pity the current era.

Well, the time has come for the Old Guard to stop pitying the ring clientele of 1931. For our heavyweight situation has become rather interesting—certainly intriguing—and perhaps more expert than it had been since the days of the Big Four, with men like Gus Ruhlin and Peter Maher to form a coterie of "shortstops."

* * *

THE Schmeling-Stribling fight in Cleveland is the circumstance which has made 1931 conscious of the fact that our heavies aren't all poor, subnormal fighters of a poor, subnormal era.

To Schmeling we owe this startling awakening. You see, most of us had gotten the idea that the German was just another heavyweight. We had seen him on the receiving end in the bout with Jack Sharkey—we had seen him take the title while caressing the canvas—and had got the impression that there was nothing especially noteworthy in Max's technique, nothing particularly high class in his makeup.

Well, Herr Schmeling's expert, workmanlike job against Stribling destroyed that idea. True, Schmeling, taking fifteen rounds to dispose of the Georgian, was no Dempsey. There was nothing of the clever Corbett about Max, little of the punching genius of Fitz. Yes, there was something of the Jeffries in his slow, methodical, somewhat plodding method. But don't get the impression that I am calling Max another Jeffries. You see, there are thousands of old timers who think that the crouching Boilermaker who stopped Fitz and Corbett was the greatest heavyweight of all time, and just now it would be thoroughly futile to attempt to rate Max with the immortals of the squared circle. He is good, but not yet good enough to be classed with the king pins of the past.

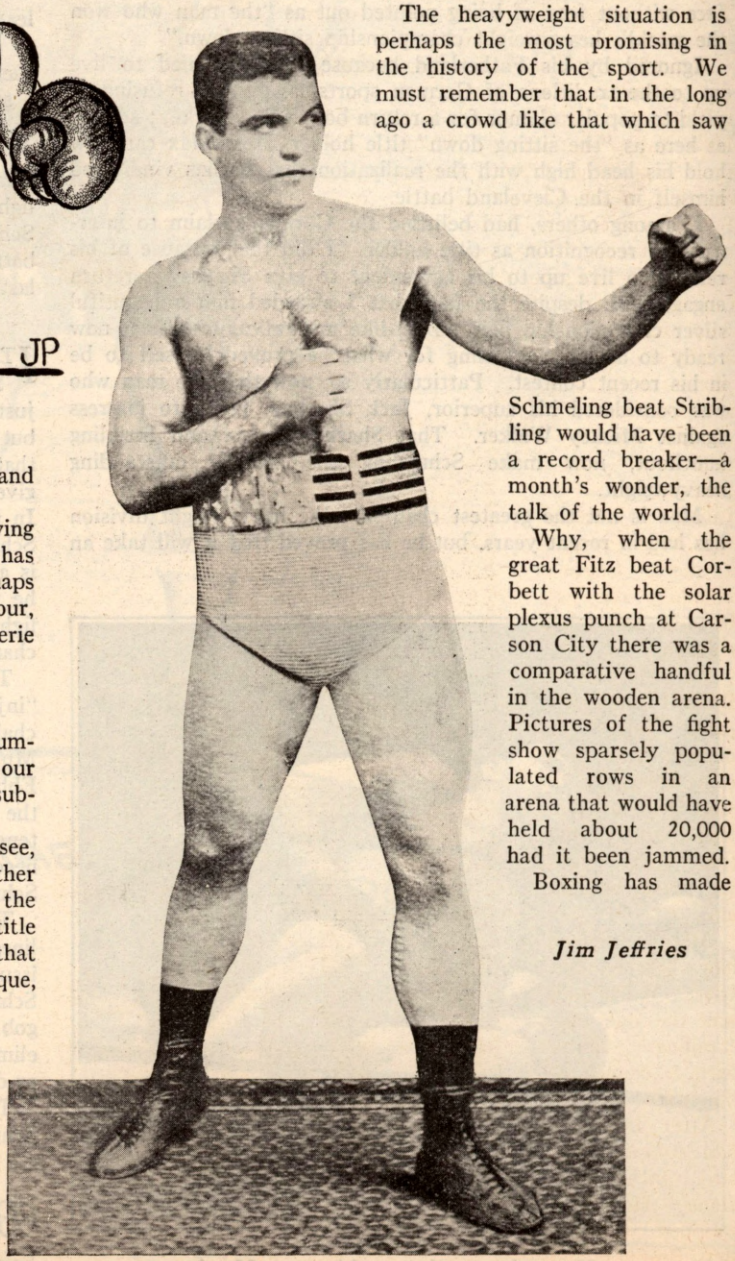
* * *

HOWEVER, to get back to my thesis. We may have no wonders when you compare them with Jeffries and Dempsey. We may have no scientific experts of the Corbett type. But we seem to be doing pretty well to muster a combination like Schmeling, Sharkey, Loughran, Carnera, Mickey Walker, and the lesser crew composed of Vic Campolo, Stribling, Retzlaff, Poreda, Ficucello, Risko, Baer and Paulino.

The heavyweight situation is perhaps the most promising in the history of the sport. We must remember that in the long ago a crowd like that which saw Schmeling beat Stribling would have been a record breaker—a month's wonder, the talk of the world.

Why, when the great Fitz beat Corbett with the solar plexus punch at Carson City there was a comparative handful in the wooden arena. Pictures of the fight show sparsely populated rows in an arena that would have held about 20,000 had it been jammed.

Boxing has made



Jim Jeffries

HANGS OVER MAX'S HEAD?

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

tremendous strides since that afternoon out in Nevada in 1897. There is nothing surreptitious about the sport. Our best people support it. A big fight brings out a ringside crowd that looks like a cross section of Society, the Stage, the Cinema, the Law, Industry, Banking, the Bench.

That's why I say that 1931, with Schmeling, Sharkey, Loughran, Carnera, and Walker, is confronted with opportunities that the fighters of the Jeffries heydey, the promoters of the Fitzsimmons ascendancy, never even dreamed of.

* * *

IN short, it is my impression that we are heading for a Renaissance of the popular interest, the drama, even the class, and financial success of the crest days of boxing which came with the development of Dempsey.

We are on a heavyweight wave which is due to reach its highest point in 1932. This wave traces all the way back to that hot July afternoon at Reno, when Jack Johnson stopped Jeffries in his ill-advised comeback.

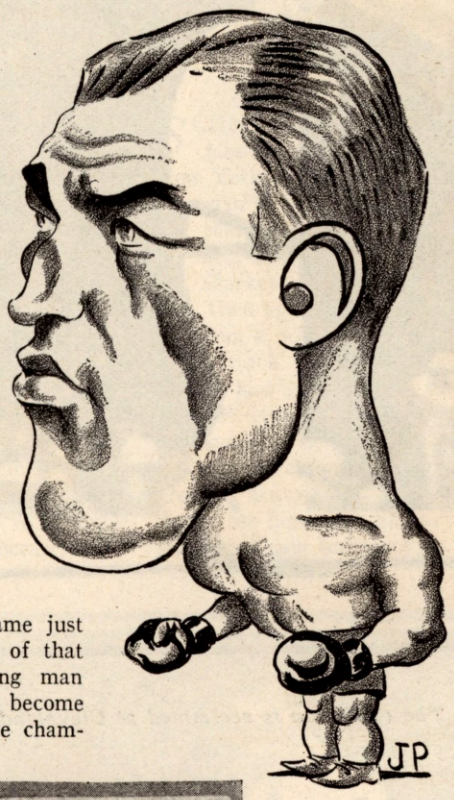
Immediately there was a howl from one end of the country to the other—a loud call for the White Hope. Boys began to leave farm and factory. Managers and promoters held White Hope tournaments in which we saw the worst apologies for fighters in the history of the sport.

Out of this White Hope mania there came just one fighter, and he hardly was a product of that campaign. Jess Willard, a big, lumbering man from Kansas, needing money, decided to become a fighter. In that way we got Willard the champion—the man who stopped the ill-conditioned, worried and aging Johnson at Havana — a Johnson who went through a mock training schedule on hot biscuits and fried chicken.

With the rise of Willard boxing came into big money. And then came Dempsey, to stop Jess at Toledo, and bring the sport into its most opulent era.

After Johnson had beaten Jeffries, Willard was the one outstanding fighter with a chance at the title.

After Dempsey had stopped Willard, Jack stood alone. He then whipped Carpentier, Brennan and Miske, none of whom was a real threat.



Jack Sharkey

Tommy Loughran

Soon there came Firpo—a gargantuan hombre from the Argentine —the Wild Bull of the Pampas— who came within an ace of taking the title.

What we want to point out is that once Johnson had beaten Jeffries, the heavyweight ranks rarely had more than one standout member.

Gaze upon the picture to-day. There is no telling about this Schmeling man. It may be that in time he will prove a really great fighter. I hope so. We need a first class fighting man at the head of the heavyweight division to keep boxing up where it belongs. True, none of the greats of the past would have taken fifteen rounds to beat Stribling.

The Georgian would have been no match for the clever Corbett, he would have been punched unconscious in five rounds by Jeffries, slow to start as Jeff was. He would have been a mark for the wily, cruel Fitzsimmons. As for Dempsey—well, Jack would have knocked Stribling kicking in about two heats.

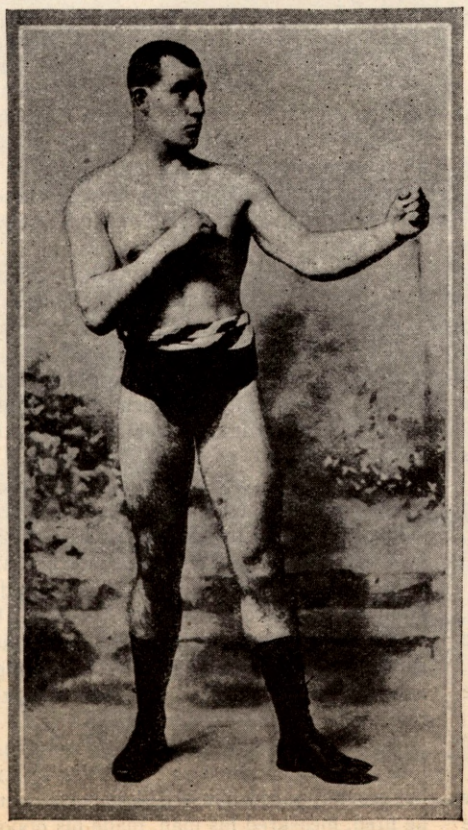
I think that the heavyweight outlook is better right now than at any other time since Tunney gained the crown from Dempsey. There is Sharkey, who, while he looks most impressive when he cuts loose, never has made the most of his great opportunities.

Then there is the gigantic Carnera, who at this time is interesting almost entirely because of his size, and his mastodonic proportions as a box office asset.

Loughran in a comeback, and Mickey Walker is knocking at the gate. The situation is strikingly interesting, and we no longer have to take it from the Old Guard.

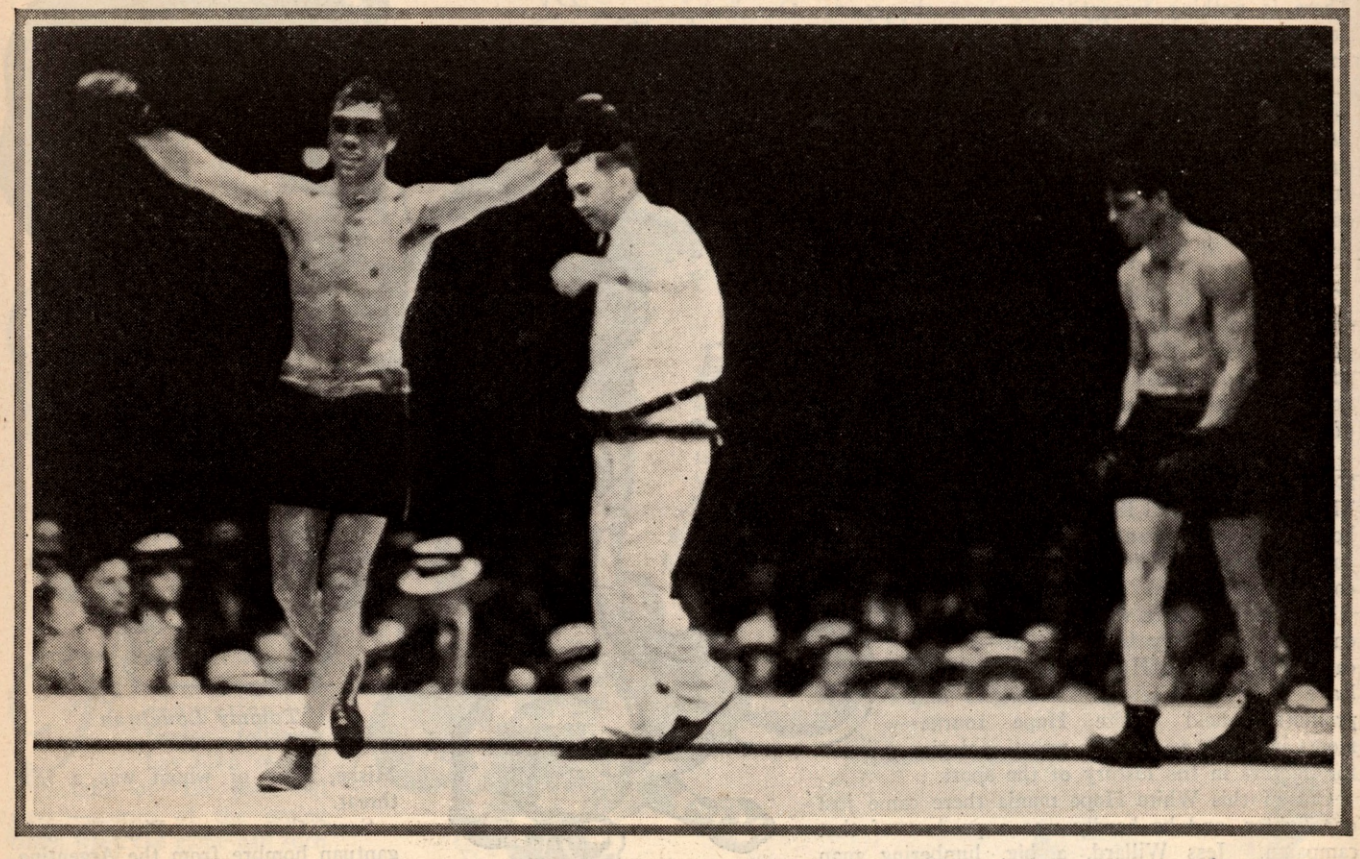
Happy days are here again in boxing, if only the depression will roll away and let the fans give the situation the support they would like to give it.

There is a Big Five now where the old Big Four reigned.



Tom Sharkey

MAX SCHMELING



The champion is acclaimed at Cleveland

By NAT FLEISCHER

WHEREIN was the Schmeling of Cleveland different from the Schmeling of the Yankee Stadium who won the world's heavyweight title on a foul?

Wherein did the Schmeling who stopped Young Stribling, change his offense and defense?

Is the champion a throwback, a Jeffries in the making?

A few months ago the name of Schmeling brought jeers from the fight fans. To-day, it brings cheers.

The change was brought about by the most impressive manner in which the Black Uhlan scored his triumph, by his change of style, his new method of attack, his fine defensive tactics.

Many years have elapsed since a heavyweight came to the front with a display of ring tactics such as Schmeling employed against Stribling. Not since the days of Jeffries, has the game developed a plodder, a distance fighter with the hitting power of Schmeling. With the passing of Jeffries and his contemporaries, a new school of fighters came to the fore, a class that depended on science more than on hitting—the ten-round tapsters.

In Schmeling there has returned to fistiana the Jeffries type. Max has proved himself strictly a long distance fighter of the old school—the mowing down, slow starting aggressive type, the kind that is willing to keep coming in while punches are hurled his way.

* * *

AGAINST Sharkey, Schmeling was slow in getting under way, just as he was against Stribling, but in the Stadium engagement in New York, Sharkey landed effectively almost at will in the first three rounds and did at least twice as much damage as Stribling did during the same period. Against Stribling, Max came through with a defense so perfect that few of the most damaging punches were able to reach their mark. Stribling's jab to the face was his most damaging blow in those sessions.

When Schmeling clashed with Sharkey, the gob fought his greatest battle. He took each round by an increasing margin. He found that Schmeling proved a perfect target for a left and the gob kept piling up a big lead with that punch.

Stribling, talking a leaf from the Sharkey book, tuned up his left for the Cleveland affair. He kept practicing with that hand every day throughout his training periods, and he perfected the punch to such a degree that the scribes who watched him in camp, predicted it would bring him victory and the title.

But what a shock was in store for those who had expected the Georgian to repeat the Sharkey trick! With the exception of the first five rounds, when Schmeling worked like a cold engine waiting to be warmed up. Max stopped that left with ridiculous ease. He had perfected a fine defense, and from the sixth to the end of the bout, less than ten percent of the numerous punches delivered, landed on the intended spot. Most were either blocked by Schmeling's arms or gloves, and that so disconcerted the challenger, that he soon lost control of himself and missed repeatedly.

In the Sharkey contest we found the gob boxing methodically, smartly. He took everything in stride. He was sure of his ground, paced himself like a master, took the range before he fired, measured his man, made his opponent miss, then countered and punched with accuracy, speed, force and deliberation.

Throwback to JIM JEFFRIES

Improved Form of Champion Against Stribling Brings Back Memories of Plodding Boilermaker

And so it was with Schmeling after the sixth round when he hit his stride. He was a counterpart of the Sharkey of the year before. His knowledge of ring science as compared to what he had exhibited against the Bostonian, was amazing. He showed that he had studied, that he had learned and that during the year of supposed idleness, he had practiced. Max admitted this after the fight.

The German proved his mettle. He must be rated a first-class fighter. He is worthy of the title he holds, but he could strengthen his position a hundred fold were he to accept the Sharkey issue and gain a decisive victory over the American champion.

At Cleveland, Schmeling treated the spectators to a style that combined that of the master technician, Sharkey; the ring strategist, Loughran, and the plodder, Jeffries. But he did not prove that he was a better all-around fighter than Sharkey, a cleverer boxer than Tommy or a harder hitter than Jeffries. Yet in time he may be greater than all.

Whereas in the Sharkey encounter, Schmeling, having heard so much comment on his close resemblance to Dempsey, came out of his corner in each round weaving in a crude imitation of the former Manassa Mauler, always flat on his heels, in the mill with the Georgian he decided to be himself. He forgot the weave and the shuffle effect occasionally.

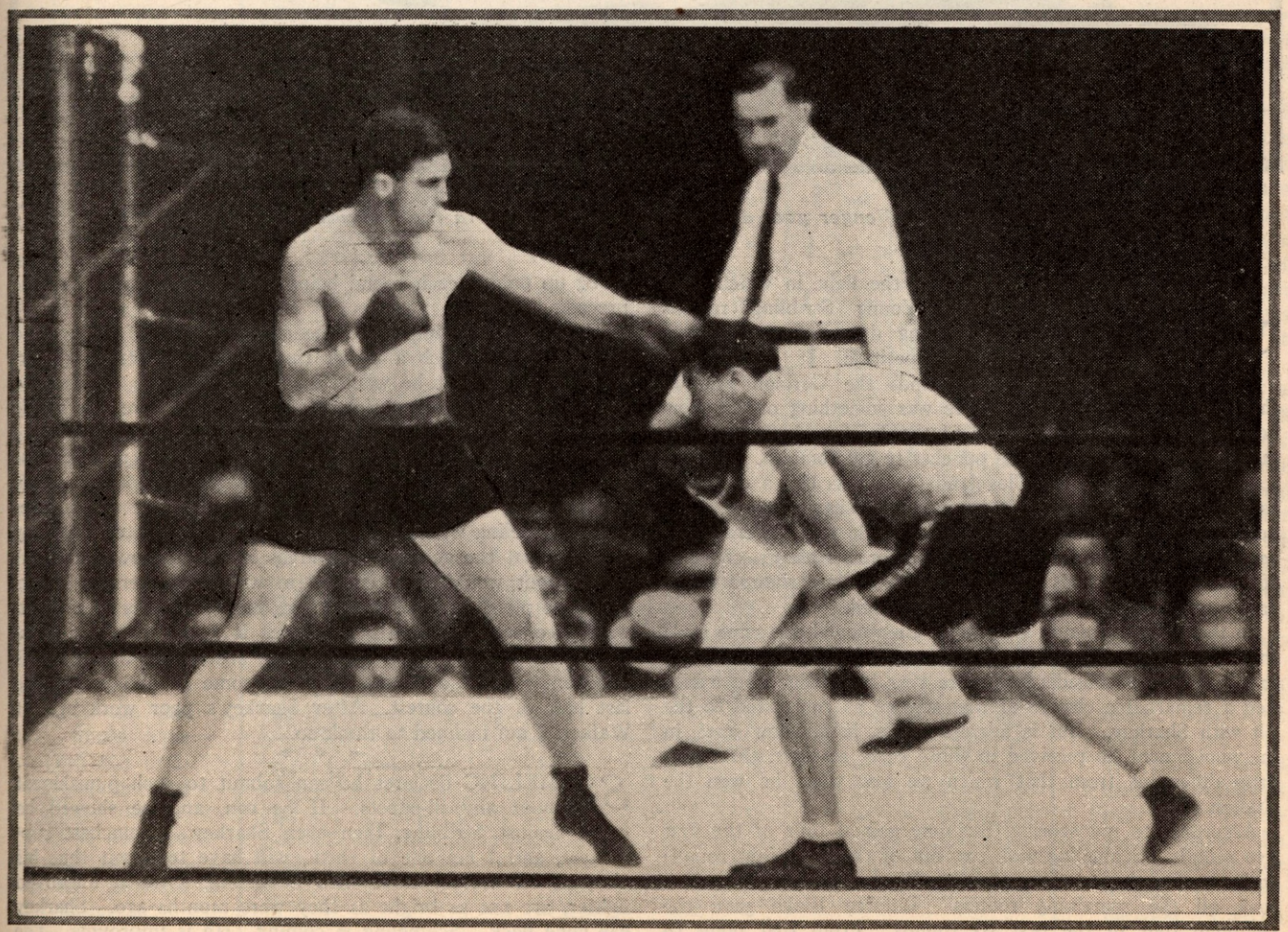
Instead he used a fine straight left with telling effect, timed his hooks and uppercuts well and often made Stribling miss. Had he kept up the same tactics against the challenger as he did against Sharkey, Max would have been a target for Stribling's left.

* * *

SCHMELING not only evaded most of Stribling's stinging jabs by clever blocking, something he couldn't do in the New York fight, but he actually took the play away from the Georgian by out-jabbing him. Max at times used a straight left that had the challenger's nose and mouth bleeding from the fifth round to the finish. The same left jabs, unlike in the Sharkey contest, found the way frequently to the body.

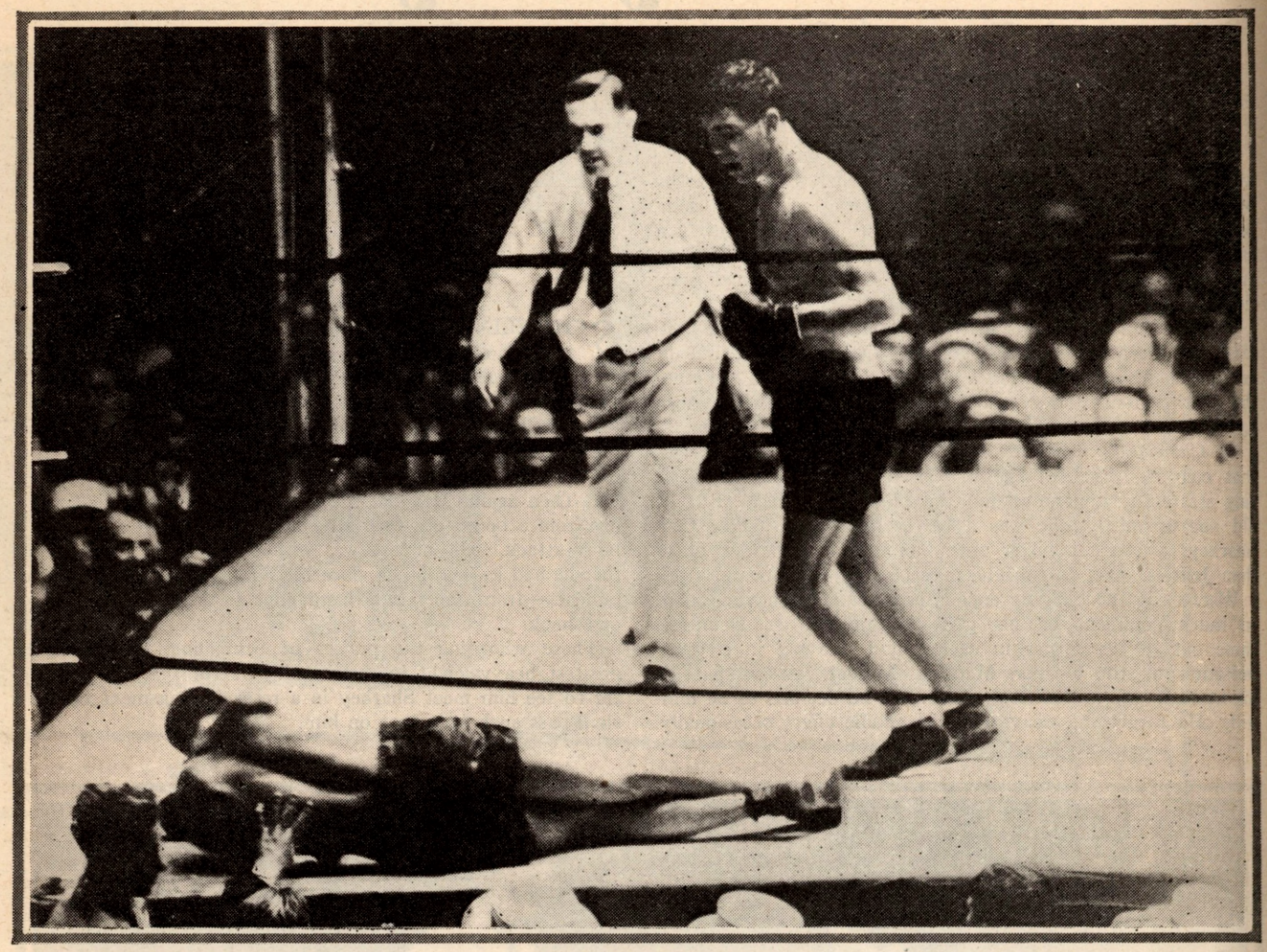
Then again, Max did the unexpected when he kept shifting from a body to a face attack and again from a head to a body attack. His offense was without flaw. He also showed that he had learned much since the Sharkey fray by mixing his punches—from short right-hand clips to a straight left shoot or a hook.

Those who sing the praises of Schmeling, class him the greatest heavyweight in the world. As for that, I shall prefer to see him meet Sharkey in a return engagement before I shall pass such judgment on him.



Old timers saw Jeffries in the ring again as Max crouched before Stribling

Analysis *of* Battle Stresses



The challenger goes down before the German in the fifteenth

AN expert's analysis of the fight in which Max Schmeling stopped Young Stribling reveals some rather interesting data for the student of heavyweight competition. It shows that in the first five rounds the German was on the receiving end in four. There was something of the Corbett about Stribling, something of the Jeffries about the German, who was willing to take punches to get some in.

Schmeling entered the Cleveland fray in as fine a condition as any boxer has been in a heavyweight championship. His boxing skill was superb as against the crude style he employed against Sharkey. If it hadn't been for Stribling's clinches, after he had sapped his strength, the Schmeling triumph would have come earlier than the fifteenth round.

In the first six rounds, the German employed the same style that he did in the Stadium encounter, with the exception that he showed considerably more ring knowledge and exhibited a remarkable change of ring science as contrasted to the tilt with Sharkey. But in aggressiveness, in his slow start, in the punishment he received in those early sessions, there was little difference from that which we saw when he won the title on a foul.

According to my scoring, Stribling gained four of the first five rounds. Schmeling took two out of the first eight rounds with the fourth and eighth even. From there on Schmeling took all the remaining rounds. Referee Blake gave the Georgian four of the first six rounds. From that point to the calling of a halt by the referee, the champion kept piling up points, each round being more in his favor than the preceding one.

That was what impressed the critics most. If Max could do that against such a clever ring general as Stribling, perhaps his claim that he would have done likewise to Sharkey, did after all, deserve consideration. At least there was ample proof in Cleveland that the German cannot get going in the early stages and when he does, he is a terrific body puncher, one who metes out the kind of blows that wear an opponent down.

That being the case, in a Sharkey-Schmeling return engagement Schmeling would go to the post a big favorite, especially so, now that the gob has proved he is on the downgrade. A return bout would be a contest in which two terrific hitters would be pitted against each other, one who starts at a whirlwind pace, the other at a snail's pace. It would then be a question whether the slower fighter could absorb the blows of his opponent without apparent effect, to come on and win in the last half of the contest. After Sharkey's poor work against Walker, I am inclined to think so.

* * *

SCHMELING declares he can submit to such punishment without any ill-effects. If he can, and he showed he could against Stribling, then even Sharkey's staunchest supporters, and I am one of them, will have to admit that his chances for victory now, with Schmeling a much improved fighter, are not as bright as they were months ago. Sharkey has gone back. Schmeling is coming. He is improving. The German looked just as bad in the early rounds of the Sharkey

Max's Improvement

By The RING EXPERT

Schmeling Lost Four of First Five Rounds but Was in Perfect Shape

contest as he did against Stribling yet made a thorough job of it in the wind up at Cleveland.

Stribling was a sadly beaten gladiator when the end came. Max was comparatively strong, fresh, with scarcely a mark on him other than his bruised eye. Max didn't give the impression of speed with either his feet or his hands in the Cleveland affair, yet he kept up with the fast moving Stribling throughout. He whipped his punches with effectiveness across the Georgian's guard and regardless of how hard he was hit, the German never backed away.

Stribling proved himself a man with a fighting heart. He was as courageous against great odds, as ever a stout-hearted ring man was. It looked as if he would fold up and pass out of the picture in the tenth, the start of the finish, the round in which he received his worst beating, yet he took an unmerciful lacing without a whimper and came out for more in the next four rounds.

His legs were quaking under him half a dozen times, yet round after round he wended his way wearily to his corner, received restoratives and then came out for another session. That was gameness. He stuck through the final rounds although it was evident to all that the end was near, and pumped damaging hooks to the champion's jaw which failed, apparently, to have any effect on the well-conditioned title holder.

* * *

THE fight, so far as it went, was one of the cleanest in recent years. For four rounds Stribling landed the harder punches, and did the cleaner hitting, his left jab, in particular, hitting the mark with stinging effectiveness. At times he varied the mode of his attack in an effort to force Schmeling to give ground, using a right to the jaw that would have checked the ordinary fighter, but it failed in the attempt to keep the German from being the aggressor and boring in.

In the fifth round Stribling began to miss. It was then evident that the Georgian had shot his bolt. The short body punches of his rival began to take their toll. Stribling started to tire after the sixth, while Schmeling seemed to be growing stronger and stronger and was hitting harder and oftener than the American.

Schmeling's most effective punches as the fight progressed were hooks and uppercuts to the body. At infighting, in particular, the champion ripped in four to one.

By far the best round of the fight was the tenth in which the champion threw punches at his adversary that made him look much like the old Dempsey in action. His timing with right hooks and uppercuts were perfect. But that he lacks the killing instinct of Dempsey was evident in every round after the tenth, for no fighter in the condition Stribling was, would have lasted four rounds against Dempsey. Dempsey would have knocked out a Stribling in the Georgian's condition from the tenth to the finish, with one solid wallop.

* * *

THE action of Referee Blake was praiseworthy. He acted the part of a smart official when he halted the fray at a time when one more punch might have resulted in a fatality.

In the fifteenth round, after a short right that travelled less than a foot had dropped Stribling, the Georgian arose at the count of nine, bleary-eyed, legs unsteady, arms at his side.

Then, after a break, while Schmeling was measuring his man for the telling blow, Blake stepped in and stopped the fight, with only fourteen more seconds to go. His action met with approval.

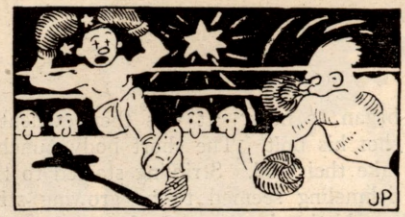
There were some who had wagered on the Georgian, who criticized Blake's move, but the majority gave the referee credit for making a smart decision. There can be no argument on that point.

NAME Schmeling — NAME Stribling

WINNER OF ROUND	CLEAN EFFECTIVE PUNCHES	RING GENERALSHIP	AGGRESSIVENESS	DEFENSE	DEDUCTIONS FOR FOULS	ROUNDS	DEDUCTIONS FOR FOULS	DEFENSE	AGGRESSIVENESS	RING GENERALSHIP	CLEAN EFFECTIVE PUNCHES	WINNER OF ROUND
L	2	-	1	1	-	1	-	1	-	1	3	W
L	2	-	1	-	-	2	-	1	-	1	3	W
L	2	-	1	-	-	3	-	1	-	1	3	W
E	4	-	1	-	-	4	-	1	-	1	4	E
L	2	-	1	-	-	5	-	1	-	1	3	W
W	4	1	1	-	-	6	-	-	-	1	2	L
W	4	1	1	1	-	7	-	-	-	1	1	L
E	3	-	2	-	-	8	-	1	1	1	3	E
W	4	-	1	1	-	9	-	1	-	1	2	L
W	4	-	1	1	-	10	X	-	-	-	1	L
W	4	-	1	1	-	11	X	-	-	-	1	L
W	5	-	1	1	-	12	X	-	-	-	1	L
W	4	-	1	1	-	13	X	-	-	-	1	L
W	5	-	1	1	-	14	X	-	-	-	1	L
W	4	-	1	1	-	15	X	-	-	-	0	L

THE RING Expert's Scoring Card

The Twilight Zone



I WONDER how many of you who read this, whoever and wherever you may be, have known what it means to be knocked out, wafted into the mysterious twilight zone. It is not necessary for you to have been a boxer to know the sensation of having been knocked out.

Perhaps, coming home late at night, you have turned a corner to be felled by a blow from a "billy" in the hands of a holdup man. Perhaps, riding along happily in an automobile, you have returned to consciousness later in a hospital bed, with no idea of how you got there.

Perhaps, in your younger days, you were kicked in the head while playing football or put to sleep when some baseball pitcher made you the unwilling target for a "bean ball." If you have been rendered unconscious by any manner of sudden blow, you have had the same experience as the fighter whose chin gets in the path of a knockout wallop.

This writer has had the experience but cannot render any startling testimony as to the feeling of a knockout wallop or its effects, because it all happened in the twinkling of an eye, cutting off consciousness so suddenly that no impression was retained after recovery. As to the aftermath of an occasional involuntary trip to the land of nod, I have never felt any harmful effects, though there are some who suggest, from time to time, that I must have been dropped on my head when a child.

* * *

WHEN Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, suggested that a piece concerning the feeling of a knockout and its after effects on a man in the ring might be worth while, he related an experience of his own to illustrate what he had in mind.

Though you may not have known, Fleischer once had aspirations to shine as a boxer. At one time he was a pretty good amateur featherweight representing the old Boys' Club of New York City. Perhaps the incident here related is responsible for his failure to continue as a fisticuffer.

"Years ago, when the Boys' Club of New York celebrated its opening," Fleischer relates, "I was one of the boys appearing on the card of amateur bouts. After sparring for a few moments my opponent and myself engaged in a slambang mixup.

"Some time later, five minutes or more I was told, I found myself laid out on a rubbing table, surrounded by officials and guests in evening clothes. I looked at them in amazement and remarked:

" 'Why are you all looking at me? What's the matter? Why am I wearing these gloves?'

"I had not the faintest recollection of engaging in a fight. I had a laugh at my own expense when I was told what had happened. Everyone joined in the laugh when I told them that I could not testify, under oath, that I had been in the ring. I not only had no memory of what had occurred but also suffered no after effects of the knockout. Those few minutes merely were taken out of my life."

Nat's testimony that he not only could not remember being hit by the haymaker, but did not even recall that part of the fight during which he was conscious and that he could not even remember putting on the gloves and entering the ring, is one of the strangest of the after effects of many a knockout wallop.

SOME skeptics shake their heads in disbelief when a fighter tells them that he does not recall the knockout or even the events leading up to it. Yet many fighters, returning to consciousness after a knockout, have so testified. Anyone who has had the experience himself knows that they speak the truth.

A terrific punch on the "button" has the power to wipe out recollection of what has happened for some time preceding the knockout.

I once asked Johnny Dundee how it felt to be knocked out.

"I can't tell you," he answered.

"But you were knocked out by Willie Jackson one night in Philadelphia," I protested. "Surely that knockout, your first and only experience in that line, left an indelible impression on your brain."

"It left no impression on me at all," said Dundee. "So far as I am concerned, that knockout never took place. All I know about it is what I have read and have been told."

About a half hour after the knockout Jackson and his manager, before leaving the club, stepped into Dundee's dressing room to give Johnny their condolences.

Dundee, his hands still bandaged but the gloves removed, was sitting on a rubbing table. Scotty Montieth, his eyes wet with tears, was fussing around. Scotty was Dundee's manager at that time and had as much affection for the Scotch Wop as if Johnny were his brother.

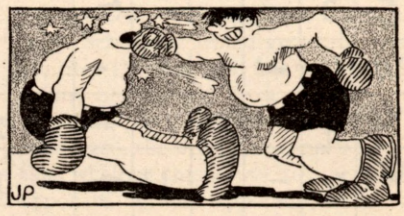
"Hello, Willie," was Dundee's greeting as Jackson came into the dressing room. "You better hurry up and get dressed. We got to get started."

Neither Jackson nor Bagley had the heart to tell Dundee what had happened. They walked out, shaking their heads, leaving it to Montieth to break the news to Dundee, who not only did not realize that he had been knocked out but had no memory of even entering the ring.

* * *

DUNDEE'S experience is common enough. No doubt you yourself can recall instances of the same sort within your own experience. It is by no means unusual for a football player to be kicked in the head and lose all consciousness of events. There are many cases of a man playing through a game with no recollection of it when he later regains full consciousness. Yet he may have turned in a particularly brilliant exhibition while in that queer state in which the mind is a blank but the physical machinery continues to function.

Tommy Loughran, one of the most intelligent men who ever drew on a glove, has had two experiences of the sort. There was the time, several years ago, when he was knocked down twice for counts of nine in the first round of a brawl with Leo Lomski for the light-heavyweight title.



When Loughran stumbled to his corner at the end of the first frame, it was the opinion of almost everyone that he would not survive the second round. Yet, when the bell rang, Tommy came out apparently as good as ever and for the next four rounds he turned in the most masterful fighting of his career.

Ordinarily a careful boxer, Tommy appeared in the rôle of a two-fisted fighter, meeting the eager Lomski willingly and driving him back on his heels by beautifully executed punches.

Imagine, then, the surprise of the champion's handlers when, during the interval between the fifth and sixth rounds,

By WILBUR WOOD

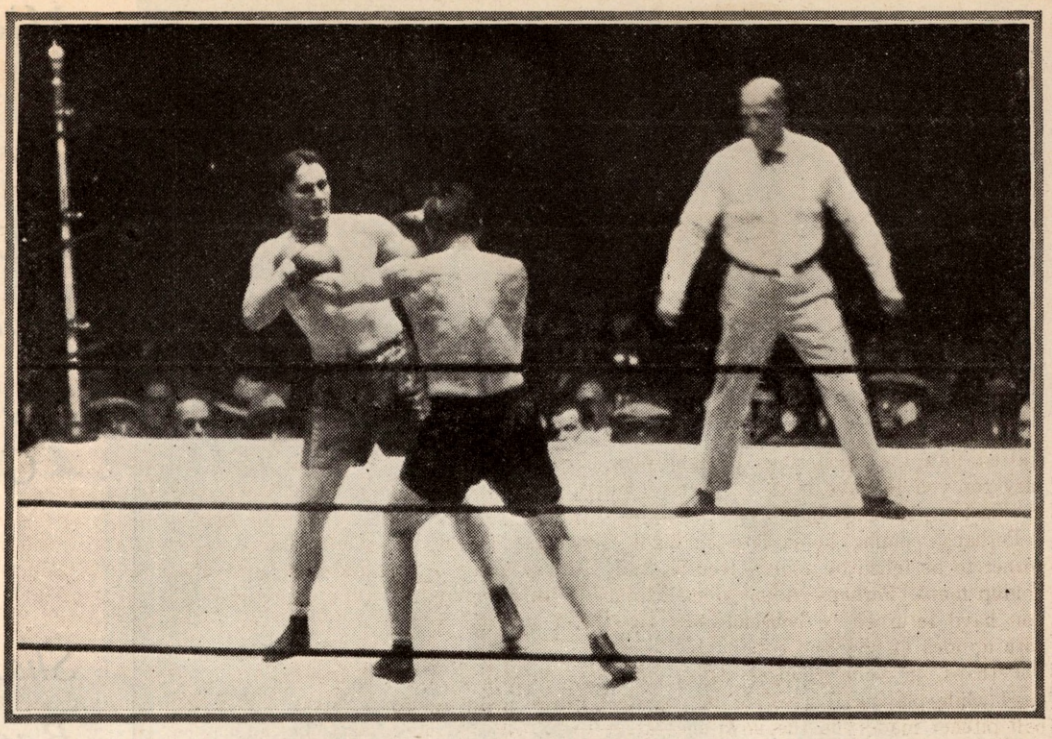
Loughran inquired what round it was.

"The next will be the sixth," replied Bob Levy, one of Tommy's seconds.

"What became of the first five?" the fighter wanted to know.

Briefly, Levy explained what had happened, how Tommy had been floored twice in the first but had turned in some marvellous fighting in the next four.

"That's peculiar," commented Loughran. "I don't remember anything about that."



Here Tommy Loughran is seen just before he received the blow to the side of the head that caused Magnolia to stop his fight with Jack Sharkey

* * *

FULLY conscious again, Loughran once more became the cautious boxer. He had no recollection whatever of the period during which he had contributed the most spectacular fighting of his career.

Loughran had another experience of the sort, though not such a happy one from his standpoint, the night he boxed Jack Sharkey. In the third round Sharkey landed a right to the temple which upset Loughran. Tommy arose before the count of ten and started to grope along the ropes, with his back turned to Sharkey.

As Sharkey leaped in to resume the attack Loughran remarked to the referee, Lou Magnolia, as follows:

"Let me sit down a minute until I find out where I am at."

Magnolia, wise in the ways of the ring, immediately stepped between the fighters and led Lougran to his corner, awarding the bout to Sharkey on a technical knockout. Magnolia knew that Tommy was "out on his feet" and that to permit Sharkey to hit him again while Loughran was in that condition, might have serious results.

As he left the ring, apparently fully conscious, Loughran waved gaily to the crowd, not the least bit crestfallen. It was not until half an hour later that Tommy realized that he had been defeated. He had no recollection of the knockout and even to this day he maintains that he did not make that request for a little time so that he could figure out "where he was at."

"That is a grammatical mistake I never make," insists Tommy. "Even if I did say something of the sort I cannot believe I said anything about wanting to find out 'where I was at.' You fellows must have heard me wrong." Yet those were Tommy's exact words, as many can testify.

* * *

THERE have been many humorous incidents centering around the behavior of a boxer who has been knocked out. Professor Billy McCarney tells one on Jack O'Neill, who was boxing Young Corbett in a Philadelphia ring. Corbett knocked out O'Neill with a right to the temple.

When apparently revived in his corner, O'Neill arose and waved his gloved hands to the crowd. He was under the impression that he was the one who had scored the knockout. He did not realize what actually had occurred until the next day.

I recall another amusing story, though the name of the boxer slips from memory. This fellow was flattened near his own corner. As he lay on the floor, face downward, one of his seconds emptied a pail of water on his fallen boxer's head. This revived him.

Imagine the amusement of the crowd when the fighter, apparently under the impression that he was in the water, lashed out furiously with the strokes of a swimmer, working his way to the ropes and grasping one of them. Then he pulled himself to his feet and shook his head vigorously, like a fellow coming out of the water after a dive.

Another unusual yarn has to do with William (Kid) McPartland, now one of New York's best referees but years ago a prominent lightweight boxer.

Anyway, so the story goes, the Kid was knocked out one night. After being revived he was on his way home from the club, apparently normal in every respect, when he surprised his brother, who was with him, by asking:

"Say, wasn't there a fight tonight?"

"Yes," replied the brother, who some time before had explained to the Kid just what had happened.

"Wasn't that fellow Kid McPartland boxing?"

"Yes," again answered the mystified brother.

"How did he make out?" asked the fighter.

"He was knocked out."

"He was?" commented McPartland. "That's too bad."

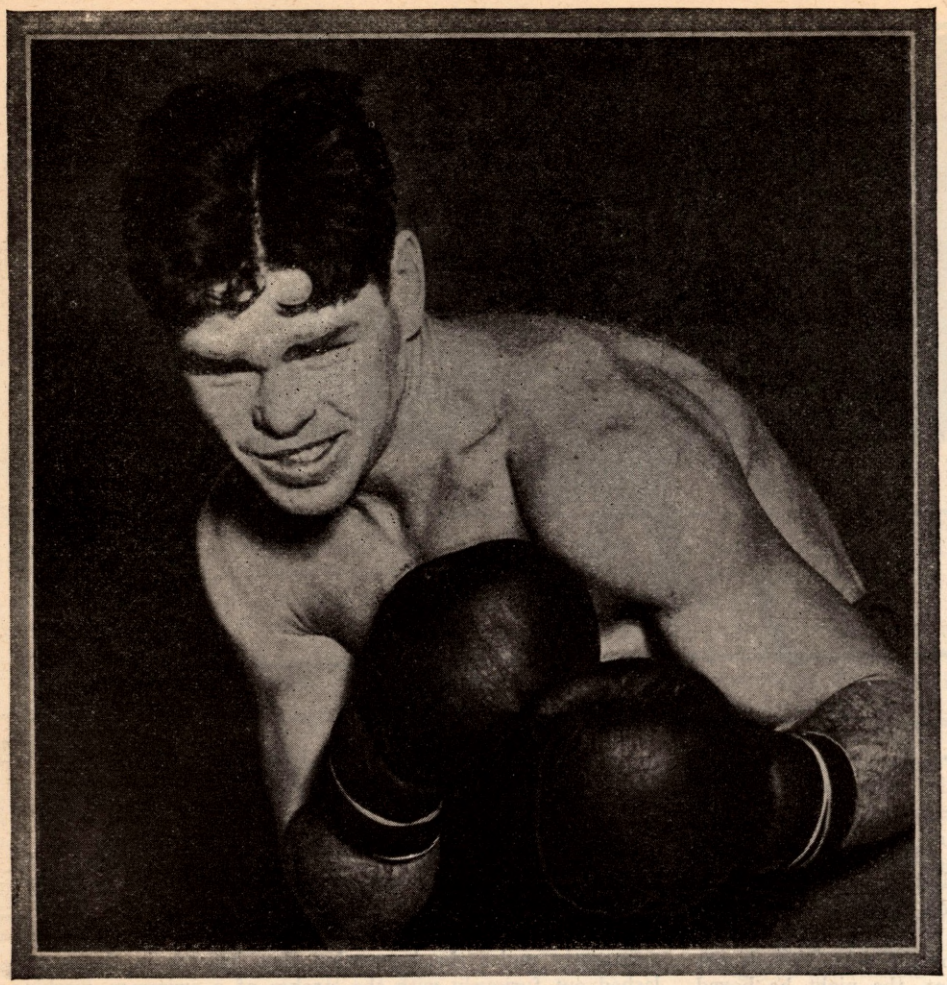
The brother gave the Kid a long look, but said nothing more until the next day, when the Kid had no recollection of the fight or any of the incidents following it.

McPartland not only had been knocked out but somehow had passed out of his own identity so completely that he looked upon himself as a separate personality.

* * *

WHILE I was chatting with Dr. William H. Walker, one of the physicians who represents the New York Boxing Commission, concerning such matters, he told me something that I never had heard before.

"Did you ever know," remarked the doctor, "that Dempsey has no recollection of the first round of his fight with Firpo? Well, he told me himself that the first he knew that there was a fight was while he was sitting in his corner after the first round. That first punch of the fight, the one that drove him to one knee, must have had him out on his feet. He swore to me that he had no recollection whatever of the first round."



Mickey Walker

Mickey Walker Earns the Right to Consideration as a Championship Contender — Displays Assets of a Great Fighter

—o—

Sharkey Has Gone Back — Fails to Impress as He Earns Draw at Ebbets Field

NEW HEAVYWEIGHT MENACE

By THE RING Editor

A NEW menace has come forth in the heavyweight division in Mickey Walker, the pudgy Jersey fighter who relinquished his middleweight crown in order to join the "big boys". Mickey's draw decision in his battle with Jack Sharkey at Ebbets Field, was a moral victory, even though I feel that Sharkey earned the verdict.

Although I scored eight rounds for the Boston gob, six for the Toy Bulldog and one even, the fact remains that Sharkey put up a listless contest and didn't deserve any better break. Considering that he had weight, height and reach on his opponent and was expected to end the affair by the knockout route, the American champion lost considerable prestige.

If the exhibition that Sharkey gave at the Milk Fund show is the best he is capable of, then he has gone back to such an extent since his fight with Schmeling, that the German should have no difficulty winning a return bout if ever they meet. The Sharkey who fought a draw with Walker, was so far away from the gob who outclassed Schmeling until the time he landed the foul punch, that it didn't seem possible to his followers, that one year could make such a vast difference.

My personal opinion is that Sharkey scored sufficiently to have been awarded the verdict over Walker. I think that Mickey was given the better of the argument in receiving a draw, because he was the underdog and the crowd is always for the so-called weakling.

Yet we must not overlook the fact that Walker went into the mill spotting his opponent, the American champion, a thirty pound advantage, four inches in reach and five inches in height, and carried the fighting to him regardless of how hard he was hit. If courageousness, perseverence and doggedness are the chief factors in deciding a fight, then Walker won by a mile. But basing a decision strictly on points scored, it is my humble opinion that the gob had a two-round advantage and should have clicked at the finish.

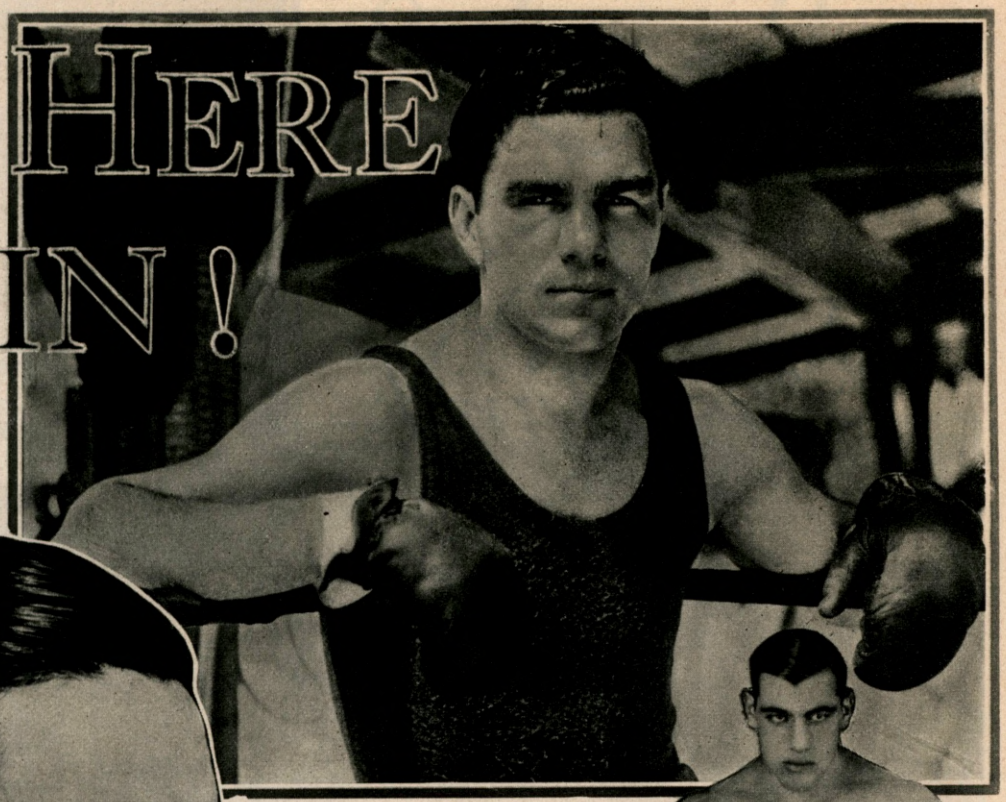
* * *

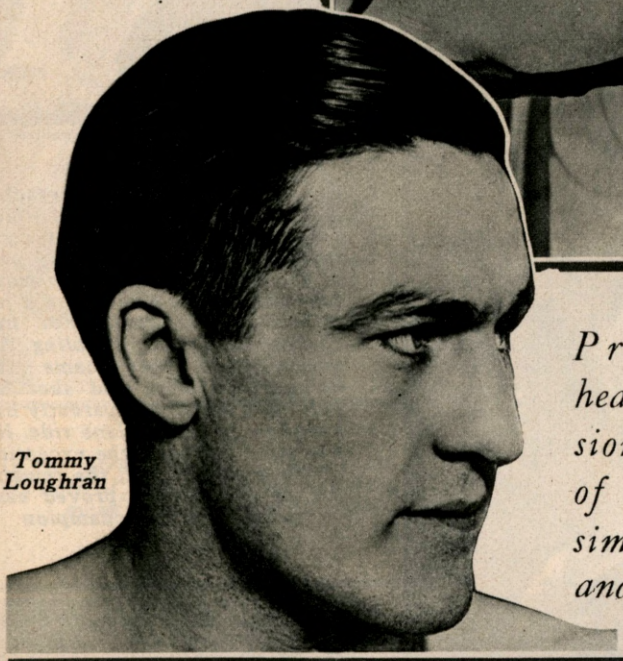
SHARKEY had only himself to blame. For the 'steenth time in his career, he failed to come through in a crucial test. When he cut loose, which happened in the fifth and in the last few rounds, he conclusively proved his superiority over his shorter rival but the trouble with the Bostonian was that he didn't do this often enough. Instead of fighting Walker as he did Schmeling, Sharkey tried to maul Mickey around in close quarters and wear him down.

For this he was booed and (*Continued on page* 42)

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!

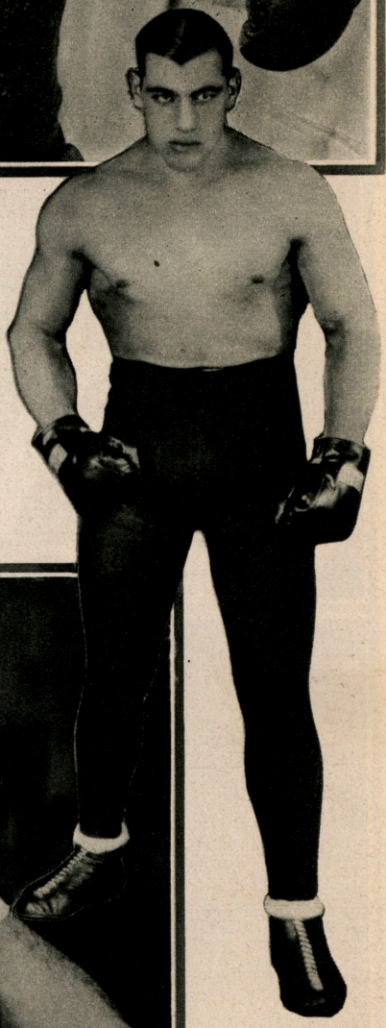
Max Schmeling



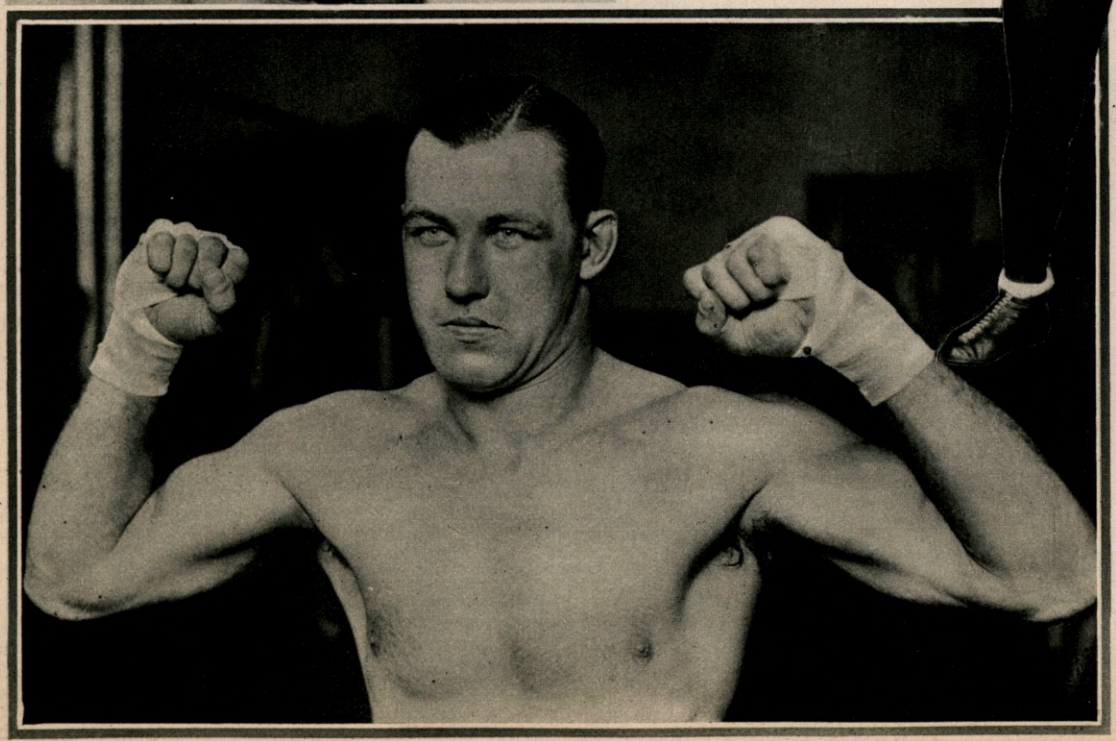


Tommy Loughran

Prosperity in heavyweight division recalls days of Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Tom Sharkey

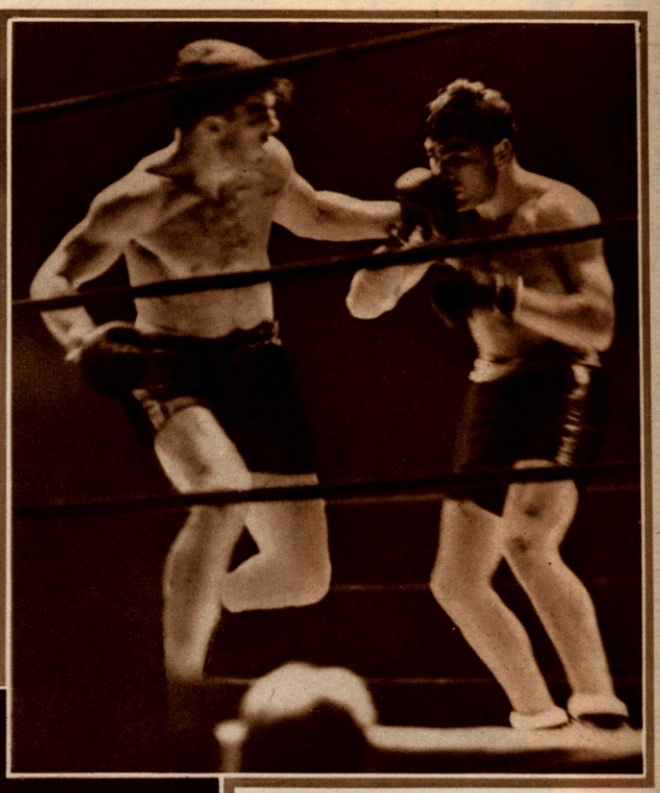


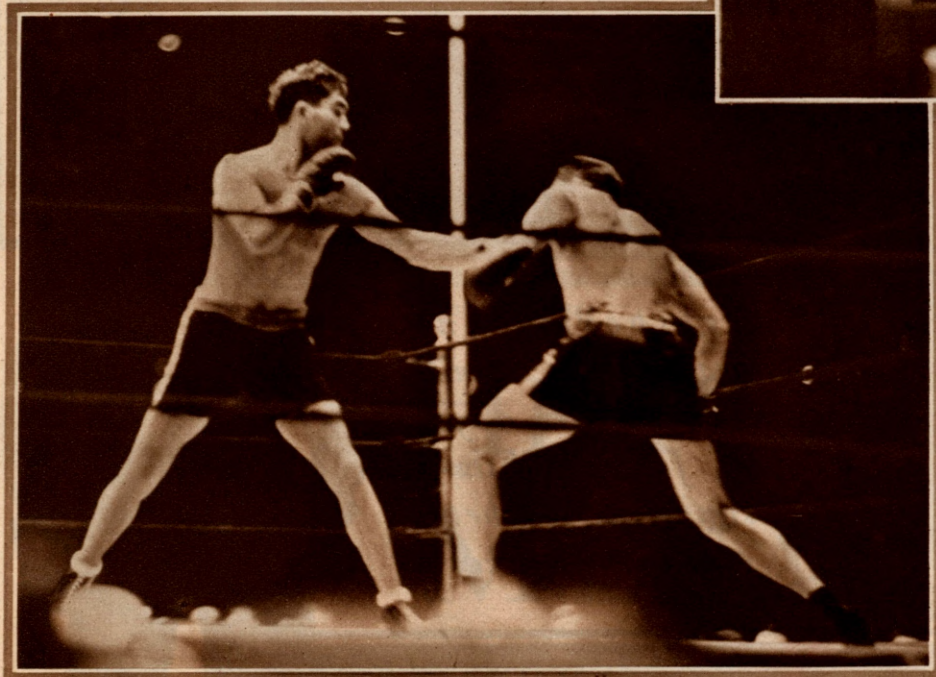
Primo Carnera



Jack Sharkey

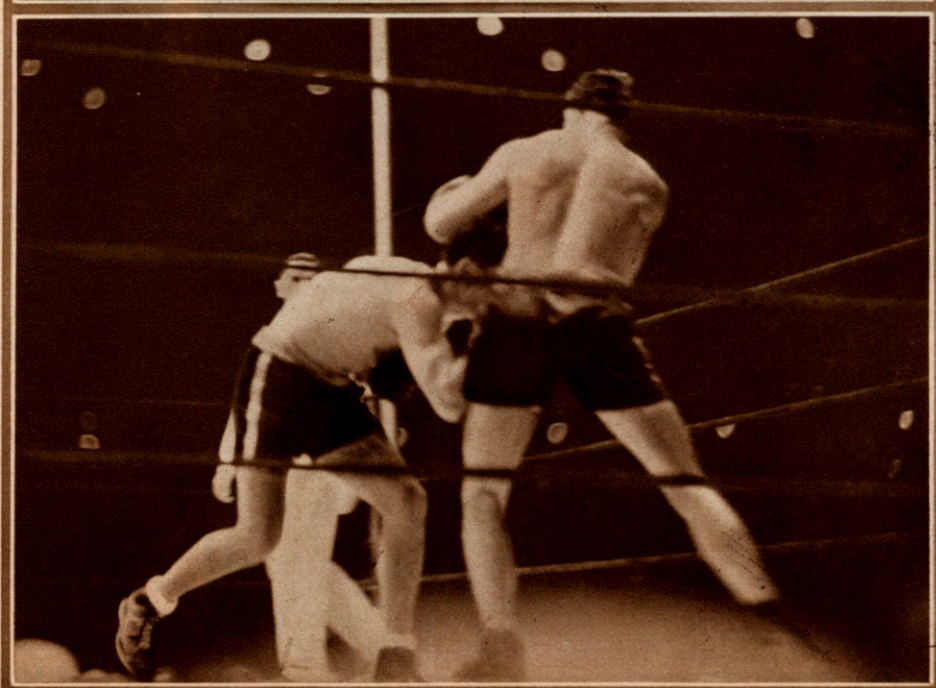
With the Camera Man at Cleveland





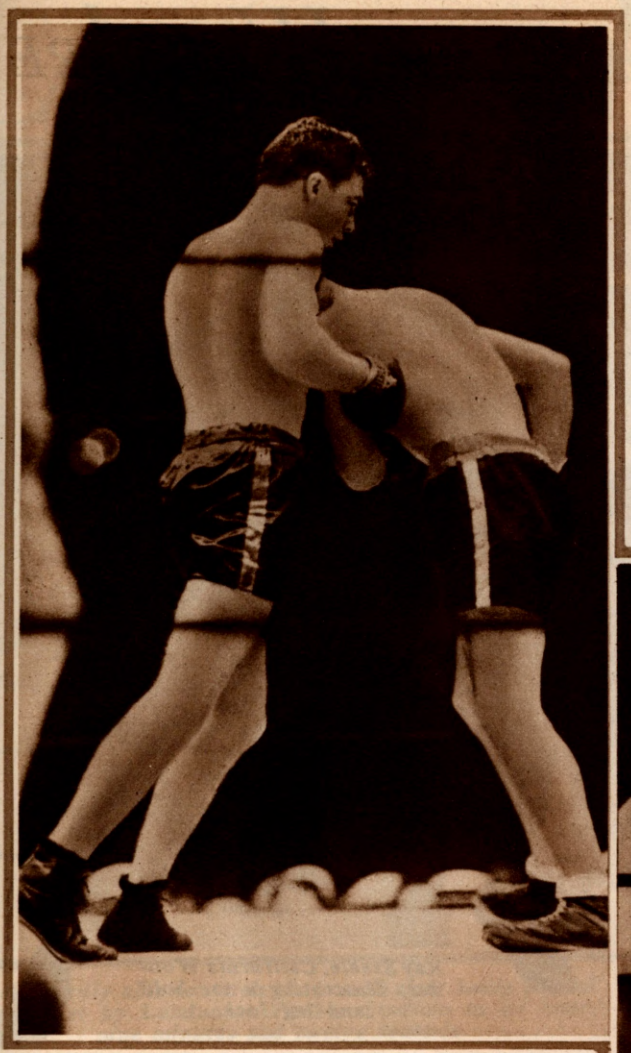
Stribling's left hook reaches Schmeling's chin in the third round. The German kept coming in throughout the early part of the fight but with every move forward he was stabbed by a jab or received a hook. For five rounds he found Stribling his master, and then came the deluge. Stribling had shot his bolt. His stamina apparently had been left in his airplane ride. He was tired and with the exception of the eighth round, the remainder of the contest proved easy sailing for the champion

The Georgian is thrown off balance by Schmeling's left hook in the eighth. This was one of the best rounds of the fight. Most of the experts called this round an even one, while the remainder gave it to the Georgian, but none took the round from him. Stribling made a fine dying effort in this canto

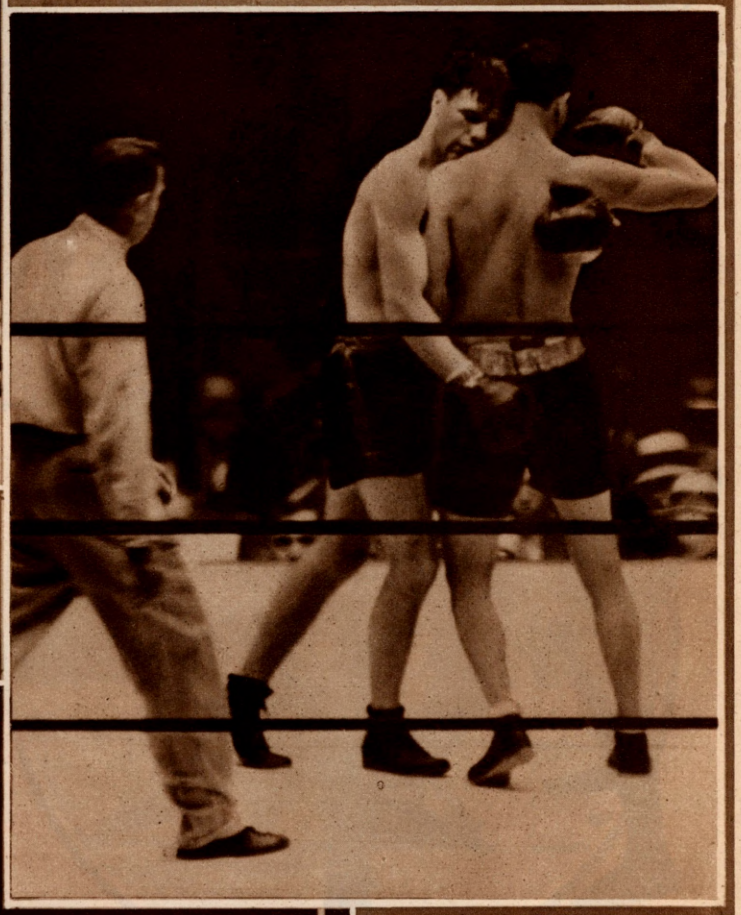


A display of aggressiveness on the part of Schmeling. He makes the challenger miss and leaps in with a right uppercut to the heart that takes much of the fight out of Stribling

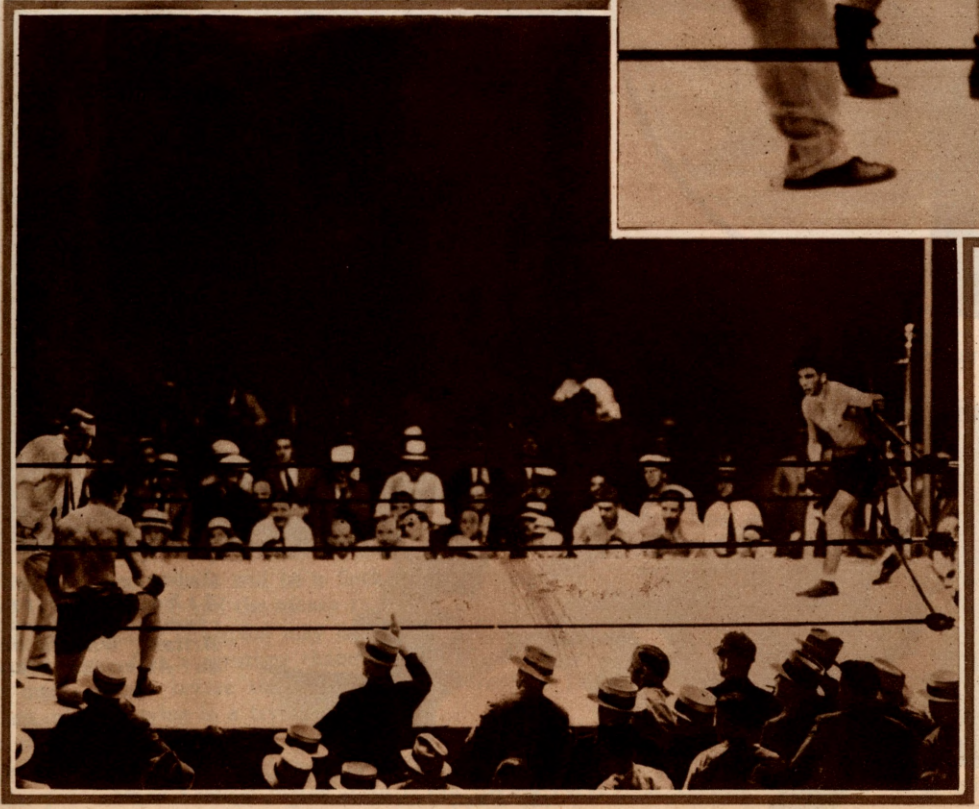
How Schmeling Redeemed Himself



In the seventh round Stribling did his best to pin both of Max's arms but Schmeling hammered away at the body with telling effect

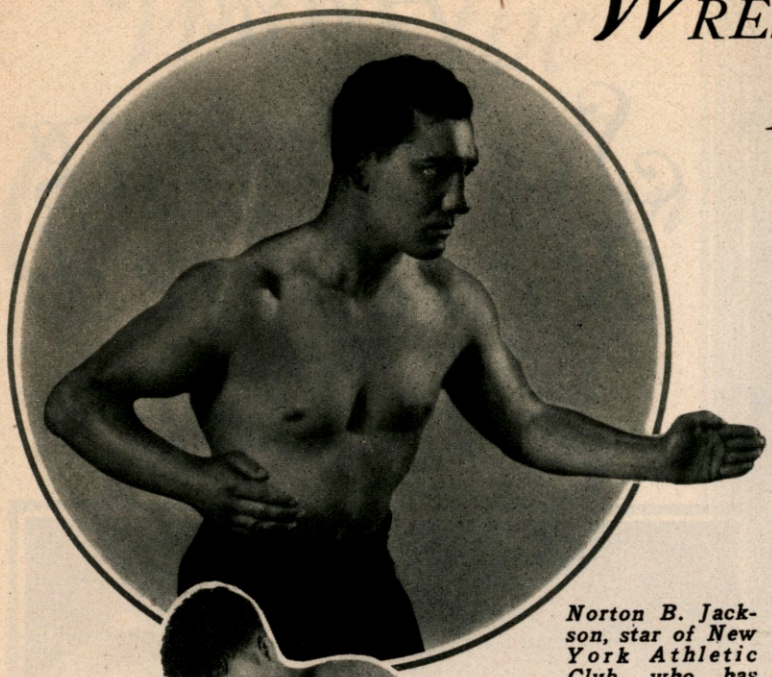


Just before the knockdown in the fifteenth, Stribling draped himself all over the champion and after the break, a right to the chin sent him down. The Georgian was tired. His strength had been sapped by the body punishment inflicted in the previous sessions



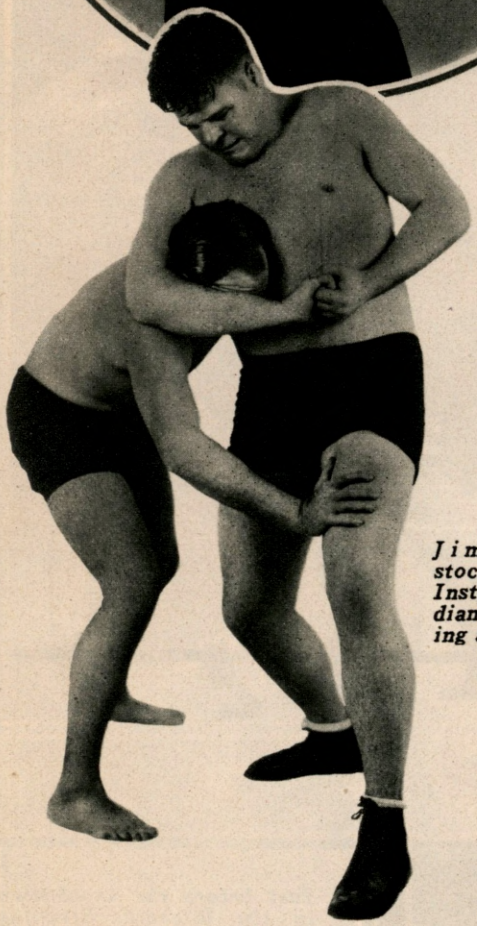
Here the Georgian is taking a count of nine while the champion is set for the final kill. Stribling gets up, but it is a dying gasp. Max has turned from a docile champion into a tiger. He realized the importance of a knockout and he prepared himself for the telling blow

Wrestlers Who Are Kept Busy

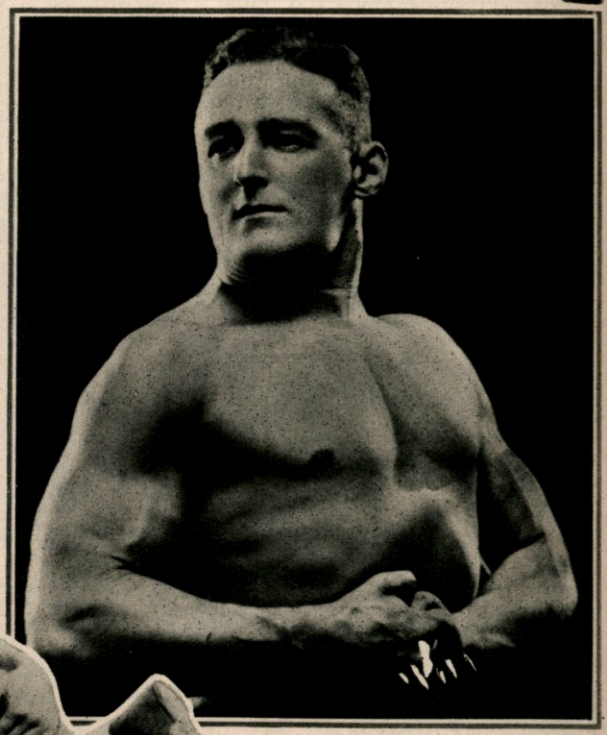


Norton B. Jackson, star of New York Athletic Club, who has joined the professionals.

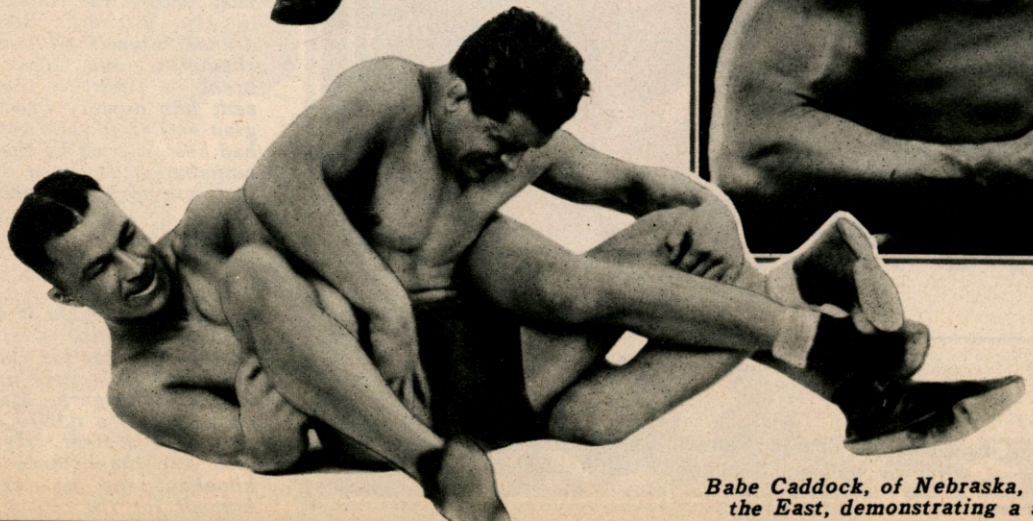
Ray Steele, California Wonder, illustrating a toe hold and leg lock.



Jim Clinkstock, Haskell Institute Indian, illustrating a headlock.

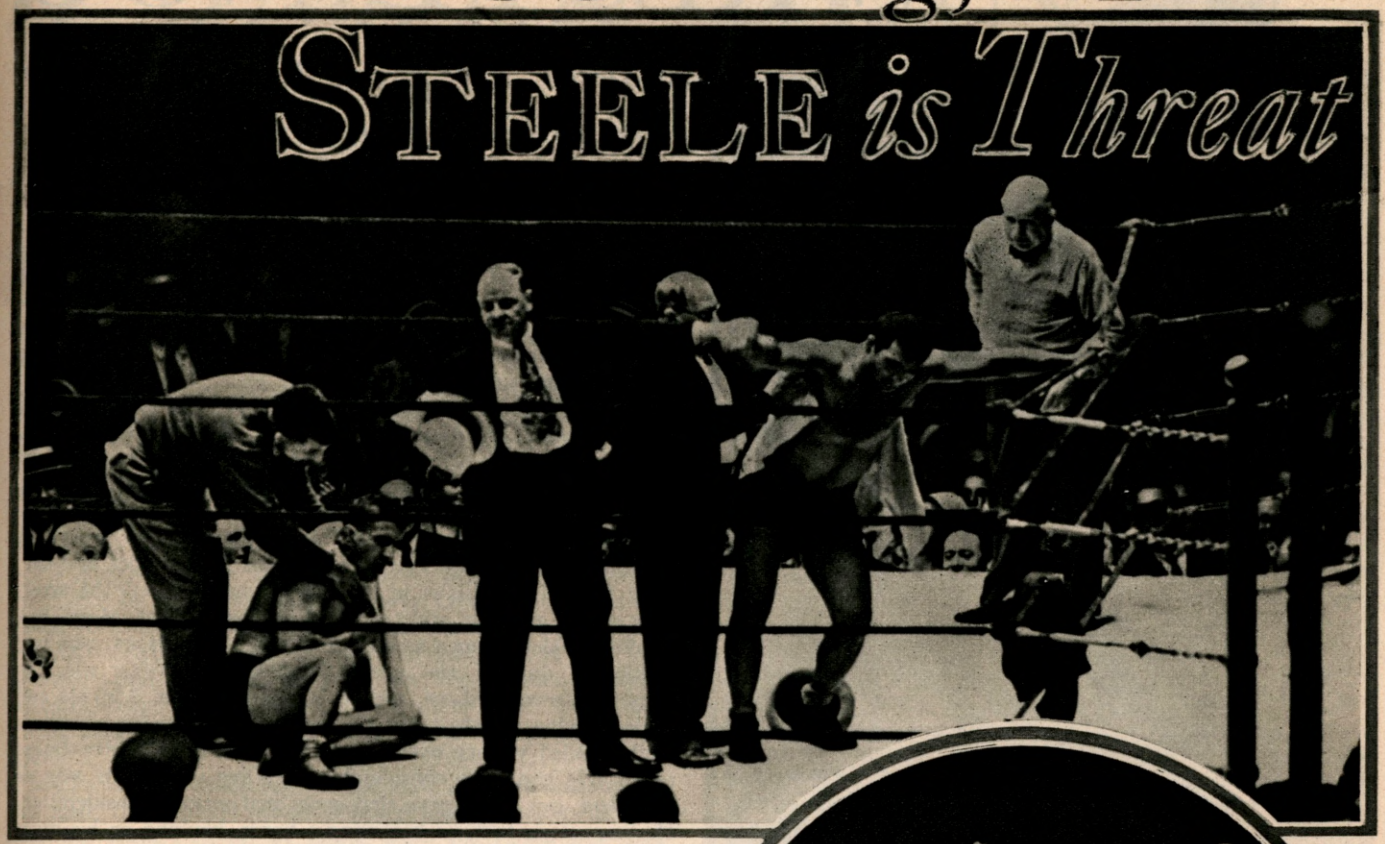


Captain Edward Athol Oakeley, champion of Great Britain, who is on an American tour.



Babe Caddock, of Nebraska, a newcomer in the East, demonstrating a spread eagle.

LONDOS *King, but* STEELE *is Threat*



Steele, hardly able to catch his breath after being pinned to the mat by Londos at Yankee Stadium in an hour, nine minutes and twelve seconds

Jim's Victory Over Ray Laid Foundation for Another Big Season

By "TEX" AUSTIN

THE big bout in New York which saw Jim Londos beat Ray Steele at the Yankee Stadium—the contest that went one hour, nine minutes and twelve seconds—brought to a close the greatest season in the long history of wrestling.

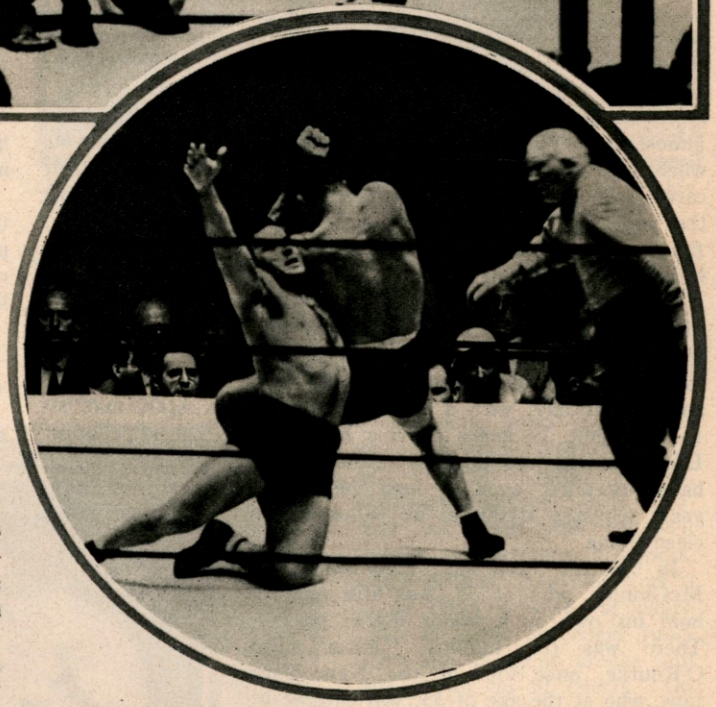
Too much credit cannot be given to Londos, who proved himself a man of tremendous physical strength; a grappler of a thousand holds; a remarkable showman, and a fine personality.

All through the big year, which saw Londos reap a golden harvest and become close to a millionaire, the Greek gave a fine account of himself on every occasion and the sharp breath of scandal, so often searing in its effect on wrestling, was kept out of the game.

The big show in the Yankee Stadium laid the groundwork for another big year. Again Londos will open as the defending title holder. Again there will be a flock of contenders, eager to get at the rich title and the money that goes with it.

You see, a boxing champion may fight once a year—that is, if he is active. But a wrestling champion does his stuff night after night, always before the public, always forced to give his best, always trying in a trying game.

In the old days a couple of behemoths got on the canvas, tugged away at each other and then fell to hauling and pulling. Londos puts new life into a match. He is out to win every minute and that's what has made him the big card he is.



Londos being downed by Steele with a powerful wrist hold, is trying to break out of it

* * *

ON his showing last season—on his achievements in the bout with Steele—who may be identified as Pete Sauer under a new wrestling name—Londos is the king of them all. It remains to be seen if he will be able to weather the storm of another hard campaign. The Greek has begun to show the signs of wear.

Steele is the best of the contenders. He is very powerful, is this German, and he has one hold which excels that of Londos. It is the wrist hold. If Steele wins the title he will gain it with that hold. He has powerful wrists and a deadly grip.

But Steele hasn't the well-rounded technique of Londos or of Shikat. This was made quite (*Continued on page* 42)

WRESTLING'S

Stanislaus Zbyszko, Oldest Active Competitor in Sports, Has a Unique Wrestling Record

Zbyszko in training for his first championship match with Ed "Strangler" Lewis

STAN ZYBSZKO, christened Stanislaus Cyganiewicz, is the eighth wonder of the athletic world. Long past the age when most athletes find it possible to compete in their specialty, the massive Pole, who has passed the half century mark but refuses to divulge his age, still finds himself physically capable to travel around the country, often competing four or more times a week, despite the fact that he has completed almost thirty-five years of active competition. At almost 60, when most athletes are in the "sere and yellow leaf" of their career, the once mighty Polander still pits his skill against the youth of the land, the college football stars with their flying tackles and emerges victor, more often than he finds himself on the losing end.

When Zbyszko toppled the youthful giant, Wayne (Big) Munn, holder of the world's catch-as-catch-can championship, in a titular match in Philadelphia some years ago, he clearly established himself as the "Wonder Athlete of All Time," and to this day, with a record of more than 4,000 matches to his credit, he keeps proving his right to that appellation. Like other famous athletes whose careers have extended over a long period of years, Zbyszko attributes his endurance to clean living.

In baseball there was "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity, who at 55, was still able to hold his own as a minor league pitcher. There was the famous "Orator" Jim O'Rourke, once idol of the New York fans, who at the age of 55, was catcher of the Bridgeport (Conn.) team, of which he was part owner and on which his son, Joe, also played. There was Bobby Wallace, the St. Louis infielder; Christy Matthewson, the pitching idol; Cy Young, another hurling wonder; Hans Wagner, and now Tyrus Cobb, all seeking to establish endurance records.

In cycling there was Frank Kramer, for upwards of 20 years the champion short distance rider. In Golf, Walter Travis at 55 won a metropolitan championship, while Harry Vardon was the British open golf champion at 45.

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS was an outstanding figure in pugilism after he had reached the age of 35. At that age he won the heavyweight title from Corbett with the solar plexus blow and two years later, at 37, he lost the crown to Jeffries. He was 40 when he attempted to regain the crown and gave Jeffries one of the hardest fights of his career. He continued his ring work until he had reached the age of 44.

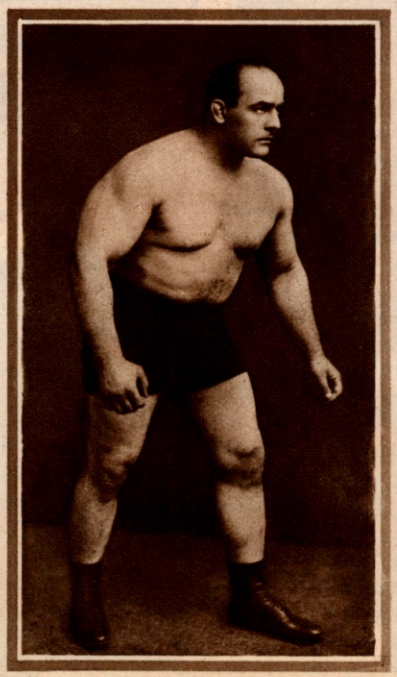
Then we have Jack Britton, who didn't quit the ring until he had passed the 40-year mark, and Mike McTigue, who, although listed as 35 when he won the light-heavyweight title, was over 40 and retired when close to 46.

Yet Zyyszko, engaging in a sport in which there is probably more wear and tear than any other, has at least ten years headway on all his rivals for competitive service and age That feat of Stanislaus in throwin Munn, startled the wrestling world and the athletic world in general, for Munn was a college athlete, famed as a football star at Nebraska, who had previously downed the great Strangler Lewis to win the wrestling crown. Munn, scaling 265, stood 6 feet 5 inches and while playing football for Nebraska, was credited with a single-handed victory over Knute Rockne's great Notre Dame team. He had done considerable wrestling in a crude way as a student, but never gave that sport real serious consideration. He was set, in fact, on becoming a boxer, banking on his great bulk, his speed of foot and his natural physical advantages in height and reach to make him successful in the ring.

In competition, however, he proved a failure and then, taken in hand by wrestling experts, he was taught the finer points of the game, trained for the purpose and started on a campaign against second and third grade performers to give him the experience necessary to advance to the top.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL wrestling, strange as it may seem, is a sport in which one does not flash overnight, except in extraordinary cases, of which Munn was an example. It takes many years of drudgery, of battling with minor performers and of competition with stars who are on the decline, but who have been masters in the past.



An early picture of Stanislaus, taken in 1914

Gotch was in competition nearly 10 years before he got into the real front ranks and that, too, at a time, when there was not quite so stiff competition as there is today.

In that period Gotch did all kinds of wrestling, under all kinds of conditions. He met all comers at picnics and field days and carnivals.

He traveled in every direction in search of matches and, according to his own statement, he "worked the sticks to a fare-ye-well." Before he got the chance to meet Jenkins, then the title holder, whom he was later to dethrone and thus pave the way for the matches with Georges Hackenschmidt, the great Russian, and to establish beyond any doubt, his right to the title of world's champion.

The experience of Gotch going through the long period of training and of struggling for small rewards has been that of many other stars. Strangler Lewis milled around small towns in the middle west for

WONDER MAN

By A. D. PHILLIPS

years, getting the ground work that led to the championship, and only attained national fame when he took part in a tournament in New York, where he was billed under his own name of Robert Fredericks and labelled by the promoters as representing Germany.

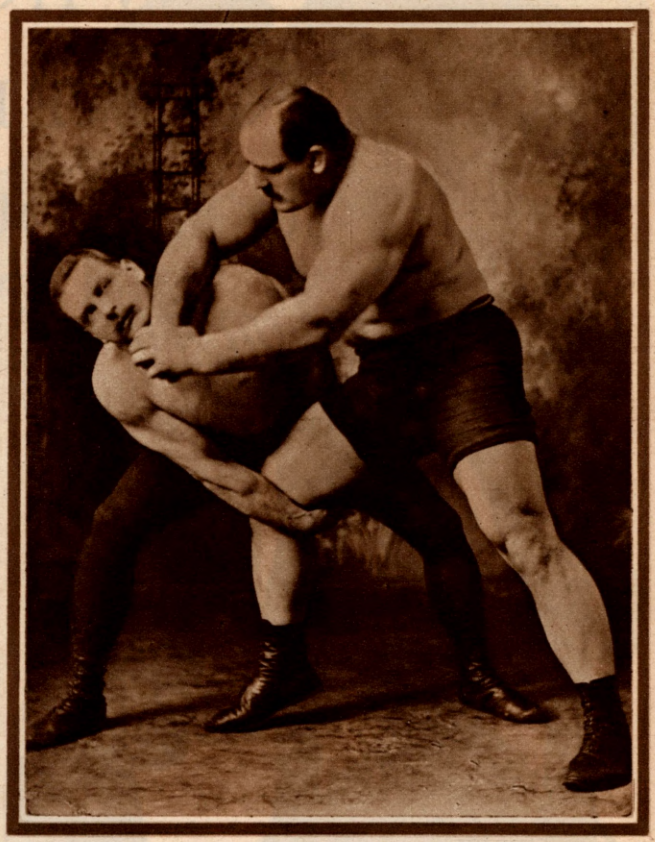
Only the most strenuous protest on the part of Billy Sandow, manager of Lewis, and the threat to withdraw from the event, served to bring about the change and in the remainder of that tournament Lewis appeared under t' professional name by which he has since been known, a name copied from a previous great wrestler and world's champion, Evan Lewis, whose invention and use of the strangle-hold gave him the nickname of the "Strangler."

* * *

MUNN came into prominence practically overnight by his sensational win over Lewis, but the better posted followers of the game felt that Munn had not had the long experience necessary to hold his own against the top-notchers. Still there was his great size, his undoubted power, his enthusiasm, and his speed. With these attributes, it was felt by many that he would be able to protect his newly won title.

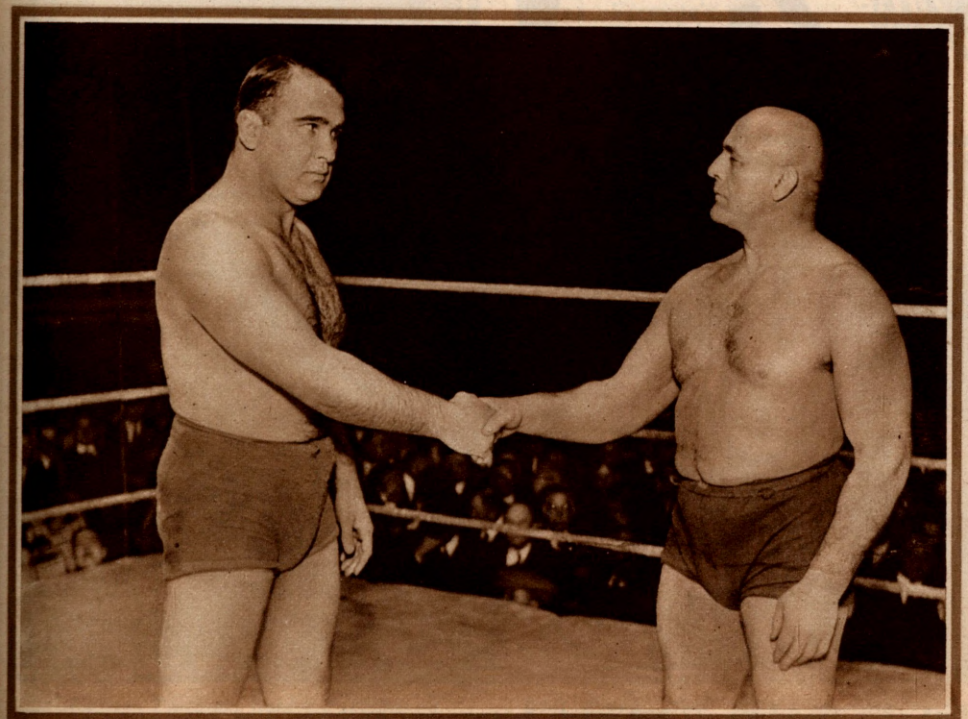
But Zybszko, wonder man of the mat, upset all calculations and gave the athletic world another shock, similar to that following Munn's defeat of Lewis, when the Polish star took such sweet revenge on the Nebraska giant at Philadelphia. For it was revenge, as Munn had previously beaten Zbyszko in a match at Chicago.

In winning from Munn, Zbyszko established a record of having won over 1,000 major matches during his active career, while his tournament and other minor victories up to that time, would, if they could be accurately listed, exceed 2,500 more. It must be remembered that in the foreign tournaments, often lasting from six to nine months, with afternoon and night performances as well as the major events held on Sundays.



One of Zbyszko's earliest pictures, taken soon after his arrival in this country in quest of a bout with Gotch

the system of competition calls for a constant elimination series until all of the hundreds of entrants are forced into the discard. Of the contests of this nature in which Zbyszko took part, there is no record except of the tournaments he had won and of the championship contests in which he had engaged.



When Zbyszko and Lewis clashed in their third bout, Lewis retaining the crown and Rickard belt

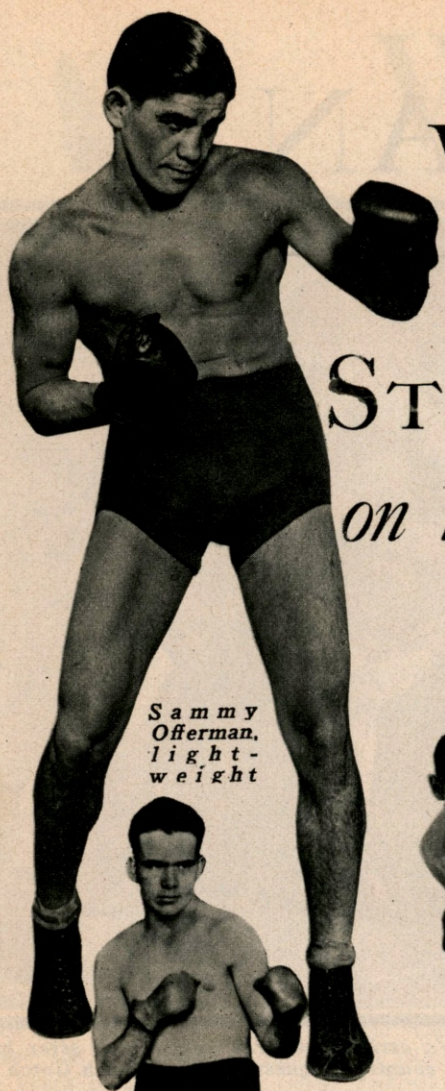
The same holds true of his work in this country. His battles with Gotch, Jenkins, Mahmout, Stecher, Lewis, Caddock and other stars, are well known to wrestling followers. Often he had competed from 6 to 10 times a week—at dance halls, at clubs, at benefit functions and in giant arenas and had shown no ill effects. On one occasion, when asked to perform before the Polish miners of a Pennsylvania city during a celebration, he found it necessary to wrestle in the morning, afternoon and evening, in order to accommodate the mob.

* * *

FOLLOWING the defeat of George Hackenschmidt by Gotch, Zbyszko determined on an American tour with Champion Gotch as his objective. This was back in 1910. In spite of the fact that he had never competed under catch-as-catch-

(*Continued on page* 41)

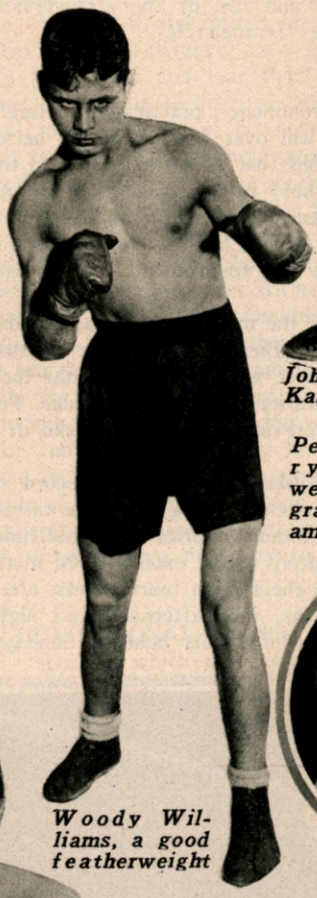
Boys Who Are Keeping St. Louis, Mo., *on the* Fistic Map



Sammy Offerman, lightweight

Chick Rains, formerly of Oklahoma, now a St. Louis light-heavyweight

Ray Palmer, junior lightweight



Woody Williams, a good featherweight

Johnny Pee Wee Kaiser, featherweight

Pee Wee Terry, featherweight, recent graduate from amateur ranks

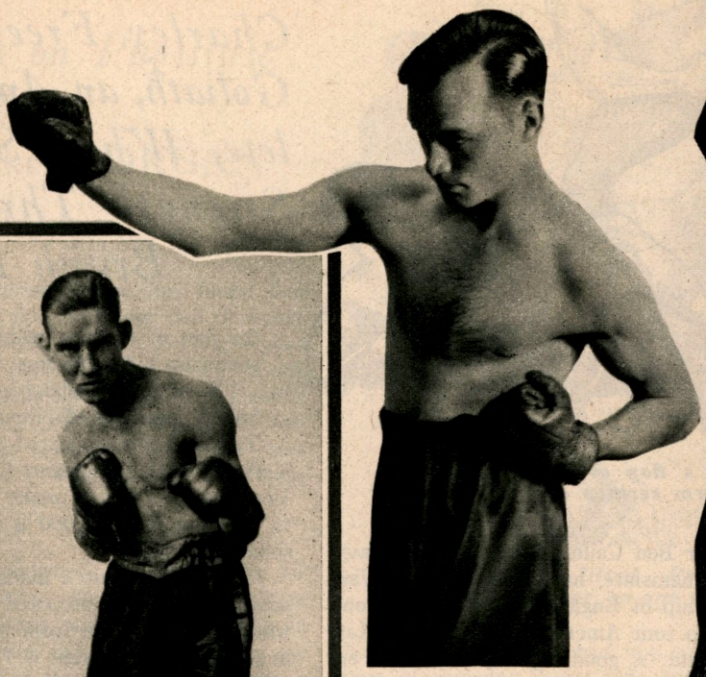
Lou Terry, lightweight with good punch

Dave Knost, 200-pound heavyweight

Al Stillman, middleweight with 40 knockouts in 70 bouts

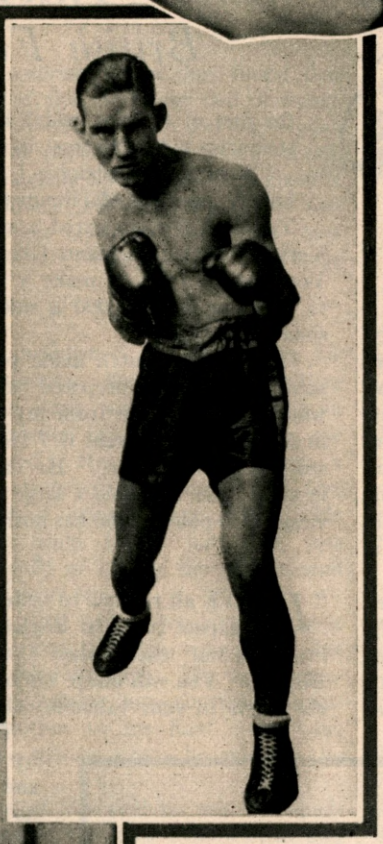
Boxers Who Are Attracting Attention

Max Koshover, Cincinnati lightweight

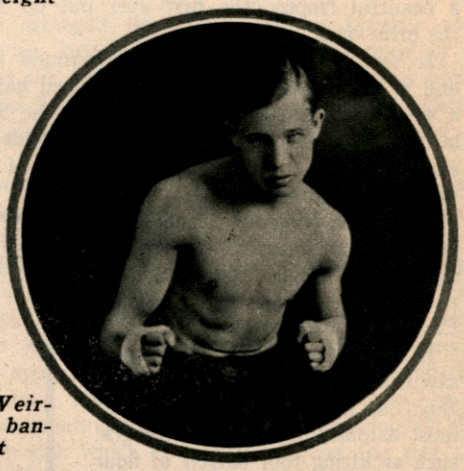


Johnny Conley, Toledo, Ohio's rugged lightweight

Joe Knight, light-heavyweight champion of the South



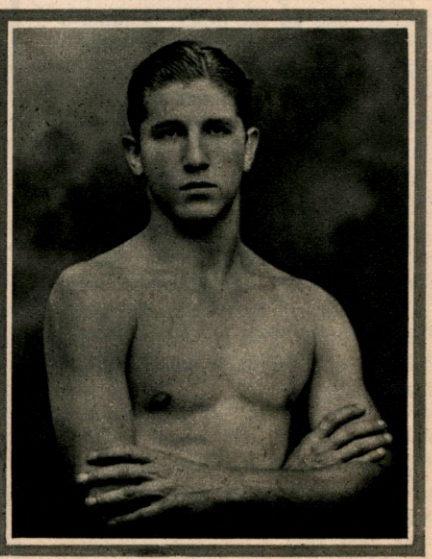
Freddy Edwards, West Virginia's crack welterweight



Ross Fields, Weirton, W. Va., bantamweight

Jimmy Thomas, flashy Pittsburgh bantam

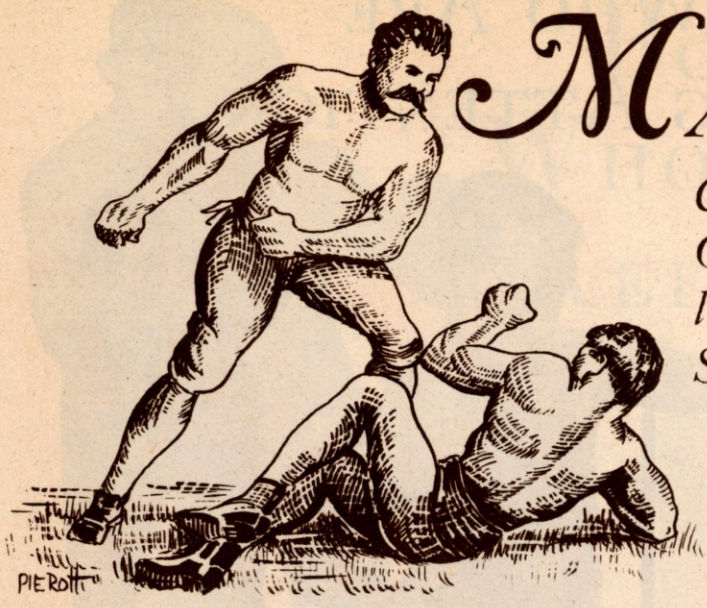
Phil Stark, New York's sterling featherweight comer



Sam Crosby, Waycross, Georgia's favorite welter

MASTODONS

Charley Freeman, the Yankee Goliath, an American Circus Athlete, Whose Size, Weight and Strength Threw a Scare Into British Fistic Circles



The Slasher took a flop every time he saw Freeman's round-arm service coming his way

BACK in 1841, after Ben Caunt, 6 feet 3 inch heavyweight of Nottinghamshire, had whipped Nick Ward for the championship of England and the champion's belt, he decided to tour America with a show, "Life in London." Caunt, a good fighter, met with enthusiastic reception at the Bowery Theatre in New York City, where he was introduced in a scene opening with Tom Cribb's sparring room and exhibited in that scene the belt, a beautful trophy, the first ever put up for competition in the prize ring.

It was on a purple velvet background lined with leather, and in the center was a pair of clasped hands surrounded by a wreath of the Rose, the Thistle and the Shamrock entwined in embossed silver. There were three shields of bright silver on each side, with the clasps in front formed of two hands encased in sparring gloves.

It was the presence of this beautiful belt, as much as the appearance of the British champion, that packed the theatre throughout Caunt's stay in New York.

It was while on tour that Caunt saw Charles Freeman. This "Strong Boy," as he was billed, performed most astonishing feats of strength, such as lifting four barrels of flour placed one on the other, bending a horse shoe and raising a 450-pound bar bell over his head, with one hand. Caunt, impressed with Freeman's strength and agility, induced him to go abroad with him with the object of giving entertainments in the circus and on the stage and engaging in one fight. Receiving Freeman's consent, although the American was averse to entering the ring, Caunt dubbed him "The American Atlas" and "The New World Goliath," and began to flood Europe with ballyhoo.

* * *

FOR circus and theatrical purposes, he called Freeman "the champion of the world," despite the fact that Freeman had never engaged in a fight. That Caunt was a good ballyhoo artist is evident from the following letter, the first of a series, which he sent to the English papers to steam up public interest in the Michigan Giant:

"When at Philadelphia I intended taking a Southern tour but an unexpected circumstance brought me back to New York. There appeared a challenge in the papers of New York from the Michigan Giant to me. My friends in New York went to try to make a match with him. They offered to back me for $10,000 a side and sent for me to return as soon as possible.

"There is no match made yet, but it is likely there will be soon. I am quite prepared to fight him—he is the only man who could draw me from my first determination not to fight in America. This giant is 7 feet 3 inches high, proportionately stout and very active. He can turn twenty-five somersaults in succession, can hold a large man out at arms' length and he weighs 330 pounds, and has nothing but solid muscle on his bones.

* * *

"I HAVE all reasons to believe that the match will be made. I expect to be in England in a short time if the above match is not made, when I shall be ready to accommodate Bendigo. You will oblige me by inserting some or the whole of the above in your valuable columns."

Ben Caunt, the English fighter who discovered Freeman

This ballyhoo was soon followed by the return to England of Caunt and his circus freak, Freeman, and no sooner had they landed than Caunt booked himself and partner for exhibitions at the music halls and the vaudeville stage. Caunt had no idea of matching himself with Freeman. All he wanted was to exhibit the American Behemoth and then match him with a good drawing card, despite the fact that he was fully aware of Freeman's ring inexperience. "Big Ben" from the start knew that there was more money in the show business than in fisticuffs, hence he kept public interest in the Michigan Giant alive both through his stage appearances and through the newspaper columns.

That the ballyhoo which preceded the landing of the American Gargantuan had created a sensation was evident by the tremendous turnout at the Queen's Theatre in Liverpool on the opening night of the show in which Caunt and Freeman appeared. Likewise when they made their debut in London. The sportsmen were equally anxious to see this "Mountain Man," as he was advertised, and Caunt's house in St. Martin's Lane was jammed with the curious.

# of MAUL

Last of a Series on Pugilistic Giants

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

Part III

Naturally they were much surprised when they found that the publicity had misrepresented the facts and that Freeman was not so big as he had been painted. Yet he was big enough to create a sensation, for as the papers of the period record, "there never has been seen in England a fighter of such gigantic dimensions as this Michigan Yankee. He actually stands 6 feet 10½ inches in his stockings, weighs 322 pounds and has a chest measurement almost one and a half times that of the average man."

* * *

THAT Freeman was an accomplished acrobat, despite his height and weight, was obvious. He gave some thrilling exhibitions of his skill on the stage, among them being an astounding number of somersaults in succession. At one time twenty-three were counted. He could jump from a standing position over a rope stretched at a height of 5 feet 5½ inches and was a sprinter of extraordinary ability. He could run like a deer and could broad jump 21 feet 4 inches, a feat that was unheard of among the professional athletes of that period or even years later.

One of his accomplishments was riding two horses at one time while holding a man balanced with his arms above his head as the horses galloped around the ring. He was a marvelous rider, his cowboy stunts gaining him considerable applause. From his first appearance to his final stage bow, he was a hit. Every night, no matter where he showed, the house was a sell out.

The English fight critics said of him that he was a magnificently proportioned fellow, one of the most symmetrical and graceful athletes of his size ever seen. Even if he had never engaged in a ring tussle and knew practically nothing of the fight game, the British public acknowledged in him a man of wonderful possibilities and was willing to pay to see him. They soon learned that his claim of the championship of the world was all buncombe, released for the purpose of building him up, yet they were willing to admit that regardless of his inexperience, even the most finished fighter would have a tough time taking his measure.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, those behind Freeman decided to force the issue by jeering the British heavyweights because of the refusal of any to meet the Yankee Goliath. They caused matter to be printed to the effect that Freeman had scared all English fighters into their shells and the mere sight of the American Giant threw fear into their hearts. This was contrary to the facts, yet it served to arouse British ire.

When Caunt had worked his ammunition to the heating point, Johnny Broome, then in the full flush of prosperity, called a meeting at his house, the Rising Sun in Piccadily, "to protest against these insults to the British prize ring, and to prove to the traducers of that institution that there were just as many gallant bruisers in England as in America and that the English fighters were ready at all times to defend the honor of the country pugilistically."

* * *

AS a result, a challenge was issued to Freeman to fight a "novice" to be named hereafter by Broome, the side bet to be $500. It was then that Freeman personally let the cat out of the bag by declaring that fighting was not his business and that he had not come to England for the purpose of engaging in fisticuffs but of giving public exhibitions of his prowess as a tumbler, jumper, sprinter and general horsemanship, but since a challenge was issued, he felt honor bound to accept it.

Freeman lifted Perry, the Tipton Slasher, as one would a child

And thus was arranged the first encounter between the Michigan Giant, the largest man who ever performed in a roped square, and the "novice" who, it developed, was none other than William Perry, the Tipton Slasher, a good fighter who had been before the public for five years and had a fine record.

The fight between the Yankee and the Slasher came off on December 6, 1842, but owing to the vigilance of the police, it took many hours before the ring could be pitched. When Freeman came forth, there was a buzz of mingled admiration and amazement at his splendid figure. No such fighter, so far as physical appearance was concerned, had ever been seen in England. He was splendidly trained and made a great impression as he appeared, all solid bone, brawn and muscle.

His immense chest, his tremendous muscular limbs, gave an indication of his gigantic strength, while the lightness of his step and the ease with which he skipped around the ring to warm up, showed that he was as active as he was powerful—a lithe-limbed giant. The Tipton Slasher, on the other hand, appeared like a midget beside this American Behemoth. Although Perry was 6 feet 1 inch and weighed 182 pounds, he was 9½ inches shorter than his opponent and 140 pounds lighter. The Slasher, nevertheless, was very muscular and powerfully built, with great girth of chest and width of shoulder-blade, and gave every indication that he would not be a set up.

* * *

THE fight itself was rather disappointing. It lasted seventy rounds, and a total of eighty-four minutes, but the damage was ludicrously small. The Slasher decided on a safe defense. He would rush in, deliver one blow to the body and then drop.

Quite frequently, in order to land his punch, the Slasher was forced to take some hefty wallops to the head, which blows he was unable to stop. His plan was to disable Freeman with body punches with the left, and round-house swings to the face with the right, but this attack failed as Freeman invariably dropped his arm to catch the heavy cracks.

Freeman's fore and upper arm were black and blue from stopping the punches, but his body and face were free from marks while Perry's bore blotches. Several times when the Slasher attempted to throw his (*Continued on page 42*)

PACIFIC COAST PROSPECTS

By JOE WATERMAN

Freddie Steele, a welterweight of championship prospects, who hails from Tacoma Washington

Abie Israel, Seattle bantamweight

NEVER before in recent years have there been so few likely looking youngsters developed in the rings of the Pacific Coast as during the past year.

Of all the boxers under 21 years of age in the West, only one stands out as a championship prospect. He is Freddie Steele, of Tacoma, Wash., the same city that gave the boxing world Eddie K. O. Roberts and Doc Snell. Steele has bright prospects. He is a bit over 18 years of age, tall and rangy, with a tremendous reach for a welterweight.

Steele was born in Seattle and started boxing when but 15 years of age. He is a studious youngster with a level head on his shoulders. His last four bouts resulted in clean knockouts over Joe Townsend, Teddy Palacio, Nels Ferguson and Ritchie King. The total time consumed in defeating these opponents was less than nine minutes.

Joe Waterman, Coast Promoter and Manager

Next to Steele, I would class Allan Foston, of Vancouver, B. C., a fast growing bantamweight. Foston is not yet 18 years old, but has never been defeated, although he has fought in the rings of Toronto, Montreal, Detroit, Los Angeles, Seattle and Vancouver. Young Foston appears to be a likely successor to his fellow townsmen, Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Townsend and Vic Foley.

Here is a list of the best young boxers on the Pacific Coast this year, rated on their recent performances:

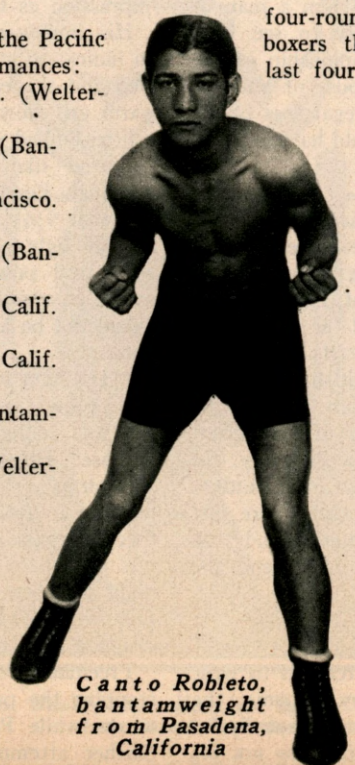
1. FREDDIE STEELE, of Tacoma, Wash. (Welterweight)
2. ALLAN FOSTON, of Vancouver, B. C. (Bantamweight)
3. RAYMOND DOZIER, of San Francisco. (Welterweight)
4. CANTO ROBLETO, of Pasadena, Calif. (Bantamweight)
5. BOBBY PACHO, of Los Angeles, Calif. (Lightweight)
6. BABE MARINO, of San Francisco, Calif. (Welterweight)
7. ABIE ISRAEL, of Seattle, Wash. (Bantamweight)
8. AL TRULMAN, of San Diego, Calif. (Welterweight)
9. JUDY ZUNIGA, of Los Angeles, Calif. (Bantamweight)

There is no McLarnin, La Barba, Lomski or Hudkins in the above list, but there is a strong possibility that by the time 1932 comes around, there will be some worthy successors. Battling Dozier has made some wonderful progress during the past six months and he may develop into another Hudkins. Dozier has a similar style to that of the Nebraska Wildcat when Hudkins was mowing down all opposition.

Another likeable prospect is Judy Zuniga, the eighteen-year-old Mexican who stepped into the limelight when he banged out a decisive victory over Speedy Dado, scoring a knockdown in one of the rounds. In a return match, Dado proved too smart for the kid but the fans of Los Angeles are raving about the possibilities of this boy and everything is in his favor—youth, ambition, ability, courage and the old wallop.

* * *

UNTIL recent years, the Pacific Coast was the nursery of future greats. When California permitted only four-round bouts, that state boasted of more promising boxers than have developed in the state within the last four years. Likewise up in the northwestern part of the country. But that situation is past. To-day, when one good boy is developed, it is a novelty.



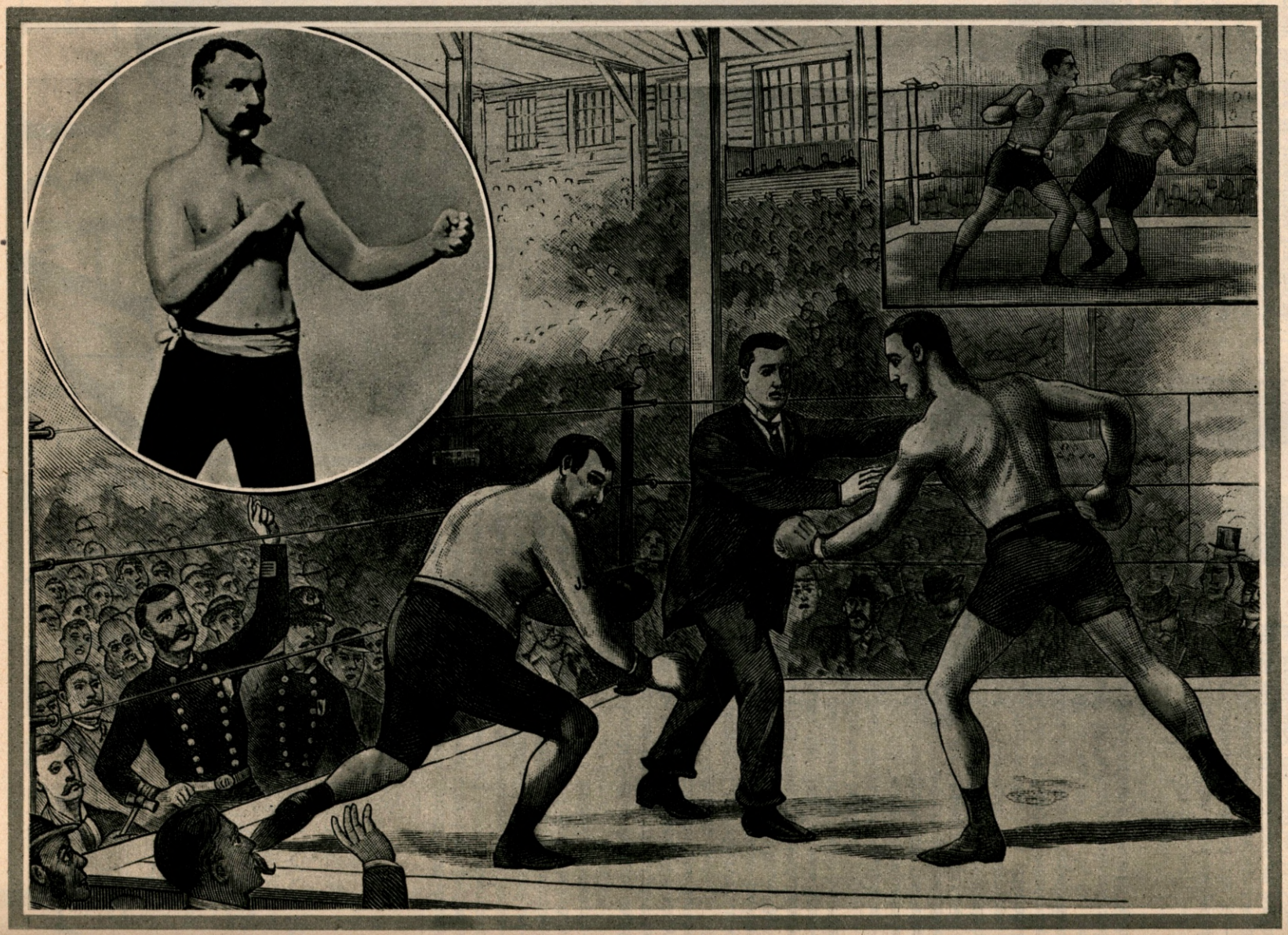
Canto Robleto, bantamweight from Pasadena, California

Biddy Bishop, one of the oldest active managers of fighters in America from a point of continuous service, has one lad who he thinks may reach national recognition. The boy is a young giant, a second Primo Carnera, crude but with bright prospects. Garth Van Campen is his name and strange as it may seem with a name like that, he comes from English-Irish parentage.

Garth is six feet 7 inches tall and weighs 237 pounds. He is only twenty years old and is exceptionally well built. He lives in Seattle, Washington, and is a graduate of high school.

Garth may not reach the heights, but if he doesn't, it won't be the fault of Bishop. The Pacific Coast has turned out such great heavyweights as Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski among others, and Bishop feels that in Garth he has one who may come up as did these three famous gladiators. That, of course, remains to be seen.

How a Great Fighter Passed Out of the Picture



Jake Kilrain, who fought a memorable 106-round draw in France with Jem Smith in 1888, and lost a seventy-five round battle to John L. Sullivan, in the last of the bare-knuckle championship bouts, made his exit from the ring in a viciously fought contest with a young Australian star, Steve O'Donnell, at the Sea-side A. C. of Coney Island on May 6, 1895. Jake, in his prime one of the greatest of the heavyweight group, was so badly whipped that the police stopped the bout in the twenty-first round. Inspector McKane ordered the end of hostilities just as Kilrain was about to tumble.

In the upper left insert we see Jake as he looked when he fought Sullivan, and on the right, Jake, hog fat, is taking one on the chin. Jake engaged in only two other mills after this, one, a ten-round no decision affair with Abe Ullman and the other, with Paddy Slavin, who knocked him out in the first round.

ANCIENT

"Mother's Fear" in Boxing Matches "Grandmother's Death" as a Frequent Excuse

By CHARLES WEBSTER

Joe Coburn, American bare-knuckle champion, who travelled to Ireland to meet Mace, but found upon his arrival that the Englishman had ducked the match.

MORTALITY among grandmothers invariably reaches its highest peak during the baseball season. True, many a youngster who has no grandmother, consigns an imaginary ancestor to the grave by way of accounting for his absence from work on the day set for an important baseball struggle. With small doubt the reported number of deaths of grandmothers during a stated period of the baseball season would treble or quadruple the actual decedent figures.

In the realm of boxing, the grandmother does not cut so important a part. In fact it is questionable if any boxer has ever related the sad details of his grandmother's untimely death as an excuse for not fulfilling a ring engagement. Quite the contrary is the case, and this has given the impression that few boxers have had any grandmothers whose demise might relieve the grandsons of meeting uncouth and unruly opponents in the ring.

Yet there have been many boxers who, needing an excuse for failing to keep an engagemnt, have used their mother's name in an emergency. Packey McFarland, one of the most skillful boxers in the lightweight class, furnishes an illuminating example. Packey went over to London in 1910, and battled with Freddie Welsh, the lightweight champion of England. The contest, which was between a pair of exceptionally clever boxers, lasted 20 rounds, and the English referee declared it to be a drawn battle.

McFarland declared with considerable feeling that the third man in the ring had inadvertently failed to keep track of the numerous points scored by the American, and that this was due to his eagerness to keep a complete record of Welsh's points. However, the referee stuck to his decision, and the record books declare that the bout was a draw. When McFarland arrived home he emphatically declared that the decision was incorrect, and that he should have had the decision, as he won handily.

Feeling that McFarland would welcome a chance to prove in the ring the unjustifiable character of the verdict of the English referee, the American matchmaker for the National Sporting Club of London, where the original bout was staged, suggested to McFarland a return match in the same club. McFarland acquiesced, and told the matchmaker to proceed with negotiations.

* * *

THE London Club was delighted and named a date for the contest. McFarland seemed satisfied with all the details and set a date on which he would sign the articles of agreement and name the date of his sailing.

The American matchmaker arrived at the appointed place on time, but McFarland was nowhere in view. As a matter of fact it was two weeks later that the representative of the London Club came face to face with Packey, who proceeded to explain that he had changed his mind about another bout with Welsh. Asked why he had experienced a change of mind, Packey replied:

"I'll tell you," he added. "My mother didn't want me to take the

Tom Allen.

INFALLIBLES

unnecessary risk of another ocean trip."

It is possible that Packey's mother was a bit nervous over the dangers of ocean travel, but McFarland's real reason for dropping the match was his fear that he would get another decision of draw.

* * *

A SOMEWHAT similar case was that of Abraham Attell, who received an invitation to go across the raging Atlantic and mix it with Joe Bowker, the bantam champion of Great Britain. Bowker had an enviable record, having defeated such performers as Owen Moran, Frankie Neil, the American bantam titleholder, Pedlar Palmer, Pinkey Evans and Spike Robson. Attell accepted the match, signed articles of agreement, and named the date on which he would sail for Merrie England. But he changed his mind previous to the time the steamer left this port and, instead, took a train for San Francisco.

When he returned to New York several weeks later he was asked for an explanation.

"It was this way," he said. "You see there had been some earthquake shocks on the Coast and I was afraid something might have happened to my mother." There was no unfavorable report as to the safety of his mother, and the opinion was quite general that Abe changed his mind after reading of the manner in which Bowker had treated various other American boxers.

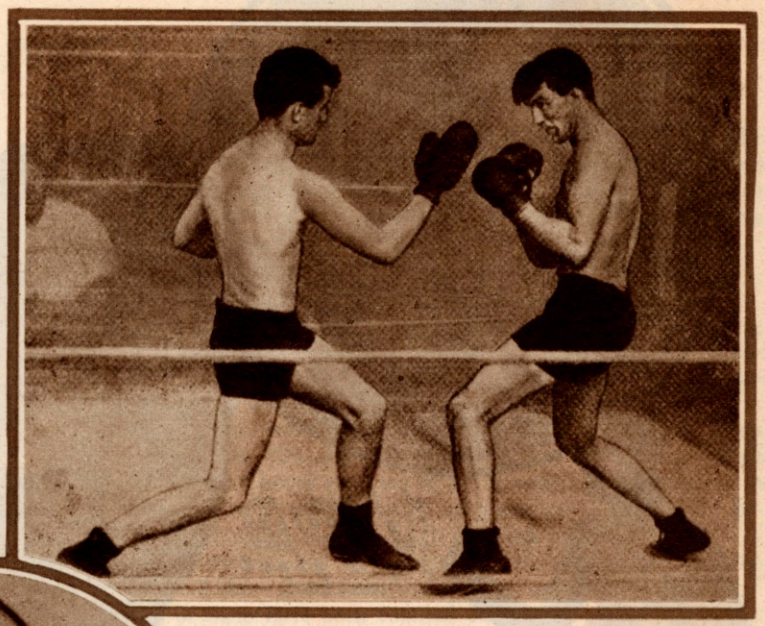
* * *

THE most scandalous failure to keep an engagement to meet an opponent in the ring was achieved by Jem Mace, the victim being Joe Coburn, one of America's many champions of bare knuckle days. Mace was the champion heavyweight of England at the time, 1864, but later on he became the first heavyweight champion of the world by reason of defeating Tom Allen, American title holder, in ten rounds at Kennerville, La., May 10, 1870.

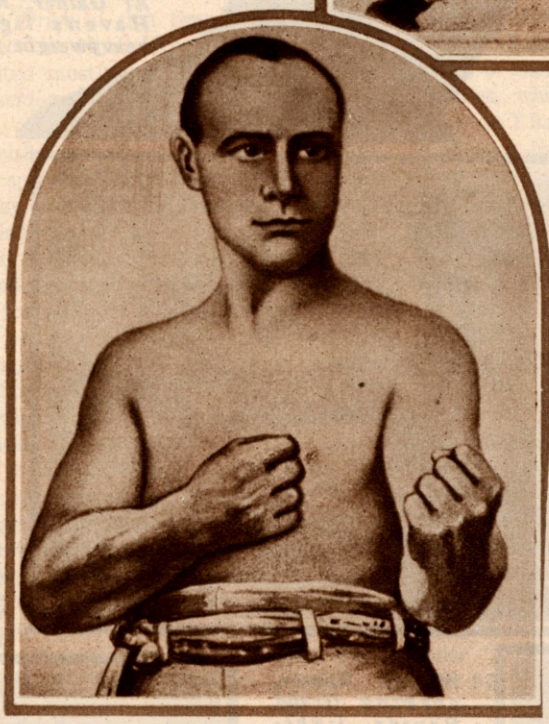
Coburn was the one man that Mace apparently feared, and the proof of it is shown in the three matches made between them. After the retirement of Tom King, champion of England, which followed a challenge from Coburn, the latter sent an identical defiance to Mace, then known as the cleverest man in England. Coburn invited Mace to come to America and show his wares.

Mace said he could not be induced to fight in America, but suggested that the battle could be staged in Ireland, and Coburn consented.

Coburn was born in the village of Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20, 1835, and he joyfully sailed for the Old Sod, May 14, 1864. On arrival in the Emerald Isle, arrangements were made to stage the fight at Pierstown, Parish of Kilmare, County Tipperary, which greatly pleased the American boxer.



Packey McFarland (left) and Freddy Welsh who fought a 20-round draw in London in 1910, after which the American refused to accept a return engagement.



Jem Mace, British champion.

The side stake was $5,000 and Coburn was to receive $500 for expenses. The date set for the bout was October 4, 1864, and Coburn arrived on the scene early and confident. After a long wait, it was discovered that Mace had left Ireland and gone to England, the excuse for his departure being a "dispute over the selection of a referee."

Subsequent events made it appear that the alleged "dispute" was merely a subterfuge to escape a meeting with Coburn on the latter's native heath. About the only satisfaction Coburn got out of the affair was the receipt of the $500 expense money.

Later Mace changed his opinion as to fighting in America and he and Coburn met twice in the squared circle. They first faced each other in the ring near Port Ryerson, Canada, May 11, 1869. They stood in the ring one hour and 17 minutes without striking a single blow. The Canadian militia then appeared and the bloodless battle was interrupted.

Then they were matched to fight near Kansas City, and while Mace appeared on the ground, Coburn did not. The referee declared that Mace was entitled to the stakes, but Harry Hill, the stakeholder, refused to turn them over.

Then another match was arranged and both men reported at Bay St. Louis, near New Orleans, on November 30, 1870. The contest took place during a cold rain storm and there was little action. Mace hurt one of his hands in the ninth round, was seized with chills, and would only go to the center when ordered by the referee.

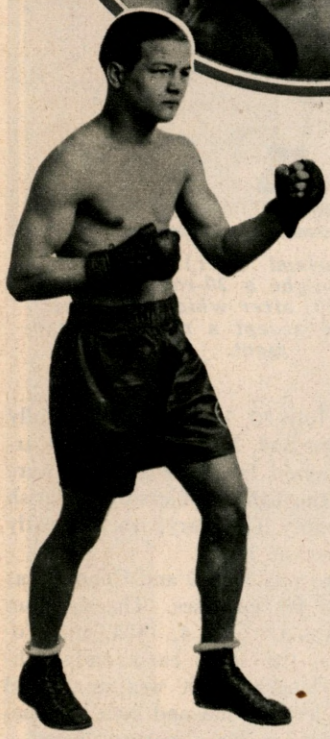
After 12 rounds that took up three hours and 48 minutes, the bout was declared a draw. This was Coburn's final fight.

SOME *of the* OUTSTANDING FISTIC LIGHTS

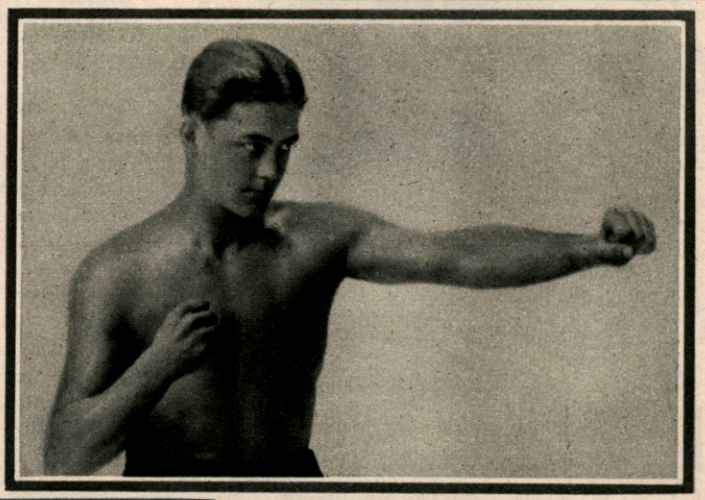
Al Singer, ex-lightweight champion, making a grand comeback

Bob Olin, New York's light-heavyweight star

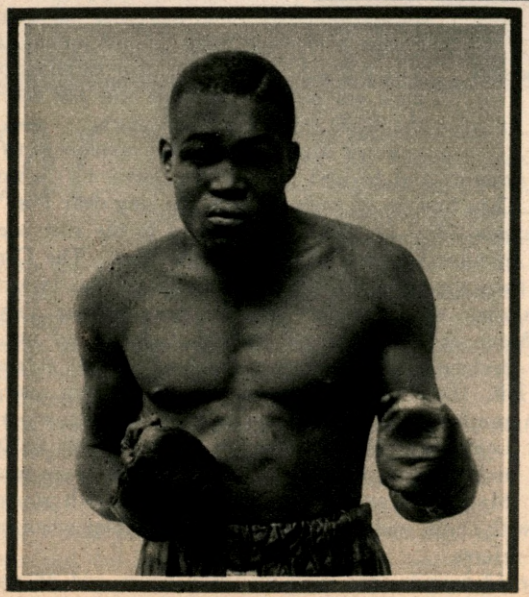
Al Gainer, New Haven's light-heavyweight star



Freddy Miller, Cincinnati's featherweight menace



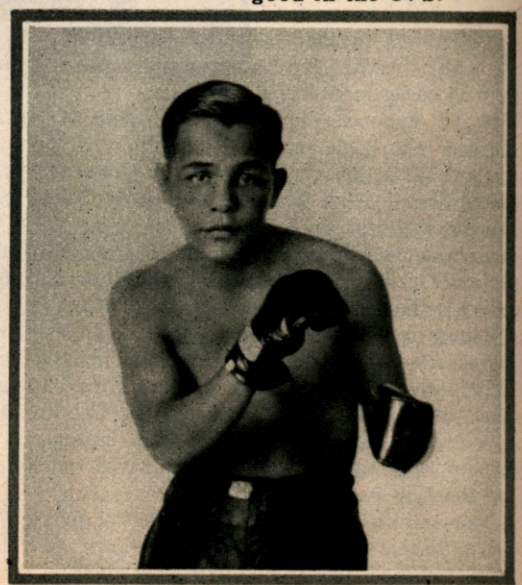
Eugene Huat, French bantamweight, doing good in the U. S.



Wesley Ramey, corking Grand Rapids lightweight

Left, Billy Jones, rugged Philadelphia light-heavyweight

Right, Davey Abad, classy Panamanian, now living in St. Louis



In the DAYS *of* SKIN-TIGHT GLOVE FIGHTS *in* NEW YORK

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

RIVERSIDE Drive, especially that section between Seventieth and Ninetieth Streets, is now the abode of some of the wealthiest citizens of New York City, but forty years back, this section along the Hudson River was the wildest part of the metropolitan district and was the scene of many a hard-fought, thrilling fistic battle with the bare knuckles or the skin-tight gloves. In the old days, when Luke Welsh had his picturesque but dilapidated boathouse and training quarters at the foot of West 82nd Street, New York and New Jersey fight fans were treated to many a hectic mill.

There was no Riverside Drive at that time, nor were there any streets cut through to the North River. It was just a wild piece of land inhabited mostly by goats because of the good grazing fields, and seldom was a policeman sent out to patrol the stretch. That is what made it so convenient to run off the contests at Welsh's gym.

It was a rural, peaceful spot, secluded, far from the scene of business activity and away from the crowds except when a good fight was to be pulled off. Then it was a sort of mixture of Hell's Kitchen and the Five Points section down near the Bowery, with noise enough to awaken the dead and thugs enough to make it uncomfortable for any one seeking trouble.

However, no boisterous shouting could disturb the nocturnal slumbers of the rural neighborhood, for there wasn't a house within six blocks of the boathouse and as for the "coppers," they appeared only when they got wind of something and then, Captain Schultz, commanding the policeboat "Patrol," would set sail up the Hudson to demonstrate at Welsh's hostelry how the guardians of the peace could handle a night stick.

Sometimes when the Captain became too strict and alert in spoiling a scheduled mill, the adventurous fighters, accompanied by their respective supporters, under the guidance of Welsh, would secretly row across the Hudson in several dozen craft, and after a dark and strenuous pull across the river would land on the Jersey shore, where Capt. Schultz and his New York policemen had no jurisdiction.

* * *

THERE was an old law in force in New York State at the time which made it a misdemeanor for anyone to leave the State for the purpose of attending a prize fight and as it gave the authorities the power to arrest any person going or coming from one, the fans had to do some strategic sneaking and side-stepping in the ancient skin glove and bare knuckle days, in order to avoid the police, sheriffs and other authorities on their trail.

Welsh's favorite fistic rendezvous in Jersey was a deserted Erie Railroad tunnel, about a mile from the river. It surely was a dismal, gruesome, repulsive-looking cave to enter on a dark night, with only the light of a few smoky lanterns to guide one to safety. It reminded one of Dore's pictures of Dante's Inferno, illustrating the lower Hellish regions. But this dismal grotto had no hobgoblin effect upon the courageous fighters or fans of those days. They were too used to dark cellars, dismal barns, rat-infested sewers or any old place, as long as they could get a square deal and see a good fight.

In fact the more adventures and hardships they endured, the more they seemed amused and thrilled. It gave the old crowd sensational material enough to gossip about and describe to other followers of ring, who were not lucky enough to witness some slashing scrap or other.

* * *

IT was not the fights alone that were most amusing, romantic and interesting in the old days. It was the adventure of getting to the ringside by some hook or crook and making a speedy and mystic getaway.

There's no correct records of the many skin glove fights fought in the 70's and 80's in and around New York. Half of them were never reported in the newspapers. Promoters in those days invariably avoided all press publicity, chiefly because such affairs were in strict violation of the law.

There remains but very few of the old fighters or fans who can recall these gallant old battles, with any detail or accuracy. Most of them have been counted out by the old Grim Reaper. Besides, when one has witnessed a thousand, more or less, mills, as I have, it's not so easy to describe each one accurately.

Among the skin glove combats that took place at the old boat house on the Hudson, I remember the one between Jerry Murphy and Paddy McCausland, who was generally known as "Young English," on the Bowery, especially, where he gained quite a reputation for his fistic ability. He sparred often at Owney Georgahan's, Billy McGlory's and other sporting resorts.

Jerry Murphy became quite famous at Harry Hill's dance hall on the Bowery for the dashing spectacular bouts he and his sparring partner, Jimmy Kelly, put up at Hill's night after night. These two clever snappy boxers fooled many an unsophisticated spectator into the belief that they were really fighting fiercely, when they were only spoofing, as it were.

The match between Murphy and McCausland was for $1,000 a side and an equal division of the gate money, which didn't amount to much as the "Crashers" broke into Welsh's from all sides. Both Kelly and McCausland weighed in at 125 pounds as per agreement—give or take two pounds.

George Siler, who was then boxing around Harry Hill's with his partner, Billy Madden, was chosen referee. They called Siler "Young Dutch" in those days, because Siler, to most of the fistic fraternity, sounded somewhat Dutch to the old Bowery frequenters.

* * *

IT was a fine spring morning in 1879, when the two 125-pounders stepped into the ring on the soft sandy beach on the Hudson river, at sunrise. They were both in the finest of fettle, trained to the very limit for a long hard battle.

Murphy was quite a lively dancing master on a boarded floor, where he could hop about with great speed and grace, but in the soft sand up to his ankles at times, he was greatly handicapped.

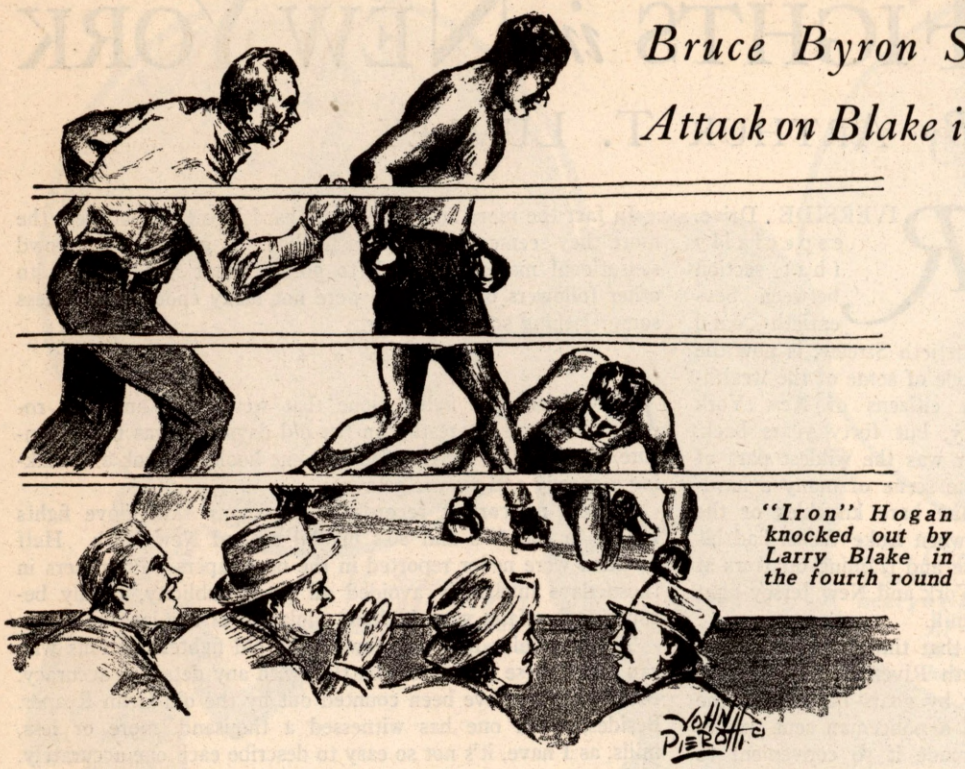
Young English forced the fighting from the start and landed some very effective blows on his opponent in the first few rounds, which Jerry seemed unable to duck away from in his usual clever style.

The elder Roche also trained Big John Flood there for his battle with John L. on the barge, on the Hudson River, opposite Yonkers in 1881.

So Welsh's boathouse played quite a leading part in pugilistic affairs in those days.

FIVE CRACKED RIBS!

Bruce Byron Solves Mystery of Attack on Blake in Champion's Camp



"Iron" Hogan knocked out by Larry Blake in the fourth round

CHAPTER I

"WELL, the big fight has been postponed for two weeks," Joe Bruff announced, as he breezed into the office of Bruce Byron, chief of the internationally famous Byron Detective Agency.

In addition to being a salient solver of crimes and mysteries, Byron also was an ardent follower of fisticuffs. He had been something of a fighter himself in his younger days, and no really important contest from Reno to Boston, from San Francisco to New York, ever passed without the familar figure of Bruce Byron at the ringside.

"What was the reason given out by Frank Feeley?" Byron asked. "I know the advance sale has been very discouraging."

"That's exactly it, Bruce. Here it is three days before the fight and there isn't $50,000 in the till. So Frank got the champion to put on the act in the training show this afternoon. Fawks quit right in the middle of the first round with one of the palookas.

"Then it was announced that the big boy had chipped a knuckle or something, and that it would take a fortnight to mend the injury. In the meantime the ballyhoo department will put on full steam and see if it can't fill that stadium."

"Yes, a promoter has to use all sorts of dodges in his business," Byron laughed. "Remember the postponement of the scrap between Larry Blake and Iron Hogan? That fight had to be delayed for a whole year, and the experts and the public made all sorts of wild guesses. But the real story wasn't given out because Feeley himself didn't believe it.

"Feeley called me into the case, and let me tell you that it was one of the most interesting mysteries it has been my pleasure to unravel in twenty-five years of detective work."

* * *

CHAPTER II

BYRON passed a perfecto to his listener, smoked up himself, settled back, and began to unwind one of the most interesting tales in the history of the ring.

As you will recollect, Larry Blake, heavyweight champion of the world, after evading the issue for more than two years, finally was cornered and signed to defend the title against Iron Hogan, with Frank Feeley as the promoter.

"They were scheduled to fight at Doyle's Fifty Acres, up in Connecticut, on the afternoon of July 4. On June 30, at exactly six o'clock in the evening, at his training camp at Trent's Lake, Blake was found unconscious. He was discovered lying behind a bush, his nose broken, his body bruised. Later examination showed that he had five broken ribs. The champion's body was black and blue.

"Of course, the boys telephoned to Feeley in New York and on arrival at the lake, the promoter swore all the men in camp to secrecy. There were so many involvements that Feeley knew a tremendous scandal would break if the truth were announced to the public.

"It was given out that Blake had suffered an attack of pneumonia, and the battle was postponed indefinitely.

"Some of the sceptical boxing writers, who had been fighting for a chance for Hogan for a couple of years, demanded to see Blake. But there was a double guard on his room in the New York hospital to which he had been removed.

"Lon Brewer, of the *Morning Star,* created a sensation with a story that Blake had run out of the match, and that there really was nobody in that guarded chamber.

"The *Evening Bulletin,* not to be outdone, announced that a man answering to the description of Blake had been seen by the *Bulletin* boxing expert at a White Mountain lake resort, where the title holder owned a lodge.

"Well, you remember how the Hogan camp capitalized the situation—how Iron cleaned up in two capacity houses in the Coliseum during the Winter—how the Hogan supporters kept howling for the Boxing Commission to hand the title to Iron."

* * *

CHAPTER III

BYRON lit another cigar. "Just as soon as Feeley got the word over the telephone that Blake had been hurt, he got me at my hotel and asked me to join him at Trent's Lake immediately, Three hours later I found Feeley pacing up and down the living room of Blake's training headquarters, while in the champion's bedroom two doctors still were busy patching him up for the shift to New York.

"This is terrible! If the truth ever comes out boxing will get a body blow from which it will not recover for a couple of years. In fact, it might even kill the game," wailed the promoter.

"You seem to know exactly what happened," I said to Frank. "Now, what are your theories?"

"Theories hell!" he shouted. "I'll get even with that Jake Lutreck if it's the last thing I do on this earth. The dirty rat."

Then Feeley expounded his ideas as to what had occurred. "As you know, Bruce, Jake discovered Blake. Larry came into New York on the brake beam of a freight car. He had been a cowhand in the Panhandle down in Texas. Larry comes of

WHO DID IT ? ? ?

an excellent family, and is a university graduate. But once off the campus the wanderlust got him, and after a couple of years of cowpunching, he was bitten by the fight bug.

"After stopping four or five bums in the South and West, Blake dropped into the big town and walked his feet off trying to land a fight. But nobody would give him a tumble. Finally Larry ran into Jake at Grant's gymnasium, up in Harlem, and they formed a partnership that carried Blake right into the championship. Blake was down to his last nickel when Lutreck staked him.

"'This is for life—Jake,' Blake said as he shook hands with Lutreck right after Larry had knocked out Steve Tailer for the title over in San Francisco. Blake meant it then—but Fate intervened."

* * *

CHAPTER IV

BYRON chuckled. "Well, Joe, you know what always happens. As the French so wisely put it, '*Cherchez la femme*'—look for the woman.

"But let me go on with Feeley's recital. Blake and Jake got along great for more than a year, cleaning up big and handsome. And then Blake met Fifi D'Espagne, the world famous dancer. You've seen her, Bruce. No doubt you were sweet on her yourself. Nobody can see Fifi and not fall in love with her. She makes Cleopatra—or our impression of what Cleo was—look like a palooka in the second row of a burlesque chorus.

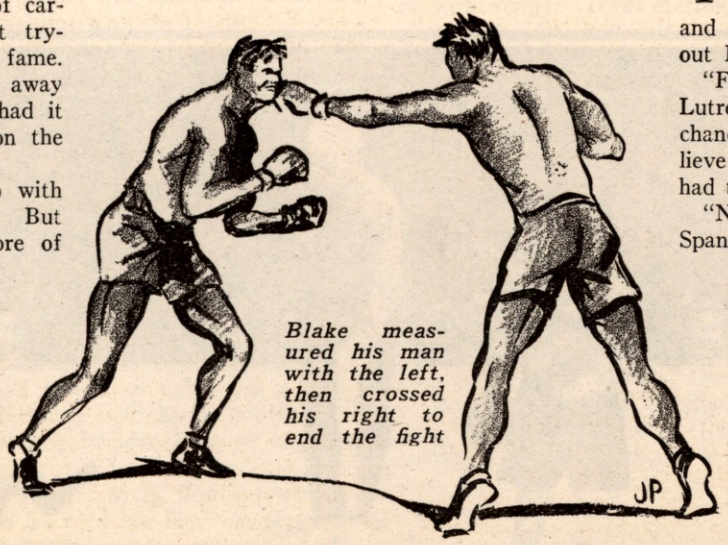
"Well, Blake falls like a ton of brick, and Lutreck gets madder and madder. You know what happened. One night Blake and Fifi ran off to Connecticut and got married. Larry didn't even tell Lutreck about it. The first Jake knew of it was about seven the next morning when the newspapers began to call him up for details. Hell, he knew nothing, and they didn't believe him. Was Jake sore?

"Lutreck found the honeymooners up in the White Mountains, in Blake's lodge, and I guess Jake said a little too much. He accused Fifi of ruining the champion's career, of caring nothing for Blake, but trying to capitalize on his fame. Jake let his tongue run away with him, and finally they had it out. Blake punched Jake on the nose and cracked it.

"Larry tried to make up with Jake about a week later. But Lutreck would have no more of the champion 'and that woman.' They met in a lawyer's office in New York, and Blake paid Lutreck $300,000 to tear up their contract, which had five years to run.

"'I could hold you up for a million or more, but that dame of yours is welcome to the dough. She'll get it, all right, and leave you high and dry,' Jake shouted. I was at the settlement.

"And listen to this, Bruce. Lutreck looked Blake right in the eye and he said, quietly, with all the venom he could muster, "Blake, some day, when you least expect it, you will find that this minute was the sorriest one in your whole life.' Then Lutreck stamped out of the room."



Blake measured his man with the left, then crossed his right to end the fight

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

CHAPTER V

BYRON answered a telephone call and then resumed his recital. "I said to Feeley, 'Look here, Frank. You don't mean to say that Jake had anything to do with the assault on Blake? You don't believe Jake had so much venom in his system that he attacked Larry, or instigated the attack?'

"Feeley shouted, 'I am saying nothing right now. But let me finish. You know what happened after the break between Jake and Blake. Lutreck went out West, picked up Iron Hogan, and by careful and wise matchmaking developed Hogan into the outstanding contender. Blake, who had become his own manager, kept stalling Hogan off.

"The sports writers, who had built Blake into an intriguing figure, began to question his motives. They hurled aspersions on his abilities and his gameness. Larry is a very sensitive bird, and all that got under his skin. He began to blame Fifi for his troubles.

"One afternoon Senorita D'Espagne let the champion have a piano stool on the head, and a couple of months later she got a divorce in Paris.

"You are familiar, Bruce, with the situation that led up to the signing of articles between Blake and Hogan. Larry just had to come out and fight.

"Beating Blake became an obsession with Lutreck. He labored night and day with Hogan, and until a month ago it looked as if Iron had better than an even chance to take the title away from Larry. But what did Iron do but fall in love himself! Hogan grew listless, Lutreck saw his chances fade. He became a maniac.

"Then I am summoned out here, to find Blake unconscious, with five ribs busted—and you ask who did it!"

* * *

CHAPTER VI

"FEELEY had a brain storm, but finally I quieted him, and I said, 'Let's dope this thing out Frank.'

"First, we have the enmity of Lutreck for Blake. With Hogan's chances growing slimmer, you believe Jake went off his head and had the champion ganged.

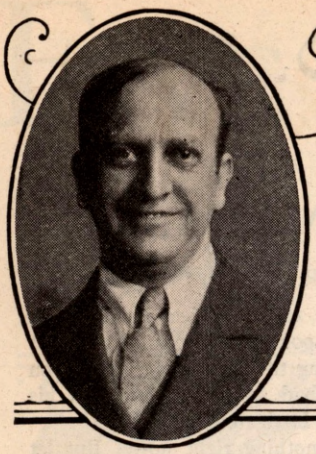
"Now for theory No. 2. The Spanish lady. She has been saying things about Larry and he has been saying things about her. Only two weeks ago a rich senor from the Argentine, who is courting Fifi, sent Larry a challenge to a duel.

"I know all about that. They called the hot headed senor down to Police Headquarters and cooled him off with a lecture about the dangers of challenging American citizens. The Spanish lady must be filed away for future reference, and with her, the Argentino of the hot head."

At this moment a big chimpanzee lumbered into the room, looked around, and then waddled out with a funny squeak.

"'Say, what's this?' I asked Frank. 'Don't get excited, gumshoe,' he laughed. 'That's only Larry's pet chimp, Bozo. Ever see one of those wrestling

(*Continued on page* 43)



Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Billy Petrolle Regains the Fistic Spotlight Earns Right to Titular Bout by K. O. Victory Justo Suarez Hampered by Inefficient Seconds

BILLY PETROLLE, the man who has been retired half a dozen times only to come bobbing forth to prove his right to be rated a truly great among the present crop of fighters, once again convinced the skeptics that he is far from being through by handing out to Justo Suarez as artistic a beating as has been administered to a fighter in the Garden since the period of boxing depression set it. The celebrated Fargo Express shunted aside the last obstacle in his climb to a championship fight by his performance against the Argentinian, and to-day stands out as the leading boy of his class.

I say leading, because I feel that if Petrolle can throw punches at Tony Canzoneri as he hurled them with effectiveness at Suarez, a new lightweight king will be crowned. Billy demonstrated before the Garden gathering that he is the heaviest hitter the lightweight class has developed in many years and unless the unforeseen happens, he will reach the goal of his ambition—the lightweight championship ere he hangs up his gloves.

The contest was one of the most spectacular seen in New York in years. Although Petrolle knocked out his rival in 1.51 of the ninth round, there was no doubt after the first session that the bout would not go the limit and that the South American's titular aspirations, at least for the time being, would be cut short for the knockdowns in the first half minute of the bout had taken their toll.

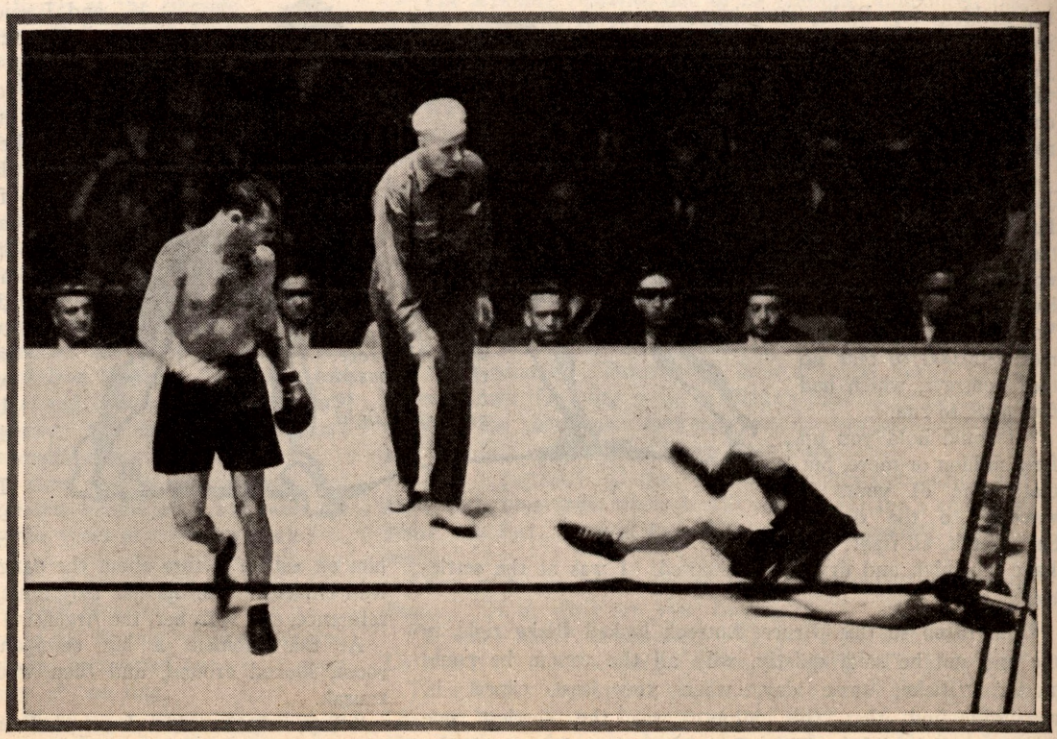
* * *

HAD Suarez kept his wits and taken a count each time he was downed, he might have survived the ten rounds. But through bravado, ring ignorance or a deadening of the brain as a result of the terrific wallops with which Petrolle connected, he leaped to his feet before Billy could even move away from him, and ran into a bombardment of lefts and rights, hooks and smashes, that none but an iron man—a Suarez could have weathered.

Then, with superhuman courage, out came Suarez for the second round and to the surprise and utter astonishment of the spectators, he took the fight away from Petrolle and gained the second frame by a big margin. But that was only a flash in the pan. He had met his Waterloo in that first round and whatever energy had still remained with him after that hectic session, had been sapped in the second and from then to the end, it was simply a procession for the Fargo Express.

Though defeated, Suarez was not disgraced. His demonstration of courage under fire merited the whole-hearted applause that greeted him when he walked to his dressing room. That this idol of South America is a good fighter, there can be no doubt after his courageous stand against overwhelming odds. The Argentinians can feel proud of him for aside from Petrolle, there is not a fighter among the lightweights who is Justo's master.

His downfall may be traced directly to poor management. Again it was a case of a Firpo going to the massacre. Like Luis, who, had he trusted American management would have been crowned the world's heavyweight champion, Suarez has been mishandled from the start. He has everything a great fighter requires except boxing skill and that he can learn. In his corner, he had his manager and handler, both South Americans and Jimmy DeForest, famous American trainer, yet DeForest was kept in the background simply handling the sponge instead of being in full control. Had Jimmy been in charge, Justo would have come around and would have succeeded in going the route. (*Continued on page* 45)



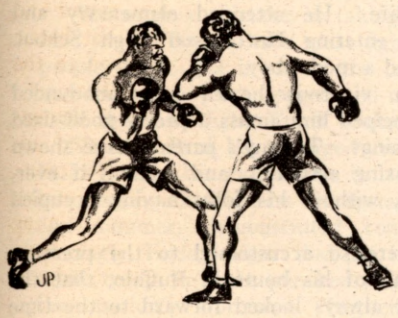
Billy Petrolle K. O.'s Justo Suarez

TRICKS *of the* TRADE

By "KID MCCOY"

As told to DEAN S. JENNINGS

Editor's note.
Kid McCoy, who is in San Quentin Prison, California, was one of the cleverest and most tricky fighters in ring history. Through Dean S. Jennings of the Call-Bulletin of San Francisco, the Kid, known in private life as Norman Selby, has consented to give RING *readers, in a series of interviews, the story of fights he won through the tricks that are synonymous with his name. In this article, his last of four, McCoy tells how he conquered France's great La Savate champion.*



I WAS always looking for opportunities to catch my opponents sleeping.

One of the tricks which I used frequently came when fighters began changing the style of their trunks. The old timers fought in tights or long trousers, but then the short pants vogue came in.

It gave me an idea.

One night I was fighting a fellow in New York and I had bet a friend that the battle wouldn't last three rounds. At the start of the fight I noticed that my opponent was wearing short white trunks, with an elastic to hold them up.

When the third round began, I grabbed him in a clinch and suddenly jerked the trunks almost down to his knees. He swore loudly and made desperate efforts to pull them up again without losing his hold on me.

The crowd was roaring with laughter and hurling jibes at the embarrassed fellow. His dignity was upset and I knocked him out while he was still fumbling with the elastic.

That incident reminds me of the only freak fight I ever had—a bout that I would probably have lost without resorting to strategy like that I've just told.

It happened in Paris.

* * *

I HAD signed to meet a French foot fighter, an expert in La Savate.

It was an unwise thing to do, especially since I've always contended that every man should always stick to his own trade. And several promoters had tried to match me with wrestlers in freak fights.

But I had to go through with this one.

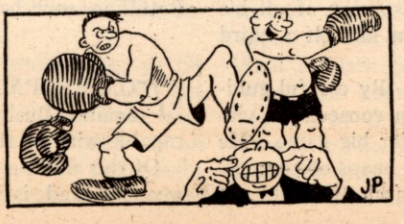
Charlemont, the man I had agreed to fight, was a noted exponent of the French sport where both hands and feet are used in fighting. And at that particular time he was the idol of all Paris.

I had seen him in action several times and marveled at the graceful manner in which he used his feet. He could get his heel up to a man's jaw faster than many a boxer I knew.

A few days before the match, I took the time to find out what I could of his habits and his weaknesses. And I learned something that was to have a direct bearing on the outcome of our battle.

Charlemont, a handsome young man with dark wavy hair, was very affable when I stepped into the ring with him.

I bowed to him and sat down in my corner, waiting for the start.



He looks harmless enough, I remarked to my second, but it's curtains for me if his instep ever connects with my chin.

* * *

IN the first round, I managed to keep clear of his feet, which would fly upwards once in a while so fast that you'd have thought he was a contortionist. I was getting cross-eyed trying to watch his hands and feet at the same time.

Frequently I glanced toward the gallery and smiled.

Finally, in the third round, the Frenchman could stand it no longer and his curiosity got the better of him.

"What eez in ze galleree?" he whispered to me as we clinched.

"In the gallery?" I stalled, "what do you mean?"

"Yes, always you look zere," he insisted.

"Oh," I said, "there's a beautiful dark-haired girl up there that's been waving at us."

"Ah," he sighed, "a lady. Where ees she?"

"There . . . right up there!" I pointed.

He looked up and that was the last thing he remembered. He was "out" for ten minutes from the effects of the uppercut I gave him while he was looking at "the lady."

Charlemont's weakness for the fair sex had lost him the fight and he never did meet the young woman I had planted in the gallery to wave to us.

* * *

AFTER the fight he came to my dressing room.

"Keed," he pleaded, "why you do zat?"

"Oh, that was to teach you," I comforted him, "never to let a woman turn your head."

As a matter of fact, I had no right to tell anyone what to do with women. I was married eight times and divorced eight times and only got the decision once.

(Editor's note--McCoy does not often discuss the fight he had in Chicago with a man named McCormick, when the latter turned the tables on the tricky Kid.

When the bout was halfway over, McCormick leaned over and whispered to McCoy:

"Well, Kid, I see you've brought another one of your women with you tonight."

"Who, me?" McCoy said.

"Yea, right down there at the ringside," McCormick pointed.

McCoy fell for the trap, looked down and was flattened out with a dose of his own medicine.)

I've often been asked how I developed certain punches, such as the "rifle" punch. One day, when I was just learning to box, I was teasing a kitten with a ball on the end of a piece of string. I noticed that the kitten's paw, instead of striking out in a straight line, came at the ball from an angle.

I combined that motion with the principal used in a rifle barrel. The rifling inside the barrel, I was told, gave it greater velocity. So I developed the "rifle" punch, giving my fist a quarter turn as I struck. With the full weight of the body behind it, that punch has a world of power.

When you combine boxing ability with psychology, you will have success.

I used to meet fighters who would enter the ring with their hair greased and slicked down until it shone like a light.

(*Continued on page* 45)

TOMMY PAUL, BUFFALO

By RAY FISHER

DURING the summer of 1926, a frail-looking youth of seventeen in knee pants, came to Jack Singer's gymnasium, then located on Buffalo's East Side in a great Polish colony at No. 1381 Sycamore Street, where his two older brothers trained regularly, and asked Jack for a chance to become a fighter. This youth was none other than TOMMY PAUL, Buffalo's great little featherweight, who in three years has become the talk of the division.

Although Tommy long had planned in his youthful mind to turn to boxing when he grew up, it was the success of his brothers that caused him to seek to enter the field far earlier than he had dreamt he would. He asked his brothers, Al and Mickey, both of whom were managed by Singer, to introduce him to their mentor so that he could get a tryout, but this they refused. Not satisfied to take no for an answer, Tommy, after sessions closed at the Hutchinson High School which he attended, went to Singer's gym alone and convinced Singer that he was worthy of a trial.

At the time Tommy was only a boy of seventeen but looked no more than fourteen and he found it difficult to get Singer to handle his affairs. After considerable persuasion, however, he consented, and asked the youth to return the following day for a trial.

The next day found Tommy on time and his gymnasium debut was most impressive. The manner in which he trained, and his general fighting attitude, indicated to the veteran Singer that he had a diamond in the rough, and from that time to the present, he has been guiding the boy to the top of the pugilistic ladder.

* * *

AS a simon pure, Tommy did well. Singer was so interested in the lad that he never missed a fight while Tommy fought as an amateur, so that with Jack's expert guidance and advice, Paul cleaned up the entire field in the 112-pound division, winning most of his bouts via the knockout route.

Due to Tommy's clean living and expert handling, he quickly grew into a boxing wizard and by early spring of 1927, he was compelled to enter the bantamweight division in the amateur tournament conducted in Buffalo by the Fraternal Order of Orioles. Tommy's rapid and sensational rise soon attracted the attention of the boxing fans of Buffalo and vicinity.

He won the Niagara District Amateur Bantamweight title in March, 1927 by defeating the three leading condenders for the title in one night's boxing, and thereby qualified as the Niagara District's entrant in the National Amateur Boxing Tournament, which was held in Boston, Mass., in April, 1927. Tommy again made a clean sweep of all his opponents in Boston in sensational style, and was crowned the National Amateur Bantamweight Champion.

* * *

After winning the Niagara District and National Amateur Bantamweight titles, Tommy was invited to enter the Empire State Amateur Tournament, which was held in Madison Square Garden in New York City in May, 1927, and once again he came through with flying colors by easily disposing of all his opponents in the same crushing style to gain himself a third title within a space of three months.

Then started Tommy's professional career. By careful guidance, Jack Singer piloted his boy through ten consecutive victories and by that time, Tommy was ready for big game. He had developed into a boy of ability, a lad with heaps of courage.

Tommy was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on March 4th, 1909, of humble Italian-American parents. He was one of 12 children. His father, the late Tony Paul, was once a boxer himself, and while the parent never ascended the heights that his son Tommy has, he was regarded as a good prize fighter in his day. Tommy's two other brothers, Al and Mickey, have also been identified with the boxing game for quite a time, and while the eldest of the three boxing Pauls, Al, has already quit the ring, Mickey is still working at the game.

* * *

TOMMY was born in Buffalo's waterfront district, where most of Buffalo's Italian population resides, and has lived there all of his early life. He attended elementary and parochial schools before entering Hutchinson High School. He was an able scholar and a model boy.

He is possessed with vigorous health and unbounded stamina, which has later helped him amass a pretty good-sized fortune from his ring earnings. Tommy's parents have shown a keen interest in his boxing activities, and seldom, if ever, has he fought in Buffalo, without his folks having occupied ringside seats.

Buffalo boxing fans were so accustomed to the presence of Tommy's parents at all of his bouts in Buffalo, that the majority of those present always looked forward to the time when Tommy would come down from the ring immediately after his fight, and seek out his mother to plant a kiss on her lips and embrace her, and then continue on his way to his dressing room, where his other brothers always await him.

Tommy is a proud owner of two beautiful homes in Buffalo's finest residential district. Besides he owns a summer home.

Besides boxing, Tommy is an ardent golfer and is also interested in flying. As a matter of fact, Tommy joined the 106th Flying School at the Buffalo Airport and after completing sixty hours of flying, he applied for a pilot's license and received it, so that besides being an accomplished boxer, Tommy is also a licensed pilot. During the off season, Tommy goes big for flying. He is at the Buffalo Airport every day.

On May 2nd, 1930, Tommy married Miss Edith Bucco, of North Collins, N. Y., and they have been blessed with one child, a daughter.

* * *

SINCE turning professional in 1927, Tommy has lost only a few fights although he has engaged in over fifty contests. Twice he lost to Fidel LaBarba, one time flyweight champion of the world, and present serious contender for the bantamweight title. During 1931, Tommy also lost two close decisions to Freddy Miller in his home town of Cincinnati, thus making only four losses in his entire career, all by decisions. Tommy has never been knocked out.

Although every effort has been made by promoters in Buffalo to secure such high class opponents for Tommy as Kid Chocolate, Eddie Shea, Earl Mastro, and the champion Bat Battalino, each has refused.

* * *

TOMMY PAUL never loked better than he did recently against Bushy Graham. It was a convincing and a most capable win for the little Buffalo fellow.

Of this fight, a Buffalo critic wrote: "He has all the natural weapons and is developing ring smartness with experience.

LAD, MAKES *the* GRADE

Young Featherweight, in Three Years, Has Rolled Up an Impressive Record—

He refused to fall for Graham's best feints and foxiest maneuvers, including his well known and usually effective running right-hand punch. At the end Tommy was buzzing punches about Graham's head like a gadfly and Bushy had to use all his speed of hand, foot and brain to keep out of danger. Right now, Paul is better than he ever was as a fighter.

Joe Netro, manager of Graham, admitting his man had lost, but attributing it to his long layoff, stopped at the ringside long enough to remark to us:

"We made a mistake in taking a fighter like Paul for the first shot. Tommy is a great fighter, better than you Buffalo people think. He is one of the four best men in the country, and too bad he isn't appreciated more in his home town."

Of this same fight, Frank Wakefield a Buffalo scribe, wrote:

"Tommy Paul has emerged from his slump. The popular little Buffalo bearcat, whose brittle hands made deep inroads into his ring effectiveness last spring and summer, demonstrated convincingly Friday night that he is again ready to trade punches with the nation's foremost featherweights.

"Bouncing, weaving Bushy Graham, dubbed the Utica Jumping Jack because of his general elusiveness, couldn't get to first base employing these deceptive tactics against Paul in Broadway Auditorium. The Bison midget pounded out a merited decision in ten fast rounds and the verdict met with unqualified approval of 4,200 fans present.

"Bushy, who has bamboozled most of the topnotchers with his shifty style, seemed tailor-made for the younger and stronger Paul, who won six of the ten rounds and earned an even break in another round. Tommy fought a cool and heady battle, and scored throughout with heavy hooks to the head."

Those stories tell the tale of the fast-rising Buffalo boy who now looms up as one of the nation's leading featherweights. If he should get into a match with Kid Chocolate, which he seeks, Buffalo sportsmen will go down hook, line and sinker on Paul's chances to win the junior-lightweight title. Some of Tommy's best bouts were with Al Brown, with whom he fought a draw; Archie Bell, Johnny Datto, Joe Scalfaro, Frankie Genaro, Midget Mike O'Dowd, Jackie Britton and Steven Smith. His complete record is in on page 281 of the Everlast Record Book.

Jack Singer, manager of Tommy Paul

* * *

PAUL says that his success is due entirely to the splendid management of Singer who has guided him from a raw high school lad into one of the strongest contenders for the featherweight and junior-lightweight crowns.

If Paul should come through with a championship, as his manager and friends expect him to, he will not be the first Buffalo fighter to win a world championship. Frank Erne, who was born in Zurich, Switzerland, but came to Buffalo at an early age, to settle in Buffalo, was the holder of the lightweight championship. He won the crown from George Kid Lavigne in a twenty round bout at Buffalo and was one of the best boxers ever turned up in this country.

Paul may never equal the record of Erne, but to date he has proven his ability as a rare find by the manner in which he has performed against the cream of the talent now parading before the public. Paul is a combination fighter and boxer. He seems to be able to adopt himself to the style of his opponents and therein lies the reason for his success.

When he first took up boxing as a career, he seemed to be a one-hand puncher. This, however, has been altered through a systematic training that Paul has undergone in Singer's gymnasium, in which he has been taught the use of both mauleys.

Those who have seen Tommy in action, call him a miniature Ketchel. He doesn't know what it is to back away from an opponent's blows. Once the gong sends him on his way, he shows no letup.

In blocking, there are few boys of his weight who excel Tommy. On hitting, he is the equal of any of the featherweights in the game. In his action he reminds one of Johnny Dundee, who held two titles. Like Johnny, he loves his work. Were he permitted by his manager and the boxing laws to do so, Tommy would be fighting six times a week.

* * *

THAT Paul possesses a wallop, is evident from a study of his record. After he had turned professional, his first opponent, Mike Marcella went six rounds with him to lose the verdict. Then followed Johnny Dunn, who went the route of ten sessions but dropped the decision. And then came a series of knockouts that made Paul a drawing card. He rolled up eight in a row and all against good boys.

First came Freddie Griffiths who heard the birdies sing in the fourth. Joe Weber followed in two rounds and Patsy Russo lasted only two minutes. Bobby Hamilton went out in four, Allen Holmes in one, Lou Atta in two, Young Nancy in five, and Eddie Hurdy in two.

Phil O'Dowd, Pancho Dencio, Archie Bell, Charley Pinto and Eddie O'Dowd, all good fighters, boys who had gained a fistic reputation, found Paul's wallop carried too much of a sting for them. Each went out in the first round. There isn't a featherweight in the field with the exception of Kid Chocolate, who can boast of a better record.

Tommy Paul will do. That is the verdict of every sports writer of upper New York who has seen the little demon in action. So keen a judge of fighters as Eddie Borden, RING expert, in his rating of boxers for the month of July, places Paul in sixth position, next to the hard-socking Eddie Shea. When one considers the fact that this division boasts of a number of fine boys, among them Battalino who whipped Chocolate, La Barba and Miller in the defense of his title; Earl Mastro, Kid Francis and Shea, ranking this Buffalo lad in sixth is an honor that Tommy appreciates.

CRADLES of BOXING

By DOC ALMY

THOUGH the year 1857 found the momentuous questions of slavery and state rights filling the land, with Boston a seething headquarters of the Abolitionists, the sport of fisticuffs was far from being neglected despite the handicaps under which it labored. In short there was considerable doing within the ranks of the faithful—much to think and gossip about, also sometimes to see.

The big fight of the previous year between Joe Coburn and Ned Price, May 1, 1856, at Spot Pond in the region now known as the Middlesex Fells, had served to whet the appetites of the sporty to the itching point—like Oliver Twist, they wanted more. And, they were accommodated.

In those days when ring purses were small, and the loser of a fight who had wagered on himself just simply out of luck, the fighting men had to keep busy. While dog and cock fights and rat pits were not without their diversions and financial attractiveness, the boys of the fist had to stick fairly close to their trade. There were few long loafing periods for them—no months of ballyhoo and working the press.

Barney Aaron, who was defeated by Patrick Branagan of Brooklyn, N. Y.

So, to keep the old mare a-going, Jack Hinckley and Tom Murphy, minor fighting men of the town though rated as willing lightweights, staged a mingle on the afternoon of February 21, in a North Street loft not far from the well known sporting drum maintained by Ned Price. This turnup was merely a small time affair with a sidestake of but $25 involved, so, when Captain Jimmy Savage of the old Station I, in Hanover Street, and his cohorts crashed the door while the second round was in progress, thereby both abruptly and violently disrupting all further proceedings, the loss to pugilistic history was not great.

* * *

AMONG those present on this occasion was one Harry Finnegass, a youthful barkeeper employed by Price, who like many of his kind and in his day felt the thrill of fighting blood within his veins. He was of the opinion that Hinckley and Murphy were a couple of punks—that he was a better man than either. Even the entire fistic fraternity of the town was a bit too limited in both numbers and ability for him. Whether Price encouraged these ideas or not, we do not know, but the chances favor that he did as youths of spirit always appealed to him.

In any event, he saw to it that Finnegass was put through the paces—was given ample time for training and workouts—every chance to perfect himself in the noble art. Price, a good ring man himself, undoubtedly worked with him. Satisfied that his protege could make good, Ned arranged a fight for the youngster with one Johnny Roberts, a Chicago lightweight, then very much in want of customers.

Roberts had won his Boston spurs the year before, January 11, 1856, in an encounter with Jack Murphy of Liverpool, a mill of 23 rounds, lasting 152 minutes for $200, staged at Brighton. Though Murphy put up a good scrap, after being mauled into wreckage, he had been forced to admit he had had enough. Roberts, encouraged by this success, on April 16, the same year, had a mingle with Jimmy Lafferty, a visitor from St. Louis, Mo., in old Plymouth Hall, Boston. This was slated to be a real nice exhibition with gloves. It started off as such with both going easy but soon they were ding-donging with Roberts having the better of the setto. But, as so often happened, after 40 minutes of action, in came the police and the show was over. June 25, the same year, found Roberts again in a Boston ring—Brighton to be exact—with one Johnny Mackey as his opponet.

This was another $200 a side event—bare knuckles and to a finish. It went to 30 rounds in 47 minutes, with Mackey the winner and collector of the spoils. In selecting Roberts as the other chap for his hopeful it may be seen that Price had picked nothing particularly soft—it was a real test for Finnegass or nothing.

As neither Boston nor its immediate environs appealed as containing the spot in which to settle this important argument, early on the morning of March 5, 1857, Roberts and Finnegass, Ed Price and others of the mob, journeyed in their drags and other equipage over the roads to South Danvers, Mass. There certain of the scouts had induced the owner of a hall to turn it over to them for a concert which they were arranging, the first dress rehearsal to take place on the 5th. It was brought off according to schedule, but let's not anticipate.

The gang found the ring pitched—everything fine and seemingly rosy—not a disturbing element in sight. All agreed that the promoters had made wonderful arrangements—that a fight in a hall was much better than having the same in the woods or some abandoned quarry or sandpit. The doors all locked

This Is the Fifth of a Series of Articles on Famous Fights in New England

and bolted, the principals got busy—the mill was on. As a muss this one was the real article.

Finnegass drew first blood from Roberts' lips in the second round—an incident which called for the collecting of bets in the old days—and, in the fourth, knocked his foe flat with a solid right to the jaw, breaking the same. Had this been a modern boxing event, there would have been a squawk—probably an abrupt ending of the show. But in 1857, when fighters were fighters and had their money up—when their backers might take it out of them if they showed signs of resigning—things were different.

Roberts, despite the severe injury he had received, came out for the fifth round and continued to fight with such determination that by the end of the 10th he had Finnegass strictly on the defensive. The contest continued for 47 rounds, a period of 2 hours, 29 1-2 minutes, ending when Price threw in the towel to save his boy from being absolutely ruined.

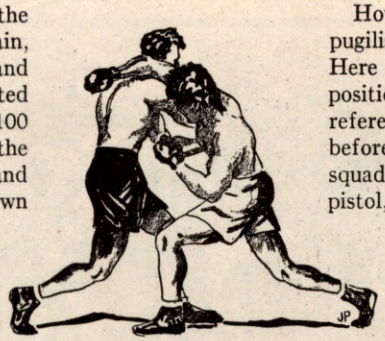
* * *

IN the meanwhile, however, someone had "spoofed" to the police—the arms of the law hit the trail, and, just about as the fight ended, finally located the scene of this passage at fists. The cheers greeting the victory of Roberts were but as the signal for a shattering of the doors, and, as the bluecoats entered, such of the spectators as could reach the windows went out. Roberts, a good runner, made a clean getaway but Finnegass, also several of the other active participants, were herded together and carted to Salem where there was a large jail in good working order.

Those grabbed in addition to Finnegass were Ned Price, his patron; J. F. Meachen, John Logan, Thomas Davis, "Little" Jimmy Hart, Patrick Maloney, Barney Ford, Thomas Kiley, John Clough, John Saunders, et al. All were Bostonians.

They were arraigned in the Essex County Court, Salem, March 13, and, as they waived examination, were held in $500 bail for their future appearance on May 23. To make sure of Finnegass, his ante was set at $1000, an amount he was unable to raise. So it was the stout house for him for a stay. As our records contain no reference as to the final disposition of these cases, it is to be presumed that whatever befell the culprits was not regarded as particularly serious.

In any event, several of those involved in the Danver's excitement were very soon at it again, the principals this time being Mike Graham and Richard Flood, Roxbury huskies. This was slated as a knuckle mill to a finish for a purse of $100 and stakes. The customary training over, on the afternoon of May 29th, the fighters, handlers and followers assembled at an unfrequented spot known as "Marsh Green—a bit of hard ground on the Roxbury line bordering the upper edge of the present Back Bay Fens.



"The afternoon was one of the most delightful of the year," states the account of this event. "By 2 o'clock, from 150 to 200 people had assembled to witness the mill. The principals were ready and the referee was about to call 'time', when some of the outsiders began to move. They said that the 'police were coming', whereupon the principals jumped the creek (now rejoicing in the name of 'Muddy River') which divides Boston from Roxbury, and made tracks for another part of Roxbury.

"The crowd followed, hotly pursued by the police. An attempt was made to have the battle on a spot near Tremont Road, but the vigilance of the police prevented the meeting. The outsiders and the principals then moved to the woods near the West Roxbury line, but the object of the parties had now become so generally well known that the mill was prevented, and they returned to their several homes."

Returning to the Roberts-Finnegass fray and the unusual vindictive activity of the police respecting it and other similar affairs, the same had been spurred on by the shafts of bitter criticism from press and pulpit anent the Coburn-Price battle, also a hand-to-hand melee between the fistic fraternity and the police staged in the Stoneham woods September 2, 1856.

Set for this particular afternoon was a rowing race on the Charles River, Boston, between crews representing the Metropolitan Club of New York and the Union Club of St. Johns, N. B., the distance to be six miles for a purse of $1000 and stakes. As this race, which was won by the Union Club boat, was sure to attract thousands to the banks of the river, the "Fancy" felt that their particular sport would escape unnoticed—that their absence from their accustomed haunts would not occasion comment.

So, taking time by the forelock, a fight with $200 up for the purse was arranged for that particular afternoon between Bill Murphy of Portland, Me., and Patrick Branagan of Brooklyn, N. Y., the latter better known as "Scotty" because of his Glasgow nativity. This "Scotty" was later on to become recognized as the first American lightweight champion through his win over Barney Aaron of New York, an importee from England, scored on October 18, 1858, at Point Abino, Canada, not far from Buffalo, N. Y., and the American border.

* * *

RETURNING to our tale, a bit of turf back of the Spot Pong House, now long departed, was selected as the place for the combat, and, early in the morning of the great day, the sturdy and true began to gather there to the number of about 200. Bostonians predominated but Portland, Me., and neighboring towns of the Bay State were well represented. While the fighters were getting ready the booze department of the hostelry did a business that would have made the modern "Dry" uproot his hair and rend his sackcloth.

It was a merry party but into the middle of it walked the sheriff—his name has not been preserved for posterity—and back of the sheriff were his men. As if this were not enough of a damper, the sheriff threatened to send for the various neighboring fire departments and drown out the entire flock if the mill was started. This was just too bad.

However, as thing couldn't be fixed up, the pugilistic corps hied itself to the Stoneham woods. Here a ring was pitched, the ringsters took their positions at the scratch, and, on the word of the referee, started to work. But, alas and alack, before one full round had been completed, a squad of police, each man armed with club and pistol, rushed the ring.

This provoked a general melee—a public fight from which none were barred. Murphy and Branagan made their escape, but during the brawl two of the spectators were wounded by bullets to say nothing of the cuts, bruises and aching heads bestowed upon others. As for the police, they too got a mauling. All received tokens of the fray, the most serious injury being a broken arm sustained by one of their number. But the glory of victory went to the law enforcers, and, as trophies of the battle, they boasted 16 prisoners after the dust had settled.

These were lined up before Justice Buckman of Stoneham the following Monday on various charges of assault on officers, rioting, inciting a prizefight, disturbance, etc. Three drew allotments in jail—the others, fines. The whole business coming on the heels of the affair of Coburn and Price, furnished another "awful example" for press and pulpit. For the pugilistic, the going got tough.

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART SEVENTEEN

RETURNING to New York on December 12, 1914, after I had signed Jack Johnson in London to fight Jess Willard, whom I had signed in New York before setting out to tie up the negro, I was able to announce to the newspapermen who met me on my arrival that the fight would take place. It was to be for any number of rounds up to forty-five. Johnson was to receive a guarantee of $30,000 and Williard to gamble on the gate receipts, while the selection of a site was left to me.

The only ones I had to consult were Lawrence Weber and Harry Frazee, who were associated with me in the enterprise. Weber, indeed, had made it possible by supplying the financial backing.

The immediate result of my announcement was a flood of offers that descended upon me from all parts of the country. Most of them, of course, were from crackpots who merely wanted to see their own names and the date lines of their towns in the newspapers but one of them caught and held my attention.

This was from a man I knew. His name was Johnson and he lived in El Paso. I knew he was reliable and I was interested to hear from him that the sponsors of the cattle men's convention to be held in El Paso in March would like to have us put on the fight in Juarez, just across the Mexican border. After a conference with Weber and Frazee I set out again, this time for El Paso, there to talk the matter over with the cattle men, the Chamber of Commerce and the bankers.

* * *

I WAS cordially received, shown about the city, entertained at dinner—and gratified by the inducements they offered. Also, I was promised the hearty support of Francisco Villa, who ruled Mexico from the border to Torreon and had sent President Carranza flying in fear of his life to Tampico.

I hurried back to New York, conferred with Weber and Frazee again and wired acceptance of the El Paso offer. The fight was scheduled for March, 1915, and within a short time I moved my forces to El Paso and got the ballyhoo under way.

Frankness compels me to state that the cooperation we got from Villa was more enthusiastic and helpful than that which we got from this side of the border. Villa, at heart a simple peon, was greatly interested in all sports and was particularly "hot" for the fight. He did everything he could to aid me and as the days wore on the prospect loomed brighter than ever.

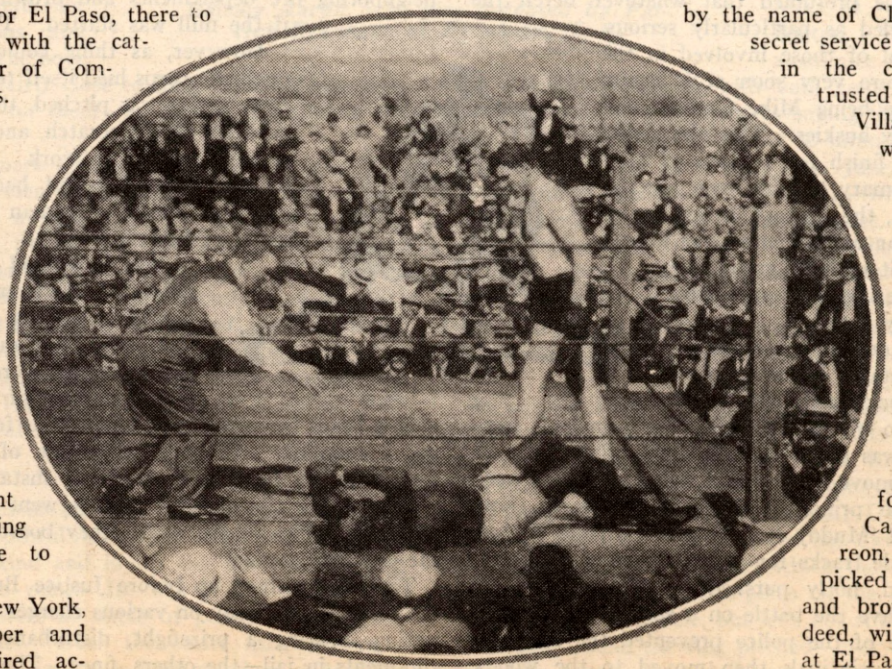
* * *

NOW we were concerned with the business of getting Johnson into Juarez. The champion had gone to Havana with his wife and we had to figure out a way in which he could skirt the borders of this country, where he was a fugitive from justice, and reach the battle site. One of the bankers in El Paso suggested that Jack be shipped on a freighter as a common sailor and, debarking at New Orleans, journey to El Paso as a roustabout and, from there, be taken across the International bridge to Juarez.

Johnson, of course, never would have agreed to such a scheme but I vetoed it first. It was too preposterous for even a moment's consideration, for the chances that he would be recognized and apprehended were a hundred to one against him.

There was a better way—a way that would have worked out but for an unexpected hitch on the other end. There was—and perhaps still is—in Mexico a man by the name of Clancy in the American secret service who was the one man in the country admired and trusted by both Carranza and Villa. I worked out a plan whereby Johnson could send his wife, against whom there were no charges in this country, to El Paso via New Orleans and proceed to Tampico himself.

There he would be met by Clancy, who would have gained safe conduct for him through the Carranza lines to Torreon, where he would be picked up by the Villistas and brought to Juarez. Indeed, with Weber and Frazee at El Paso, I was preparing to go to Tampico with Clancy when a cable was received by me from Johnson.



Referee Jack Welsh counting Johnson out in the twenty-sixth round while the defeated champion was shading his eyes.

"Ships here refused clearance for Tampico or other Mexican ports because of trouble in that country," it read. "Bring the fight here. This is an ideal spot for it."

* * *

WELL, if Johnson couldn't get into Mexico—in other words, if Johnson couldn't come to us—we'd have to take the fight to him.

"I'd better leave for Havana at once," I told Weber and Frazee.

"The business is in your hands," they said. "Go ahead."

The cable had been received late at night and I caught the first train the next morning for New Orleans. There I took the first ship—and if ever there was a vermin barge that was it—for Havana. I arrived, seasick, dilapidated and worn, to find the season at its height, the town packed with wealthy visitors and heated up over the prospect of getting the fight.

I conferred with Johnson and with leading Cuban sportsmen. I met Curley Brown, who had constructed and was operating the Havana race track, and he put me in touch with President Menochal, who promised me every aid in his power—which was, as might be suspected, unlimited.

"There is only one proviso that I make," he said. "It has to do with buying favors from those having, or claiming to have, influence. If I hear of you giving up so much as a centavo to any one, I will have you and the fighters deported immediately."

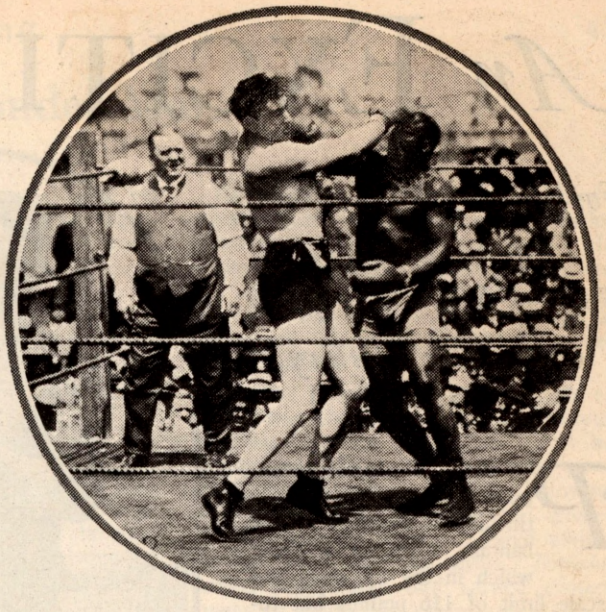
That was encouraging. So was an offer made by Brown—and subsequently accepted by me—when I told him I didn't mean to detract from the interest in racing by moving the fight into Havana in the middle of the season.

"Jack," he said, "all you have to do is to set the date for the fight. On that day there will be no racing. Instead, I will turn the track over to you and, with it, my entire force of ticket sellers, cashiers and other employees gratis. And when the fight is over I will give you my personal check for $1,000 as my contribution toward bringing the fight to Havana which, instead of hurting racing, will help it."

There was, of course, only one thing for us to do. We called off the arrangements at Juarez, pulled stakes out of El Paso and moved the show to Havana. Within a short time Johnson and Willard were in training there and the ballyhoo was on again.

* * *

AS the day of the fight approached there was, as there always is when a heavyweight championship fight is about to take place, a rumor that it wasn't to be on the level.



Scene in the eleventh round of Willard-Johnson fight. The Negro crashed his right to Jess' jaw.

The story was that Johnson, a fugitive from justice in his own country and a wanderer over the face of the earth, had no use for the title and was going to sell out to Willard.

The rumor didn't surprise me. Indeed, I had anticipated it. I had sent to San Francisco for Jack Welch to act as referee. That was, at once, my reply to the rumor and my protection of my own interests, which would be endangered by anything that even smacked of a fake. I felt sure that Johnson, bereft of almost everything else, would cling to his title as desperately as he could but so much can happen once two men climb into a ring that I wanted to be prepared for any eventuality.

The day Welch arrived he said he wanted to have a few words with me in private and I took him into my office.

"I hear a lot of funny things about this fight," he said, "and I just want to warn you that if I see anything funny about it when it gets under way I'll throw both men out of the ring. The fact that it is for the heavyweight championship of the world and that it means a lot to you won't make the slightest difference to me. I've never been connected with a fake fight in my life and I am not going to start now."

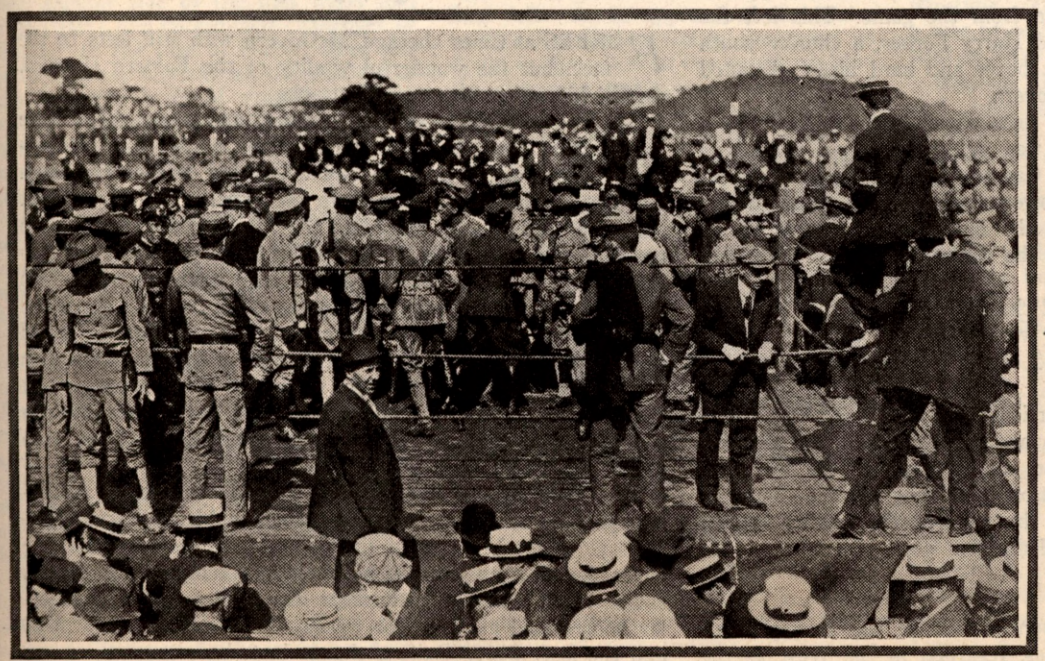
"That's exactly why I sent for you, Jack," I said. "Once the bell rings the fight is in your hands. If you see anything about it you don't like, throw them both out."

We shall see how close he came to doing it. . . .

* * *

THE fight originally was scheduled to be held on Sunday, April 4. I'll confess that when we set the date we did not realize that that particular Sunday was Easter. The knowledge wasn't withheld from us very long, however. It was received in the form of a protest from ministerial unions all over the United States. A demand was made upon William Jennings

(*Continued on page* 44)



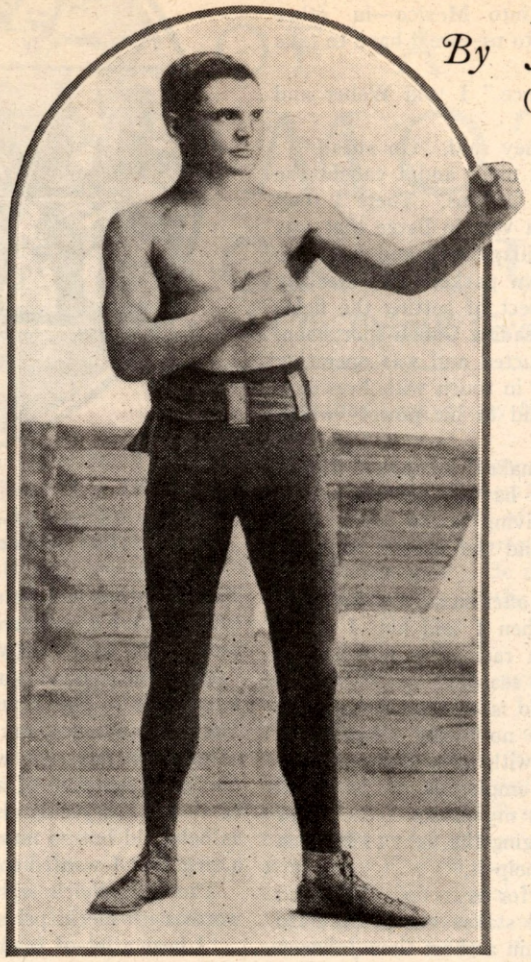
The Cuban police escorting Johnson to his quarters after the fight while a booing crowd surged about them.

An Exciting Battle

Forbes and McGovern, Famous Bantams, Fought Most Thrilling Contest in History of Division

By Joe Humphreys

(*America's Foremost Boxing Announcer*)



Harry Forbes, Chicago's scientific bantam of the old school

PUGILISTIC history contains the record of many thrilling encounters in the bantam class, a division which in the old days had a scale limit of 116 pounds but today ranges between 112 and 118 pounds. The gamecocks of the roped square invariably furnish heaps of action. Among the ring immortals in the midget section are George Dixon, Jimmy Barry, Casper Leon, Terry McGovern, Harry Forbes, Jow Bowker, Johnny Coulon, Kid Williams, Pete Herman, Joe Lynch, Jack Sharkey and Johnny Buff, names that stand out in the history of the division.

Yet, in the matter of arousing the spectators to a frenzy of enthusiasm, I am inclined to cast my vote in favor of the bout between Harry Forbes of Chicago and Terry McGovern, the Brooklyn Terror, a bout that took place at the Pelican A. C. of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, on October 1, 1898. The mill was scheduled for twenty rounds but terminated in the fifteenth with a knockout in favor of Terrible Terry.

This contest really decided the bantam championship in favor of McGovern, for Jimmy Barry of Chicago, a 105 pounder with a punch like a middleweight, had formally announced that he would retire from the game. This left the title open to competition, and Harry Forbes, a chunky youth from the Windy City, a fine boxer and hard hitter, disputed the claim registered by McGovern.

The Brooklyn Terror had been eager to meet Barry in a title bout, but Barry, who was getting along in years and whose last three bouts with Caspar Leon, resulting in draws, indicated that his hitting powers were on the wane, wisely decided that retirement was the best move he could make. So he stepped aside and left the bantam title for Forbes and McGovern to tussle about.

Barry was a little redhaired chap, standing 5 feet 3 inches in his fighting shoes. His legs were short and slender, but he had the torso of a welter and carried a tremendous punch in either hand.

Up to the time of the arrival of McGovern, Barry outclassed the bantam division, and Walter Croot, the English title holder, who was knocked out by Barry in the twentieth round of a bout in the National Sporting Club of London, December 6, 1897, died after the contest. The fatality seemed to depress Barry, who retired the next year.

* * *

AS soon as Barry announced that he was through with pugilism Harry Forbes, regarded in the West as the best bantam in the country next to Barry, laid claim to the title and came East to prove that he was entitled to the honors. As McGovern had vanquished nearly all the best bantams in the East, he and his supporters vehemently disputed the claim by Forbes and defied the Chicagoan to a meeting in the ring.

Johnny Reagan, who once battled with Middleweight Champion Jack Dempsey, was conducting a club at Bay Ridge called the Pelican A. C., named after a famous London Club, got the match, and while it was one of the best looking bouts ever arranged, there were not more than 500 or 600 people in the club house when McGovern and Forbes entered the ring.

The Bantams had not boxed more than three or four rounds when the spectators were standing on their chairs yelling like Comanches. Forbes, who was at the top of his form, showed an attractive style, his boxing, especially in defence, being superior to that of McGovern.

Terrible Terry had but one style of fighting, and that was to rush violently at his opponent and belabor him with both hands. He did so against Forbes, but the Chicago boy ducked, sidestepped and parried like a Jim Corbett and for a few rounds baffled the Brooklynite.

Gradually McGovern's onslaughts began to worry Forbes, who found himself so busy dodging wicked punches that he was compelled to devote all his time to defence.

* * *

FORBES at times checked McGovern with stiff lefts to the face, but the wonderful vitality of the Eastern claimant carried him along to renewed attacks.

At times Forbes stood his ground and then there were thumps that could be heard all over the house. In these exchanges McGovern had the advantage and Forbes was soon bleeding at nose and mouth from the solidity of the smashes.

In the four rounds preceding the fifteenth Forbes tried to make a long range fight of it, hoping to go the limit and win on points, but the Brooklyn boy was still pounding away with resistless force and was scoring more points than his opponent.

When the boys faced each other for the fifteenth round Forbes decided to risk all on a toe-to-toe slugging match with the hardest hitter in the bantam division. The Chicagoan met Terry in the center of the ring, and for nearly two minutes they swapped terrific blows, neither stepping back an inch except when sent by a punch.

They were fighting like a couple of wildcats, hooking, swinging, jabbing and upper cutting, when suddenly McGovern's right glove crashed against the point of Forbes' jaw, and the Chicagoan fell senseless on his face, in which position he was counted out. The 500 enthusiasts who witnessed the spectacular bout talked about it for weeks. The victor received $200 and the loser $100. Quite a change in today's purses.

It was a great fight and was won by a great little fighter.

Wrestling's Wonder Man

(*Continued from page* 19)

can rules, Zbyszko, in his efforts to prove that he was a worthy opponent for the American champion, started on a campaign in which he met and defeated all the stars who could be brought to face him. He was especially desirous of meeting men who had already battled with Gotch, learning from them, without their being aware of it, just what it was that made them able to give Gotch stiff battles, yet could not win over the man from Humboldt.

His first major match was with Dr. Roller, formerly of Seattle, on whose shoulders the mantle of Gotch appeared to be due to fall, as it was common knowledge that the champion would retire just as soon as a suitable American champion who could hold the title against all foreign invasion was developed. With this thought in mind, Roller became associated with Gotch and was his wrestling partner on a transcontinental tour jointly with Jim Jeffries, prior to the latter's match with Jack Johnson and handled by Jack Curley. Roller, a former college athlete, a fine football player, and all round athlete, appeared to be the ideal man to step into Gotch's shoes.

In the match between Zbyszko and Roller, the Pole won in such decisive manner that there was no doubt of the foreigner's ability, in spite of his crudeness as a catch-as-catch-can performer. In fact, those who watched the contest concluded that Zbyszko, with his peculiarly squat physical make up, his endurance, his speed and his tremendous strength, had little occasion to be versed in the American style of wrestling.

* * *

WITH Roller disposed of, Zybszko vanquished Tom Jenkins, former champion, and many others, including the great Mahmout, the Bulgarian wonder, another star of the first water and a persistent and determined challenger of Gotch. In the case of Roller, there was pitted against Zbyszko all the fineness of the American style of wrestling, all the valued pointers that Gotch could transmit to his protege. There was a brain as keen as his own, yet success went to the Pole.

Against Mahmout, the conditions were somewhat different. The Bulgarian was what is called a "natural wrestler." He was not of the educated type, but he had wrestling sense of the highest order, and had a combination of the best points of both Greco-Roman and of catch-as-catch-can, with an experience against Turkish wrestlers that made him a matman to be really feared, even by the great Gotch himself. Yet Zbyszko, handicapped by age and by lack of knowledge of our style, proved as decisive a winner over Mahmout as he did against Roller.

This made a match with the champion inevitable. Gotch realized, when the articles of agreement were signed, that if he was to be successful he could not hope to win by strength alone, nor by pure wrestling skill. Zbyszko had proved that science meant nothing to him as a block to success. In fact, the more clever his opponent, the easier he seemed to win.

Strategy, then, must be Gotch's great card and how well he played it is a matter of history, for when they met on June 1, 1910, at Chicago, Gotch gave the Pole the first decisive defeat he had ever sustained after a winning streak of no less than 945 matches against the pick of the wrestling world.

* * *

WHEN time was called and the men walked to the center to shake hands, as is the custom but not the rule, Gotch, instead of grasping the extended hand of his opponent, dove, football fashion, at the knees of the Polander. Zbyszko, amazed at the sudden attack, was thrown to the mat and his shoulders pinned to the canvas in the then world's record time of six seconds.

Naturally the fall was protested on the ground that it had been unfairly obtained, but the officials pointed out that while perhaps it was not the most sportsman-

like thing in the world, there was nothing in the rules to compel Gotch to shake the extended hand and that the fall, according to their interpretation, was a fair one.

Zbyszko was so enraged over the ruling that he wanted to quit the match then and there, but the threatened loss of a forfeit of $5,000 induced him to return for the second and what proved the final fall. As he approached the center to face the smiling Gotch, there was no doubt in the minds of the spectators that the champion had gotten the "goat" of his opponent and that the latter was badly shaken up physically, while his confidence was seriously undermined, with the result that Gotch won after half an hour of wrestling in which the Pole was always on the defensive.

Immediately thereafter Zbyszko started on a campaign to force Gotch into another meeting. Purses unheard of up to that time were offered, but the champion, then seeking retirement at his farm at Humboldt, Ia., announced that he would never again "wrestle any foreigner whom he had already beaten," a statement aimed primarily at Zbyszko and Mahmout.

* * *

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO was born in Galicia and was one of five children. His younger brother, Wladek, is also a famous wrestler, almost on a par with Stanislaus in mat prowess. Zbyszko's father was in the Austrian government service and it was his intention to fashion a similar career for Stanislaus.

He sent the boy to a large private school, where the embryo famous wrestler demonstrated he was an apt pupil. He proved particularly proficient in languages and ancient history—and also wrestling, for there was a gymnasium attached to the school. Stanislaus finished his course at the academy when 16 years old.

But the proud boast of his deeds at school was the winning of an amateur wrestling tourney. At that time he weighed just 175, and he was a very powerfully built youngster. The following year he traveled to Vienna and won a light-heavyweight tourney. Fired with a genuine zeal for the game, Zbyszko turned professional and earned enough money to defray the expense of a course in law at the University of Vienna, where he won his degree.

In the summer time, when the university was closed, Zbyszko turned his attention strictly to wrestling. He encountered the greatest matmen in Europe—Aberg, Lurich, Constant La Marine, Koch and others—and always won. His skill attracted wide attention, and being a man of learning—he speaks and writes eleven languages—his society was much sought after, even by the people of distinction. Kaiser Wilhelm, then king of all Prussia, sent for him, was entertained with exhibitions of mat craft and later employed the Polander as an instructor in wrestling to the crown prince. Similar attentions were confered upon him by Czar Nicholas when the Romanoff regime ruled the Russians.

Zbyszko experienced thrills aplenty during the late war. When the armies took the field Stanislaus was in Petrograd. Being an Austrian subject, Zbyszko was in "hot water" instantly. Aberg and Lurich, it is claimed by Zbyszko, goaded by professional jealousy, lured him to Moscow ostensibly for the purpose of wrestling. Zbyszko learned this was but a ruse by which he could be captured and held as a spy.

However, he went on with the bouts and defeated both Lurich and Aberg. In order to make his escape from the soldiers who had gathered to witness the matches and incidentally apprehend him, Stanislaus tossed the money he had won to them. While they were picking it up Zbyszko made his escape in a motor car. Later the Bolsheviki got after him and "Zibby" "hotfooted" it some more. Once, to outwit his foes, he was forced to remain eight days in the hold of a boat in the Black Sea.

Still later Zbyszko, who was making for Poland to help Paderewski establish the Polish republic, was caught by Russian soldiers near the border. He was flung in jail and sentenced to be shot at sunrise.

Luckily the adjutant, who had known "Zibby" in peace times, happened along and ordered him released. He was given passports and finally made his way to Poland, where, because of his popularity with the Polish classes of all descriptions, he did much to help the great musician reorganize the Polish state.

Mastodons of Maul

(*Continued from page* 23)

man with wrestling tactics, Freeman lifted him as one would a child, then whirled him to the ground as he pleased.

The fight, having started late, lasted into the dark and the referee, unable to see what was going on, ordered a cessasion of hostilities with the understanding that the men would continue on the following day. To this the men agreed, but owing to police vigilance and other interference, they did not meet again until a fortnight later, December 20. By that time Freeman had increased his weight to 348 pounds and had also increased his fighting knowledge through a special, systematic training.

This time both made a better showing, but only for a short time. When the Slasher found himself on the receiving end, he began to take a flop every time he saw his opponent's round-arm swing coming his way. As a result, most of Freeman's punches went wild, and after thirty-nine minutes of burlesque, the Slasher dropped without being hit and the stakes were awarded to the American.

The fight was very unsatisfactory and drew heaps of derision and unfavorable comment from the British sportsmen. They realized they had been duped into believing that Freeman was a fighter, when as a matter of fact, he didn't know the first rudiments of the game.

Freeman never fought again. The fact is that he didn't care for the rôle of a bruiser, but still, his backers induced him to keep up a standing challenge to the world for some time.

Freeman was not very popular abroad, and all because he was a tight wad. Although he made considerable money on his acrobatic skill, he depended almost wholly on his friends to pay for the "treats." This was contrary to the system practiced by the British fighters and caused a feeling of enmity. In the Edinburgh *Gazette* of that period there appears a story of a New Year's party in Auld Reekie at which Freeman and his rollicking pals went through a series of wild adventures in which the American Giant, despite the fact that he was with a party of Scotchmen, was the only one to leave after twenty-two hours of drinking and eating, with as much money as he had at the start.

Drink finally caused Freeman's death. He was lured to go the pace and when repeated colds, caught from his carelessness and recklessness, produced lung trouble, this great, big fellow had no more stamina left to resist the attack on his constitution and he died from pneumonia.

His huge frame soon dwindled with the loss of 150 pounds and he passed away in Winchester Hospital in 1845, a victim of "wine, women and song."

Such was the sad ending of the tallest man that ever graced a prize ring. When John C. Heenan was in England he caused a monument to be placed on Freeman's grave.

New Heavyweight Menace

(*Continued from page* 12)

naturally so, because the fans were with the underdog. Had Sharkey made proper use of his fists as he can, he would have romped home a winner in a manner leaving no doubt about the result.

Mickey's fine showing earned him a place among the five leading heavyweights of the world. By gaining a draw with the American champion, the Toy Bulldog raised himself from just an ordinary contender into a real heavyweight menace. To-day Mickey stands out as one of the leaders of his division, with his chances of rising to the top, exceptionally bright.

I do not feel that Walker is deserving of a chance at Schmeling ahead of Sharkey, but there is no doubt in my mind that a Walker-Schmeling contest would be a huge drawing card and one of the best fights now available.

Walker proved in his encounter with Sharkey that size and strength of an opponent does not feaze him. Perhaps in the final analysis of the Ebbets mill, Sharkey did not deserve a better break than he got, for, after all, he certainly did not fight up to expectations. Considering that all odds were in his favor and that he had a million dollars ahead of him, he flunked badly. There can be no excuses for his poor showing.

Sharkey started like the real fighter I still think he is, but it didn't take long for Mickey to take the play away from him by his doggedness. In the third, when Mickey was staggered with a terrific right uppercut that almost took him off his feet, he fought back furiously and took the round away from the gob.

In the fifth, Sharkey's best round, the Bostonian demonstrated his true punching powers when he hooked a right to the chin that spun Walker around and dropped him to his haunches. But Sharkey was dumbfounded when Mickey leaped to his feet without even taking a count, smiled and tore into Sharkey who countered with a right to the eye that cut the left optic.

The eleventh was Mickey's best round and by far the finest of the entire fight. In that session the short Jerseyite resembled the great Joe Walcott in action. He leaped at his man and fought him viciously against the ropes. He drove Sharkey's head back with a right uppercut that forced the gob against the strands and then Mickey cut loose with a volley of body punches that had Sharkey worried.

Jack was hurt in that session and for a time it appeared that Mickey might floor him. Sharkey received more damaging punshment in that round than he had received from any other opponent in any round in his last four previous battles.

But, from then on, it was a Sharkey spurt. In my scoring I awarded Sharkey every round following that dangerous eleventh. He jabbed, cuffed, hooked and uppercut Mickey, but Walker refused to give an inch. He fought back, with blood streaming from the injured optic, and by his aggressiveness he undoubtedly gained the sympathy of those who thought he had won the fight. But strictly on points, those rounds were Sharkey's, three of them by wide margins.

* * *

WHERE he had been expected to stow away his man in short order, Sharkey couldn't even rock Mickey. He was too slow and too anxious to win the fight by one punch. He was a dismal disappointment in a crisis. He missed punches that had they landed, would have enabled him to dispatch his rival. He simply flivvered in his greatest chance to prove himself the master of the heavyweights so that the glory of the battle, regardless of how the decision went, belonged to Mickey Walker.

Mickey Walker is the new heavyweight menace. He must not be treated lightly. He may yet emulate the great Bob Fitzsimmons by winning three championships. He has courage, a fighting heart, hitting power and endurance. What finer assets would any heavyweight care to have?

Londos King, But Steele Threat

(*Continued from page* 17)

plain to the expert at the ringside in the Yankee Stadium. The bout was an exhibition of every hold now used in wrestling. The men used the Gotch toe hold, the Lewis head lock, Yousouf, the Terrible Turk's body grip, Tom Jenkin's pet half-nelson, and even Whistler's old bar and chancery, which really won the bout for the Greek.

Londos showed Steele the deadly spread eagle, with which I thought Jim would win. But he relaxed his leg and Ray knocked the hold off.

Londos also showed a vital full nelson, a good assortment of crotch holds, and a superior stock in trade when it came to the elements of the ancient Graeco-Roman stuff, above the belt.

However, Steele's physical strength, and his wrist holds, combined with his endurance and great natural ability make a most intriguing situation as the new season approaches.

Perhaps there will be a new contender from the other side. Jack Curley has gone to Europe to dig one up as has Jack Pfeffer, his aide.

Taken all in all, the mat game seems to be in for another year of prosperity and popular interest.

Five Cracked Ribs! Who Did It???

(*Continued from page* 31)

matches between Larry and the big monkey? That was a feature of the private life of the camp.'

"Do you mean to say that Blake taught this animal to wrestle?" I said. "Can't you see the possibilities? Suppose the chimp came into the room, found Larry asleep, and then began to wrestle him? Don't you see that a brute as big as that chimp could break a man's ribs?"

"'Oh, yeah, I can see that!' Feeley said. 'But how about the chimp picking him up bodily and tossing him out of the window?'

"Rats, Frank! Blake could have staggered out for help and fallen behind that bush," I insisted.

"'I'll be damned,' exclaimed Feeley. I sent him to New York with Blake and remained at the Trent's Lake camp for a little investigation."

* * *

CHAPTER VII

"I SPENT a couple of hours that night interrogating the staff at the camp—Kalit and Battling Henry, Blake's sparring partners, Joe the cook, and Frenchy Lazzarone, the guard around the place.

"I was a bit suspicious of Kalit, who was supposed to be on friendly terms with Lutreck, and had got funny in training bouts with Larry, knocking him down with a surprise right to the jaw when the New York writers came up to size up the title holder.

"I also was astonished to discover that Lazzarone was a cousin of Lutreck's. The very vehemence with which Frenchy attacked Jake as a 'no good crook' made me suspect him, too. Frenchy was a bit too strong to sound genuine.

"In fact, I found that Blake had surrounded himself with a staff of doubtful loyalty. That complicated matters. I warned every man to stick to the camp, and be on hand at six the next morning for further questioning. I summoned half a dozen of my men from New York to surround the camp and make sure that nobody skipped.

"I was up at dawn and in the early light saw a long, low structure which served as the camp headquarters. It had two L's—one the dining room, the other the kitchen. There was a wide veranda, which Blake sometimes used as a sleeping porch.

"As I crossed the lawn, making my way toward the bush behind which the battered champion had been found, I saw tremendous indentations which led to the gravel path. On the walk they were fainter, and on the highway to which the path led they were obliterated by traffic.

"I examined these marks closely, and then summoned the camp staff again.

"'Lazzarone, tell me as closely as you can, what happened around here yesterdaly, between two and six o'clock,' I said to Frenchy.

* * *

CHAPTER VIII

"'WELL, we had the usual workouts,' the guard began. 'Kalit went three rounds and then the champ says to Henry, "Let's have one fast heat and call it a day. To-morrow we will put on the show for the sport writers, and that will end our work for this fight."

"'There was nothing unusual in either workout. Then Larry skipped the rope and sat around for a while joking with the boys. He was in great shape—acted like a big load had been lifted from his mind.

"'Then we all started toward the zoo, but after going part of the way Larry said he felt tired and would take a nap. So he returned to the house, and we went on to the animals.'

"This sounded interesting," Byron resumed, after he had lit another Corona. "I discovered that I had overlooked something. The Blake place and the Hogan training quarters were only ten miles apart—placed so for the convenience of the boxing writers, who wanted to cover both camps daily.

"In between, on the edge of the Blake establishment, was the estate of Hyler Hallowell, the big tea man, who had a passion for animals. Hallowell had lived for many years in India, and had a special fondness for a few specimens he had brought from there.

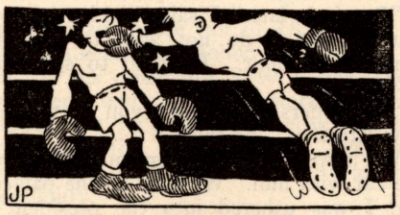
"I found that it was the custom of the Blake camp to visit the Hallowell zoo almost every evening. Blake liked to play with the animals, the other boys were more interested in the Hallowell domestics.

"Well, I took the camp menage over to the zoo, and called Hallowell into our consultation. An hour later I was on my way to New York, and Feeley's office."

* * *

CHAPTER IX

"FRANK, I know exactly what happened to Blake," I announced to Feeley, as he paced up and down his



private office in the Coliseum, biting savagely at an unlit cigar, worrying over the small fortune he had thrown into arrangements for a fight which perhaps never would be held.

"I will re-enact the scene, just as it happened. After the workout yesterday the camp boys went over to the Hallowell estate—you know, where that zoo is located.

"Blake went to the house, lay down on a cot on the veranda and soon fell fast asleep. Not a soul around the place. Lutreck and his men might have come in. The Spanish Lady and her Argentino admirer might have slipped in unannounced and got in their dirty work.

"But, Frank, I am sorry to disappoint you. It wasn't Lutreck, and it wasn't the lady and the senor."

"By gosh, the chimpanzee!" Feeley shouted. "Who ever would have suspected that big monkey?"

"No, Frank, it wasn't the chimpanzee, either," I went on. "Let me take you back three or four weeks. Almost every evening Blake accompanied the boys over to Hallowell's, where he sometimes sat around and talked to the tea merchant for a while. Most often he fooled around at the zoo. There's a tame bear, and there are a few tame deer. But the most interesting specimen on the estate is an Indian elephant. One of those creatures they use for carrying tremendous logs or other burdens—living steam shovels and electric cranes they are, in India.

"Well, Blake got pretty friendly with the elephant. But Larry is a practical joker. One evening he fed the elephant some hay into which he had sprinkled red pepper. The animal went crazy.

"A few nights later Blake had some more fun at the expense of the elephant. He threw a mouse into the enclosure where they put the big boy for the night, and the elephant roared until you could have heard him in New York. Hallowell came out and finally quieted the beast.

"The next evening the elephant lunged for Blake, and Hallowell advised the champ to stay away from him. You know—an elephant never forgets. And if you abuse his confidence in any way, beware!

"Yes, Frank. You have guessed it. The elephant knocked your fight into next year. The doctors tell me that Blake is so badly hurt he won't be fit to train again for six months, and he may want to take on a warmup before the Hogan affair.

"Last evening the elephant waited for Blake, but Larry did not show up. Then our big friend went off for a stroll. He located Blake asleep, on the porch.

"THE elephant wound that big trunk of his around Blake's body as if it were a log. First he cracked those ribs, and then he flung Blake high into the air. Having avenged himself, Mr. Pachyderm strolled right back to the Hallowell place, leaving his tracks on the lawn, where I found them this morning.

"The story was so ludicrous, after the dramatic picture of revenge which Feeley had drawn for himself, that the promoter laughed until his sides ached.

"'We can't tell this to the newspapers. They would howl me out of the business,' Feeley said. 'And besides, you can't make me believe it was the elephant, after all.'

"So we kept the thing to ourselves. The fight was held the following year and was a sensation from every angle. You recollect how Hogan knocked Blake out of the ring, and how Larry knocked Iron cold in the fourth round.

"In the fourth, after a hot exchange at close quarters, Blake measured his man, held him off with his long left, then crashed his right to the chin and Hogan went down for the count.

"By the way, they are together again, Blake and Fifi. And so Lutreck is sore?"

It's Up to Schmeling

(*Continued from page 3*)

victory is certain to bring back a revival of interest in boxing. It is certain to lead the sport out of poverty into the Land of Plenty. Above all, it has brought popularity to the man who has it within his power to hand a knockout wallop to Kid Depression by proving to the world that he is Sharkey's master.

He should not hesitate to wipe out that sore spot on his record. On the contrary he should be tickled to accept the defi. Max is young. He is in his prime. He has at least ten years ahead of him. He is a great hitter. He has perfected his ring science. He is a fine defensive fighter. He would go into the ring a hot favorite. Why fear Sharkey?

Now that the boxing world is singing his praises as a worthy successor to the crown that Gene Tunney vacated, Max should strive to prove his right to the leading position in fistiana and the best way to do that, is by shunning all other challenges until after he has taken on Jack Sharkey.

* * *

HE didn't win his second championship match on a foul, but by charging his way to a notable victory and thereby removed whatever doubt there was about his right to the world title by scoring a most dramatic fifteenth round knockout. With that, he cleared the cloud under which he had gained the championship.

Those who saw Schmeling batter Stribling after losing five of the first six rounds to the Georgian, argue that the German would have done the same to Sharkey. They point to the fact that while Sharkey was peppering him with every blow in his repertoire, the German was taking everything without a whimper and was always coming in. They declare that Schmeling would have taken Sharkey's measure as he did Stribling.

That may be. At least, now that Schmeling has proved himself a fighter of the endurance type, and Sharkey failed in his attempt to eliminate a man 30 pounds lighter than himself, we must give Schmeling the benefit of the doubt. But there is no way of telling except by rematching them. There is the fight the public wants.

In the interests of boxing, let us have that contest. It would pave the way for bigger things. It would settle an international controversy and bring back the good-feeling that has been lacking in the field of fisticuffs since the "long count" epic in 1927.

It is all up to Schmeling. He holds the reins and can guide boxing out of the sticks into the Big Time!

Will he do it? That remains to be seen.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page 39*)

Bryan, then Secretary of State, to bring pressure to bear on the Cuban government not only to prohibit the fight on that particular date but to prohibit it altogether, and jogging the elbow of Mr. Bryan to do just that was a man named Pratt, who edited an American language newspaper in Cuba, who didn't like me any way.

Fate was on my side in this crisis. Mr. Bryan, militant Christian and avowed enemy of the forces that sought to break down the blue laws, was, strange as it may seem, my friend. Long before, I had booked Mr. Bryan on a lecture tour and at South Bend, Ind., I induced him to attend a boxing bout to help out my old friend Paddy Carroll. I hoped he hadn't forgotten it and my hope was fulfilled. When he learned I was promoting the fight he refused to take any action against it.

The date of the fight, however, was moved forward voluntarily by us to Easter Monday, April 5. We had no wish to offend any one and it was only thoughtlessness on our part that caused us to pick Easter Sunday in the first place. Of course the amusement seekers were given Jai-Ali, chicken-main and racing, as is customary in all Latin countries.

With that hitch out of the way everything moved smoothly as the day of the fight loomed. There was, of course, the usual number of minor difficulties to be encompassed but we were prepared for these and handled them readily. Then, on the Friday night before the fight, Frazee came to me in alarm. The editor of one of the leading newspapers in Havana had served notice on him that unless we paid him $50,000 there would be no fight.

"What shall we do?" asked Frazee, frankly dismayed.

Remembering President Menochal's promise, I wasn't dismayed in the least.

"I will go and see the editor at once and try to talk him out of it," I said.

The editor, however, wasn't to be talked out of it—not by me, at any rate. He listened to me with obvious impatience. Then he banged his fist on his desk and repeated his ultimatum: Fifty thousand dollars or no fight.

* * *

FROM the office of the newspaper I went to dinner and it was late when I returned to my hotel. There, parked at the curb, was a car from the President's palace, with a soldier at the wheel and an officer seated beside him. When the officer saw me alight from my cab he leaped from the car and presented himself to me, saluting smartly.

"I am ordered to take you at once to the President," he said.

"But it is late," I said, looking at my watch, "and I do not wish to disturb him at this hour. I intend to see him to-morrow."

"My orders are to take you no matter how late it is," he said.

We bowed to each other and I got into the car with him. We sped to the palace and I was ushered into the president's apartment.

I never shall forget how he looked. He was disrobing and had taken off his coat, waistcoat and collar but still had on his starched shirt, to which the cuffs were fastened with old fashioned clips such as I had not seen for years.

"Senor Curley," he asked, rather sharply, "why didn't you report to me the attempt that has been made to blackmail you?"

"Why, Your Excellency, I heard of it only this evening," I said, "and I planned to tell you of it to-morrow."

He waved his hand.

"I knew of it before you did," he said. "I hope you are not going to comply with it."

"I have no intention of complying with it," I said.

"Very good. Now go to your hotel and forget about it."

I bowed my way out and, so far as I was concerned, the incident was closed. I do not know what the president said to the editor—though I should have liked to have been present when he said it—but whatever it was it worked.

* * *

THE fight turned out exactly as I thought it would. Willard, a physical marvel superbly trained, stood Johnson off through the early rounds, which was all he had to do. Then the negro began to wilt. The force went out of his punches and in the twenty-sixth round he reached the end. Much has been made of the fact that he took the count lying on his back with his hands shielding his eyes against the burning rays of the sun, the inference being that he could have got up but was taking the easiest and most comfortable way out.

The truth is that while Johnson was conscious, he was absolutely exhausted as a result of his own efforts and the heavy, punishing blows of the white man—for Willard, make no mistake about it, could punch and in the later rounds of that fight Johnson's once amazing defense was pitifully inadequate.

As Welch, having counted Johnson out, climbed through the ropes, he came straight to where I stood at the ringside.

"It was a good fight, Jack," he said, "but I came near throwing them out in the ninth round when I thought for a minute that Willard was stalling."

The fight was over. Willard was the champion of the world—and Willard, for the time being, was our man. The gate receipts were $62,000. Within a week or so we had cleaned up all the remaining details and turned our faces toward home.

I left Havana with the sense of a job well done and, with my debt to Weber paid, approximately $1,500 in my pocket.

(*To Be Continued.*)

Tricks of the Trade

(*Continued from page 33*)

And I knew that it would ruin their self control if I kept mussing up the coiffure on which they had probably spent half an hour.

Those things, of course, could never be done today.

I remember a fight I had in Philadelphia many years ago. My opponent was one Jim Hall and he was one of those boxers who are brilliant one night and very bad the next.

When I stepped into the ring with him, he was "hot."

From the first to the fourth round, he had me running around in circles and he was apparently landing blows at will. I was helpless.

Then, as the fifth session began, I whipped out my left hand and knocked him out of the ring. The punch had done no damage, however, and he started to climb back over the ropes.

"Here, Jim," I said, extending my hand, "let me help you up."

Some one at the ringside, apparently expecting something funny, uttered a warning.

Evidently he didn't hear it, because he held up his hand and I fastened my fingers around his wrist.

"Up you come," I said, and jerked him through the ropes and into the ring.

Then, before he could break away, I hit him with my free hand. His mouth dropped open as though he was trying to speak and then he rolled over on his back to count the daisies.

* * *

MANY have criticized the ideas I had in the old days. They've said I depended on tricks to win fights. But I want to say that I fought them all, regardless of weight, and won most of the bouts.

Back in 1909, I was matched with Gus Ruhlin for a twenty-round fight at Syracuse, N. Y. Ruhlin weighed 210 pounds and was six feet three inches tall. I scaled only something around 159 and was some inches shorter.

I beat him without a trick. Gus was so bady beaten up from the punches I threw up at his face, that they had to lead him from the ring.

Jim Corbett was there and had challenged the winner. He thought Ruhlin was going to win and had it all figured out to arrange a match with him.

I've fought a lot of battles.

I've stepped on boxers' toes. I've caught them unawares and I've made them lose their dignity.

It's all part of the game. I used to enter the ring laughing and leave it the same way. And if I was hit, I always blamed myself and not the other fellow.

Every man—banker, doctor, lawyer, painter and others—knows he must take advantage of every "break" that comes his way in order to be a success.

And if a man boxes for his living, he does the same.

Is that trickery?

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page 32*)

Suarez was the victim of bad management in that his mentors rushed him into a fight with the greatest hitter among the lightweights. The same would have happened had they matched Justo with McLarnin, which contest was almost made. No matter how remarkable Justo's courage and how great his stamina and punching power, he had no business in the same ring with Petrolle or McLarnin at this early stage of his career.

Suarez will come back. The boxing game needs his like. He can hit and a heavy hitter is worth his weight in gold these days. But to bring him back to the top, he should place himself completely under the tutelage of a man of DeForest's type. He is too great an asset to lose under poor management.

* * *

THERE is not a more humane feature of the boxing rules than that which enables a contestant who has been knocked down to take a count. If the boxer who is down has been dazed by the blows of his opponent, but is able to get up on one knee, he can during the count of eight or nine regain control of himself and thus resume the battle with a clear head. Ring history is replete with examples in which a knocked down boxer has taken the count in one of the early rounds, and then, refreshed and steadied by the rest, has gone on to victory.

Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page 37*)

SHARING with Price in the general sporting popularity of those early years in Boston was Martin Hart, better known as "Little" Jimmy Hart, a chap loved and respected by many because of his gameness as a fighting man, generosity to a fault, honesty, personal decency and many other fine qualities. Hart when in fighting trim was a junior-lightweight, as we reckon such now, his best poundage being about 130-32. He was an Englishman—a native of Hyde, Cheshire, England, where he was born about 1827—came to America in 1854 and on January 9, 1855, had his first ring encounter in the States when he defeated John Kelly in 39 rounds lasting 55 minutes at New Orleans, La. The side stakes were $500.

After a brief tarry in New York, Hart hied himself to Boston—opened a saloon at 210 North street and became one of the town's regulars. Later on, in 1856, he shifted his place of business to 57 Elm street and named it "Sportsman's Hall."

It became one of the famous institutions of its kind in the city. But the fighting part of it for Hart in Boston—the same heated up by the Ford-Taylor mill—began in the fall of 1855 when he was challenged by Johnny Moneghan to put up his dukes for $300 a side. Hart accepted and interest warmed very quickly—in fact the heat became so intense that the police made a fight between them in Boston or vicinity an impossibility.

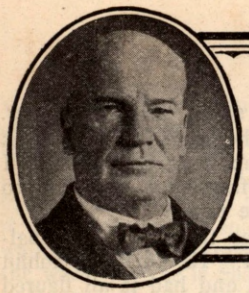
But, they finally pulled it off just the same though they had to journey up to Island Pond, Canada, the clash occurring on December 18—bare-knuckles and London rules. Moneghan, a nifty boy who first saw the light in Liverpool, England, gave Hart a severe beating. After the scrap had gone 45 rounds and 51 minutes, Jimmy was unable to come to the scratch and lost. It was a severe blow to both the defeated principal and his admirers—all concerned with the Hart end of it lost plenty of money.

They had another muss later on—going to it near Beverly, Mass., on July 19, 1856, for $300 a side. On this occasion Jimmy was determined to make short work of Johnny, and that he accomplished his wish is shown by the records which show that 10 rounds lasting but 14 minutes were all that were needed. On the face of it, it was not much of a fight—and the recorders of the event so declared it. We fear that Hart and Moneghan were rather friendly for, between their first and second encounters, they had traveled together as far West as St. Louis, Mo., giving exhibitions here and there, also had a benefit or two in New York.

Subsequently Hart pulled stakes and made his home in St. Louis, though he shortly returned to Boston. He never figured in another active ring encounter as a principal—preferred to preside over his "Sportsman's Hall" and the various doings there.

Hart was never very robust, and death finally claimed him on February 17, 1859, almost on the very eve of a huge beneficial exhibition which was to have taken place on February 25.

He sleeps in a Cambridge, Mass., cemetery to which his remains were carried by Ned Price, Barney Ford, Johnny Cosgrove and Harry Finnegas. His funeral, as such, was an event—the mourners numbering hundreds.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Ralph French, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—What exercises would you advise for developing deltoids, shoulder muscles?

A.—Weight lifting, heavy bag punching and wrestling.

Q.—Is working on an ice wagon good training for boxing?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Is hitting myself in stomach while running good to harden the stomach?

A.—No. Develop the muscles properly by taking the exercises in "HOW TO TRAIN."

Q.—What is the best way to develop short punches?

A.—Practice them. Read "HOW TO TRAIN" and "HOW TO BOX."

Q.—Is pick and shovel work good. Would it help in training?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Where is Jack Dempsey's home address?

A.—Reno, Nevada.

Durward Duval, Madison, Florida.

Q.—I am 15 yrs. old, weigh 118 lbs. am 5 ft. 4 in. tall, chest 31 in., waist 25½ in., wrist 7 in., forearm 9 in., biceps 10½ in., ankle 9 in., calf 13 in., thigh 18 in., neck 13 in. What will my weight and measurements be when I am fully grown?

A.—136 lbs., 5 ft. 6 in., 33 in., 27 in., 8½ in., 10 in., 12 in., 10½ in., 14½ in., 20 in., 15 in.

Q.—Do you think I have a good build for a boxer?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What are the weights of the following classes: Flyweight, bantam, feather, junior-light, light, junior-welter, middle, light-heavy, and heavyweight?

A.—112, 118, 126, 130, 136, 140, 147, 160, 175 lbs. and anything over that, heavyweight.

Martin Conboy, Baltimore.

Q.—Is there any book called The Prize Ring? I think it was published a few years ago in England. Where can I get it and what are the contents?

A.—Yes, The Prize Ring, by Bohun Lynch, 12 by 14 inches, beautiful India paper and many historic photographs of the Caestus, Lord Byron's Screen and famous old-time fighters. It also contains four beautiful, full page colored old English fight prints and originally sold for $25. The Ring Book Shop bought a few before they went out of print and has about a half a dozen in stock which can be bought for $7.50 each.

William A. Pfeffer, Brooklyn.

Q.—How do you rate Willie Jones? How many times did he fight Johnny Dundee and Terry McGovern?

A.—Willie Jones never did enough in the ring to warrant a rating. His name is in Dundee's record once, a 10-round "N. D." bout. He never met McGovern in the ring.

Q.—Was Schmeling ever knocked out?

A.—Schmeling's record of fights in Europe shows that he was knocked out in the first round by Gypsy Daniels in 1928.

RING Reader.

Q.—With Corbett and Jack Johnson both in top form, which would have won?

A.—Corbett much superior to Johnson as a defensive boxer, Johnson harder hitter. Quite evenly matched. A bout between them would have gone the limit with Corbett winning on points.

Q.—Had Corbett any Irish blood in his veins?

A.—Corbett was born in San Francisco, his father being Irish and mother American.

Terry McGurk, Woodside, L. I.

Q.—My age is 16 years 11 months, weight 162 pounds, height 6 feet. What will my dimensions be at full growth?

A.—Probably 6 ft. 3 in., 210 pounds.

Q.—I play basketball. Will that develop speed and footwork?

A.—Excellent for speed and wind.

Q.—Do the managers of Golden Gloves tourneys furnish the gloves and would it be advisable for me to enter the events next year?

A.—Entry would give you a line on your ability as a boxer. Ascertain as to gloves when you enter.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Morris Cohen, New York City.

Q.—Is Seeback's Bag Punching a good book?

A.—Yes, the best on the sport. Every boxer should have a copy.

Martin Brown, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Would you recommend Gotch's wrestling book or Hackenschmidt's for a beginner?

A.—Both are good but Hackenschmidt's is the better because it contains more details and photos.

A Reader, Cincinnati.

Q.—What system of arriving at the winner of a bout is the better, the point system or the rounds won basis?

A.—My opinion is the point system.

Q.—Will a uniform system ever be in force throughout the country?

A.—I doubt it.

Q.—Who, in your opinion, would win Loughran-Carnera fight?

A.—Loughran.

Q.—Can I buy back copies of THE RING? At what price.

A.—The Ring Book Shop carries full bound volumes. See prices in advertisement on cover page. We have a limited number of back single copies at the following prices—1922, 50 cents each; 1923, 1924, 45 cents each; 1925, 1926, 40 cents each; 1927, 1928, 35 cents each; 1929, 30 cents; 1930, 30 cents; 1931, 25 cents.

Reader, Sterco, Alta.

Q.—Is Dal Hawkins, former lightweight, still alive, and if so, where is he located?

A.—Hawkins is in Sydney, Australia, where he conducts a gymnasium.

Q.—I am a southpaw. Do you think it would be better to learn to box right handed?

A.—Learn to box right-handed. Southpaws have little chance with clever right handers. The left handers are handicapped in all respects, and every right hander knows that a right cross is almost sure to win against a left hand shot, which throws the southpaw wide open.

Q.—Who is the heavyweight champion of the Pacific Coast?

A.—No record of State titles.

Q.—Where can I obtain Young Corbett's boxing record?

A.—Andrews 1931 record book. The Ring Book Shop has it.

Q.—What is Max Baer's greatest asset in boxing?

A.—Not a good boxer, but a hard hitter.

Q.—Who would win in a 10-round bout between Sharkey and Stribling?

A.—Sharkey.

Domingo Masini, Gilroy, Cal.

Q.—What is the duration of rounds?

A.—Three minutes of boxing and one minute rest between rounds.

Q.—How can I start boxing, amateur or professional? Do I require a license and what does it cost?

A.—License is $5. Write California Boxing Commission, San Francisco.

Q.—Where can I buy "How to Box," "Training for Boxers," and "How to Second a Boxer?"

A.—Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42d St., New York City. Price of each book is $1.00.

Chas. Johnston, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Q.—I am desirous of learning amateur boxing. I have been training for the past four months but have been unable to as yet to get a match. How can I get one?

A.—Go to a gym and get a manager.

Q.—I am 19 years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. and weigh 137 lbs. Have I a fighters' build?

A.—Yes. Buy How to Train, How to Box, McFadden's Hitting and Blocking and corbett's Scientific Boxing. They are all fine books for beginners.

Harry Mosher, Cleveland.

Q.—Is bag punching good in training? Where can I learn how to punch the bag?

A.—Very fine. Should be part of every boxer's training. Get Seeback's book from THE RING, Price 50 cents.

Kenneth Newall, Ottawa, Can.

Q.—I have been running every morning for a period of two months, but find that I get a stitch in my side after I quit. I have been taking a four mile run. What is the cause for this? How can I remedy it?

A.—You are running too much and too hard. Take only a mile run to start. Alternate the running with walking and jumping. Then increase the distance to two miles by degrees and later to three. Don't run the entire distance. Read How to Train by Nat Fleischer, a great book on matters of training.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE summer season has developed into a stirring one for the heavyweights, with the championship battle between Max Schmeling and Young Stribling which ended with Schmeling the winner by a knockout in the fifteenth round and the battle between Jack Sharkey and Mickey Walker which ended in a draw, featuring. These were the highlights that contributed towards bringing boxing back into public favor. The cries of foul and fake are things of the past and indications point to a healthy revival of boxing interest for the winter.

In addition to the highlights of the heavyweight class, there were a number of good mills in other divisions: Maxey Rosenbloom was again beaten in an overweight match by George Manley, Vince Dundee was beaten unexpectedly by an outsider, Marcel Thil in Paris, Kid Chocolate secured the junior-lightweight crown from Benny Bass by stopping him in the seventh round and Claude Varner turned in a victory over Fidel La Barba on the Coast in the past month's leading contests.

Vittorio Campolo scored over Eddie Benson in other heavyweight contests and then Benson redeemed himself at the expense of Pat Redmond. Ernie Schaaf disposed of Jim Maloney in three rounds and Leo Williams in two. Primo Carnera flattened Bud Gorman in one round and Umberto Torriani in the second. Charley Retzlaff continued his fine work by stopping Ralph Ficucello in two rounds and Marty Gallagher in five. Ficucello kayoed George Smith in four rounds.

Still other heavyweight bouts found Tuffy Griffiths returned to activity by beating Paul Pantaleo. Paulino Uzcudun won from Max Baer in a twenty-round battle in Reno. Steve Hamas disposed of Ted Sandwina in the third round. Battling Bozo whipped Natie Brown, Chuck Burns and Pete Latzo. Latzo was also beaten by Al Ettore. Johnny Risko scored over Tony Galento and Jack Dorval whipped Gene Stanton. Jose Santa kayoed Hans Birkie and defeated Roberto Roberti. Roberti kayoed Eddie Jorge in one round and was kayoed himself by Salvatore Ruggirello in the same distance.

Otto Von Porat scored over a Peterson in Europe. Pierre Charles whipped Maurice Griselle. Babe Hunt scored over Pietro Corri and was beaten by Walter Cobb. Arthur De Kuh whipped Frankie Cawley and Cawley outpointed George Panka. Frankie Simms kayoed Joe Vincha in the first session. George Pavlick outpointed Frank Morris. Dewey Kimrey won over Pat Hayward while Pat won from Dick Onken. Jack Redman kayoed Tony Fuente in six rounds and Jack Van Noy in two.

Maxey Rosenbloom engaged in several overweight matches in the light-heavyweight division, winning from Billy Jones and Joe Banovic and losing to George Manley. Ace Hudkins started another campaign by stopping Chuck Burns in four rounds and defeating King Levinsky. Bob Olin kayoed Willard Dix in one round. Willie Feldman won over Harry Ebbets but was stopped by Al Gainer in seven rounds. George Nichols kayoed Johnny Klesch in one round and defeated Leo Larrivee.

Fred Lenhart defeated Charley Belanger. Owen Phelps drew with Johnny Burns, whipped Tony Cancela and kayoed Buck Easterling in four rounds. Edgar Norman won from Easterling but was kayoed by Gary Leach in eight rounds. Bob Godwin scored over Doc Conrad and Arthur Huttick. Huttick defeated Jack Denning. Sam Weiss whipped Pete Latzo and Danny Devlin.

Haakon Hansen defeated Bud Saltis but lost to Willie Oster. Oster drew with Johnny Crano. Harry Allen drew with Vincent Forgione. Abie whipped Johnny Pilc. Joe Anderson defeated Eddie Anderson.

The big surprise in the middleweight division was the defeat of Vince Dundee by Marcel Thil, a Frenchman. Len Harvey redeemed himself by defeating Jack Hood. Young Terry whipped Ben Jerby. Jack Rosenberg won from Hans Mueller and Harry Kid Wallace. Johnny Burns scored over Ray Tramblie but was kayoed by Frank Battaglia in two rounds.

Solly Krieger won over Joe La Grey. Jack McVey scored over Oliver Wright. Buck McTiernan was beaten by Teddy Yarosz and kayoed by Jimmy Belmont in four rounds. Paurie Peppin won over Herman Retzlaff. Henry Firpo scored over Pete La Crosse. Kid Leonard beat Ross and was kayoed by My Sullivan in seven rounds. Wesley Ketchell kayoed Pete Cerkan in five rounds. Nick Palmer scored over Battling Tracey and Wop Manolian defeated Frankie O'Brien.

Bucky Lawless engaged in the most meritorious work during the month. He whipped Pete Suskey, Bobby Brown, Pete August and Jackie Horner. Horner won over Tony Lombardo. Eddie Ran was beaten by Eddie Shapiro and Baby Joe Gans and kayoed Abe Lichtenstein in five rounds. Gans also defeated Angel Tejerio. Tommy Herman drew and defeated Alfred Gaona and lost to Billy Townsend. Jackie Brady stopped Pee Wee Jarrell in six rounds and defeated Jackie Purvis.

Ruby Goldstein made another comeback when he stopped Danny Cooney in two rounds. Jimmy Phillips kayoed Jackie Shupack in five rounds and defeated Dick Borona. Hilario Martinez kayoed Siso Lizardi in seven rounds. Eddie Murdock finished Al Herrera in six rounds. Mike Payan defeated Jack Purvis and drew with Canada Lee. Andy Di Vodi drew with Claude Capley. Jay Macedon drew with Frankie Stetson. Gaston La Cadre defeated Battling Dozier. Jackie Phillips won from George Siddons. Johnny O'Keefe kayoed Benny Flax in one round and Johnny Hayes whipped Young Ketchell.

Jack Kid Berg, junior-welterweight leader, disposed of Tony Lambert in eight rounds. Manuel Quintero, restored to the junior-welter ranks, drew with Charley Feraci, welterweight. Sammy Mandell drew with Wilbur Stokes. Joey Goodman scored over Ray Kiser. Ralph Lenny kayoed Dick Strasse in three rounds. Joe Glick whipped Mike Sarko and Andy Saviola scored over Solly Ritz. Eddie Guida was beaten by Joe Glick but scored over Eddie Elkins. Eddie Kid Wolf won over Roy Mitchell. Stanislaus Loayza disposed of Galiardo Purcaro in two rounds. Phil Rafferty and Billy McMahon fought a draw. Herman Perlick and Emil Rossi also battled on even terms.

Tony Canzoneri scored over Herman Perlick in New Haven and went to the Coast to whip Cecil Payne. Billy Petrolle established himself as one of the present wonders of the ring when he kayoed Justo Suarez, the rugged South American, in the ninth round. Petrolle is fighting like a rejuvenated man. Suarez showed in the fight that he is not a lightweight and in the future will be ranked with the junior-welters. Al Singer whipped Eddie Shapiro. Johnny Jadick defeated Tony Herrera.

Sammy Fuller defeated Steve Haliako, kayoed Babe Herman in one round and was beaten by Pancho Villa. Herman whipped Jerry Emard and was stopped by Frank Bojorski in two sessions. Bojorski also whipped Eddie Anderson. Harry Dublinsky won over Roger Bernard. Harry Carlton drew with Young Zazzerino and whipped Georgie Day. Willard Brown scored over Jimmy Neal but was beaten by Sid Silas. Goldie Hess was beaten by Ted Morgan and Bobby Pacho.

Jackie Pilkington disposed of Pete Petrolle in six rounds. Joe Barbara kayoed Bobby Hamilton in six rounds. Al Rowe scored over Jose Diaz. Prince Saunders finished Jackie Dugan in three rounds. Tony Falco stopped Harry Blitman in eight rounds. Frankie Carlton scored over Ernie Ratner. Mike Sarko trimmed Johnny McMillan. Rosey Stoy won from Midget Fox.

The junior-lightweight title changed hands with Kid Chocolate taking over the place held by Benny Bass. Chocolate stopped Benny in seven rounds. Chocolate also whipped Harry Sankey while Bass kayoed George Day in two rounds. Tracey Cox disposed of Steve Smith in six rounds and won from Lou Bloom. Tony Morgano also stopped Smith in the seventh. Joey Costa scored over Joe Ghnouly. Petey Sarron drew with Midget Mike O'Dowd. Davey Abad whipped Johnny Datto.

Charley Raymond drew with Phil Zwick, kayoed Jack Sweitzer in five rounds and defeated Pete De Grasse. De Grasse was also beaten by Vernon Cormier. Frankie Marchese was stopped by Jose Diaz in seven rounds and lost to Lew Feldman. Sid Lampe whipped Eddie Cool and Jimmy Batchelor. Battling Bulahan won from Joe Lucas. Santiago Zorilla scored over Johnny Gonzales. Andy Martin won from Matty White. Freddy Anderson scored over Dominick Patrone and Jimmy Slavin drew with Joe Barra.

Battling Battalino engaged in one over-weight match, defeated Irish Bobby Brady. Fidel La Barba kayoed Jackie Mandell in one round but was beaten by Claude Varner. Bushy Graham stopped Emil Paluso while Paluso kayoed Johnny Canzoneri. Jackie Rodgers kayoed Chico Cisneros in seven rounds and won from Johnny Erickson. Mike Gelb scored over Domencio Bernasconi.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JULY

The following are my ratings for the month ending July 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	Title Vacant	World's Champion Y'g J'k Thompson	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Jack Sharkey	George Manley	Marcel Thil	Jimmy McLarnin	Manuel Quintero
2—Mickey Walker	Jimmy Slattery	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	Justo Suarez
3—Tommy Loughran	Billy Jones	Dave Shade	Bucky Lawless	Tony Herrera
4—Ernie Schaaf	Lew Scozza	Harry Smith	Lou Brouillard	Steve Haliako
5—Vittorio Campolo	Ace Hudkins	Len Harvey	Baby Joe Gans	Sammy Mandell
6—Primo Carnera	Joe Banovic	Ignacio Ara	Johnny Indrisano	Joey Goodman
7—Young Stribling	Bob Olin	Young Terry	Billy Townsend	Ralph Lenny
8—Charley Retzlaff	Al Gainer	Ben Jeby	Jackie Brady	Mickey Cohen
9—Tuffy Griffiths	George Nichols	Jack Rosenberg	Paulie Walker	Pancho Villa
10—Paulino Uzcudun	Joe Knight	Frank Battaglia	Ruby Goldstein	Joe Glick

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Billy Petrolle	Benny Bass	Freddy Miller	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Louis Kid Kaplan	Roger Bernard	Earl Mastro	Pete Sanstol	Frankie Genaro
3—Al Singer	Al Foreman	Kid Francis	Newsboy Brown	Phil Tobias
4—Johnny Jadick	Lew Massey	Eddie Shea	Vidal Gregario	Speedy Dado
5—Sammy Fuller	Tracey Cox	Tommy Paul	Archie Bell	Young Perez
6—Wesley Ramey	Joey Costa	Claude Varner	Art Giroux	Victor Ferrand
7—Harry Dublinsky	Petey Sarron	Fidel La Barba	Eugene Huat	Steve Rocco
8—Ray Miller	Davey Abad	Bushy Graham	Jimmy Thomas	Young Pancho
9—Cecil Payne	Charley Raymond	Jackie Rodgers	Ross Fields	George Ostrow
10—Tod Morgan	Lew Feldman	Phil Zwick	Dick Welsh	Ruby Bradley

Benny Tressito whipped Johnny Peters. Frankie Albano stopped Johnny Pena and Pena did likewise to Davey Adelman. Nel Tarleton whipped Albert Barker and Art Chapdelaine defeated Sammy Gelber.

Vidal Gregario whipped Lew Farber and drew with Archie Bell in the most principal bantamweight bouts of the month. Farber was also beaten by Dick Welsh. Lew Pacion won from Frankie Anslem. Eugene Huat, French bantam, scored over Mose Butch and Willie Cubic. Ross Fields scored over Willie Davies and Harry Fierro won from Marty Gold.

Midget Wolgast defended his title successfully against Ruby Bradley in fifteen rounds. Frankie Genaro kayoed Routier Parra in four rounds. Parra was also beaten by Howard Artt. Phil Tobias kayoed Al Mason in three rounds. Happy Atherton defeated Tiny Smith and drew with Johnny Edwards. Jackie Harmon won from Freddie Lattanzio.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Jackie Brown, Manchester, England.
Bantamweight—Lew Snyder, Denver, Colo.
Featherweight—Lew Hardcastle, Atlantic City, N. J.
Junior-lightweight—Cles Meia Deig, Morocco.
Lightweight—Joe Greco, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Junior-welterweight—George Beecher, New York City.
Welterweight—Raul Landini, Argentine.
Middleweight—Willie Wallach, New York City.
Light-heavyweight — Gordon Fortenberry, Cocoa, Fla.
Heavyweight—Johnny Dixon, Boston, Mass.

Correction—In last month's results it was printed that Art Lasky had kayoed Angus Snyder. Angus McDonald was the victim, and not Snyder. Sorry.

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

NOW that the heavyweight championship battle between Max Schmeling and Young Stribling has been settled satisfactorily, everything points to a return of normal conditions in the boxing game. This is the first heavyweight titular bout within recall that was fought without the slightest touch of any scandal. Everything went along perfectly with a fine ending so far as boxing is concerned. Schmeling retained his title like a champion should. Stribling lost in an honorable manner without any squawking and the refereeing by George Blake was perfect in every detail.

Following the Schmeling-Stribling fuss, came Sharkey and Walker to engage in a hectic fifteen round battle at Ebbets Field. Walker surprised the critics who all agreed unanimously that he was being led to the slaughter. The official decision was a draw and the bout was so difficult to judge that all the three officials voted differently. Charles F. Mathison called it a draw, while George Kelly turned in the ballot for Sharkey and Referee Donovan sided with Walker.

It was a pro-Walker gathering and Sharkey had one of his bad nights. Everything that Walker did was magnified double-fold while Sharkey's best efforts were hardly recognizable—at least to the fans. A consensus of the newspaper critics' opinions showed that Walker lead, as to the actual winner, but newspapermen can err as well as the average fan and the only thing that can be deducted from the fight was that it was a draw and Schmeling stands out alone.

Willie Wallach, brother of Bobby Michaels, former featherweight star, is a great looking middleweight prospect. He is under the care of Hymie Cantor—Wallach is a graduate of the City College of New York and is a full-fledged accountant. He took up boxing as a sideline and now devotes all of his time to the sport. Jimmy Borden, no relative, is assisting with the promotion of boxing shows in Fall River, Mass. Harold Lawrence, manager of Tommy King, New England junior-welterweight star, sends word along that King is the best of his weight in the section.

Chris Dundee of Philadelphia is making matches at Norfolk, Va. Don Dero and Dewey Fragetta are handling Tony Canzoni, classy up-state bantamweight—Peter Jackson, formerly a protege of Gene Flaherty, is now handled by Babe Denico—John Lucinatelli, promising amateur, will start his professional career under the management of George Ciago—Leo Fornaciari of Chicago was around New York for several weeks combining business with pleasure—Billy Petrolle gave the experts plenty of headaches in his match with Justo Suarez—Billy was conceded no chance whatever and heaved expert opinion into the discard by giving the South American a terrific beating and probably curtailing his career—There must be some charm connected with Petrolle's existence—Doomed to the scrapheap two years ago he has staged a comeback that has become the talk of fistiana.

Eddie Benson was furnished to Vittorio Campolo as a sacrifice at Dexter Park, but surprised all hands by giving the South American a merry tussle—On the strength of his showing against Campolo, he was put in against Pat Redmond, huge Irish giant, and won handily—Eddie Walker is handling Benson and may land a shot with Carnera—Paulino Uzcudun and Max Baer drew a wonderful house when they attracted over $70,000 in Reno—The magnetism of Dempsey was responsible for possibly $50,000 of the seventy.

Billy Ames is doing wonderful work as matchmaker for the Boston Garden—The place was considered a jinx and many hands tried to make it pay but Ames was the first to put over a good job—Archie Walker is still working in Wall Street, a job that he occupied before he entered the boxing game—Salvatore Ruggirello put over a great surprise when he flattened Roberto Roberti on the Coast. Ruggirello is a huge, strapping Italian who punches with terrific force but dislikes the training routine. At various periods he dropped Les Kennedy, Pete Wistort, Vittorio Campolo, Jose Santa and George Hoffman.

Phil Kaplan, former middleweight and light-heavyweight star, has retired from the ring—George H. Braun sends word in from Salt Lake City that Manuel Quintero is still a junior-welterweight and can make the 140-pound limit—Solly King is booming the cause of Harry Baron and judging by Harry's recent ring victories, he has good cause to boom—Lou Terry, St. Louis lightweight, is fighting in very good form, his last victory being scored over Mike Dundee—Lew Raymond staged the Ace Hudkins-Chuck Burns show in Detroit.

Charley Retzlaff and Steve Hamas are the reigning favorites in the heavyweight division around New York—Retzlaff celebrated his debut by stopping Ralph Ficucello in two rounds and Hamas disposed of Ted Sandwina in the fourth—Retzlaff is a dangerous, sharp-shooting puncher while Hamas is a swinger of the Dempsey type and there is plenty of color exuding from every one of his swings—Hamas and Retzlaff is one of the matches that will help considerably in the boxing situation—Give them good matches and the interest will be revived—The finish of the Schmeling-Stribling match was a tonic—If the fight had gone the limit, the real taste would have been missing.

Jack Hurley is now in position to do some dictating with Billy Petrolle and Charley Retzlaff in the limelight—Hurley is a shrewd manager and deserving of his success—He knows how to handle his charges and is respected and feared by his proteges—Joe Glick and Maxey Rosenbloom have two shadows who are always behind them—Mac Green follows Glick while Sonny Barry is the official lookout for Rosenbloom—Harry Lenny wants to let Paul Swiderski meet Schmeling and Sharkey the same night to determine who is the real champion—Harry is the well known "Master Mind" of fistiana.

Jimmy Johnston had branched out as the leading outdoor promoter in New York—The former promoter got back into the limelight through the medium of Carnera and then the Milk Fund and gave the Garden people plenty of headaches—With practically no capital but an abundance of sheer, unadulterated nerve, Johnston has gone about the task of putting every obstacle in their way for the summer—He started with Carnera and Pat Redmond and played to a capacity crowd at Ebbets Field and followed up with Sharkey and Walker which was staged by the Milk Fund under his auspices—From there he put on Rosenbloom and Slattery for the light-heavyweight title—Johnston has plenty of support in his efforts to thwart the Garden and it merely goes to show what brains and experience in the boxing game can do to offset an abundance of capital with no experience in the ways and means of the boxing industry.

Al Minnehan, a young light-heavyweight from Brockton, Mass., came to New York seeking a manager and finally secured Charley Bennett to guide his affairs—Minnehan looks good in the gymnasium and Charley has visions of a future Schmeling—Bennett is also handling George Terra, Coney Island lightweight—Jigger McCarthy from New Haven gives everyone notice to look out for Baby Bear, negro featherweight, who he claims is the greatest fighter in the world today—He has scored 28 straight knockout victories—Marty Berg has become identified with the Bronx Coliseum—Sam Taub showed the radio fans just how a fight should be broadcast—Taub overshadowed Graham McNamee in every respect and his experience in the boxing game entitled him to the edge—Taub was sporting editor of the Morning Telegraph for fifteen years and is now writing boxing news for the Graphic—Jack Lawrence handled the publicity on the Sharkey-Walker tussle and did wonderful work—Francis Albertanti covered Walker's camp and Jim Jennings worked on the Sharkey side.

Kid Chocolate finally attained his objective—winning a title. Though the junior-lightweight crown carries little importance, a fighter who is not afraid to defend it against opposition might make the class worth while. The defeat of Bass through a technical knockout was quite a surprise. It was well known that Benny lacked heart, but he was expected to prove too strong for the Cuban Bon Bon. Bass has seen plenty of service in the prize ring and may possibly call it quits. He has plenty of money, and is in good health. Two days after losing the title, Bass' sister died from spinal meningitis.

Dave Lumiansky and Al Brown are expected to cross the Atlantic. They have made the trip so often that it seems like crossing the Brooklyn Bridge. Brown has done wonderfully well over in Europe and far better than he could have done in the U. S. Maurice Holtzer expects to return to this country shortly. Johnny Jadick turned in a surprise victory over Tony Herrera. Another unexpected win was that of Pancho Villa over Sammy Fuller. Al Weill has his hands full with the Queensboro Stadium, New Haven Club and several of his boys. Weill thrives on work and is one of the best hustlers in New York. Sometimes he is too energetic.

George Sieger and Sammy Richman are partners in a group of mitt-wielders and no one could accuse them of keeping the boys idle. Phil Tobias, Eddie Frisco, Louis Gonzales and The Patent Leather Kid have sailed to participate in a series of bouts in Venezuela. Willie Patterson is expected to follow them shortly. Izzy Grove turned in a kayo in his first start under the Sieger-Richman wing. Jack Barry of Erie is handling a very good prospect in Frank Bojorski. Frank is a lightweight and has been a consistent winner.

The attendent visitors for the Sharkey-Walker fray in Ebbets Field was reminiscent of any championship affair. Visitors flocked from all parts of the country and the newspapers treated it like a titular bout would be handled. Out of town newspapers were well represented and plenty of promoters, managers and boxers. Eddie Guida seems to have regained the form that made him look like a great fighter two years back.

Sam Cohen is making matches for the Bayonne Stadium. The gate receipts for the Chocolate-Bass bout was a big disappointment to Promoters Taylor and Gunnis. Artie Rose, now a successful trainer, fought Louis Kid Kaplan several years back. Every time he passes Meriden, Kaplan's home, by train, he pulls the shades down. Harry Carlton and Young Zazzerino drew a banner gate in Jersey City. A feud match between the Irish and Italian and it had to end in a draw.

Anyone who saw the picture "Free Soul" will find a wonderful resemblance between Jack Dempsey and the leading man, Clark Gable. Tony Canzoneri was in seventh heaven on his Coast trip where he tackled Cecil Payne. Tony's hobby is meeting motion picture stars and he had plenty of opportunities in that direction. Jack Kid Berg has finally announced his engagement to Miss Eleanor Kraus, a charming damsel. Berg's kid brother, Teddy, has won 22 straight victories over in England and will come to this country shortly.

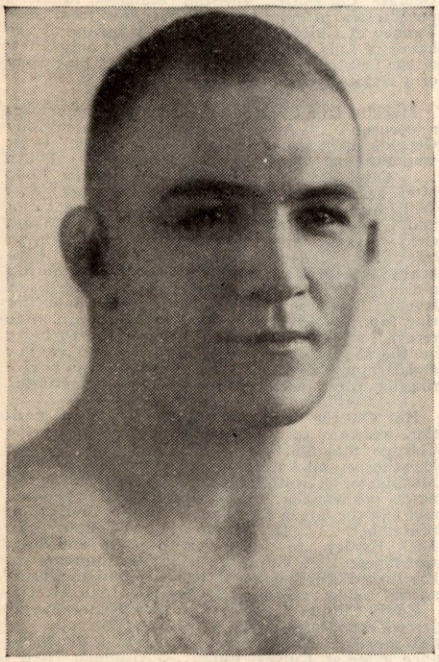
Marcel Thil's victory over Vince Dundee in Paris adds another prominent middleweight contender to the vacated crown. Tony Herrera has been fighting for the past two years with bum hands and could use a long rest. Benny Jacobs has a fine little lightweight prospect in Charley Miller. Charley Harvey is finally due for a break with Steve Hamas. Hamas right now looks like Max Baer when he first came East but he bears more promise. More ambition and the will to get ahead.

Willie Feldman's claim to fame was short-lived. Feldman scored over Harry Ebbets in Long Beach but in his next bout was stopped by Al Gainer in seven rounds. Immediately after the Ebbets-Feldman bout, Ebbets was informed that his long ailing brother had passed away that afternoon. Ebbets had several matches in view which he immediately cancelled. The open air season for boxing was terrible in New York and the only consolation in sight for the promoters is that it is over.

Hugh Martin has been staging his new talent shows weekly in the Garden and gives the fans plenty to talk about. His matchmaking has been excellent and his shows have been full of action. Tony Paolillo will make matches for the New Haven Arena this winter. Lukie Tenner, former featherweight, is running boxing shows at Charlotte, N. C. Eddie Shapiro, after giving Al Singer a tough scrap in Long Beach, came through with a victory over Eddie Ran.

Tunney, Dempsey and Corbett, all ex-champions, selected Stribling to whip Schmeling. The deliberate manner in which Schmeling wore down Stribling adds credence to the belief that Schmeling was holding back against Sharkey last summer. Sharkey and Schmeling may be responsible for the return of large gates when they meet again next summer.

Boo Boo Hoff is handling two youngsters who are expected to make their presence felt in the near future. Tony Morgano, young southpaw, weighing 128 pounds, stopped Steve Smith and Al Ettore, light-heavyweight, who came through with a victory over Pete Latzo. Phil Glassman's classy lightweight, Tony Falco, stopped Harry Blitman in the eighth round after he had visited the canvas in the first round. There are plenty of youngsters around the country who have the ability and all they want is the chance.



Marcel Thil, French middleweight, who established himself by decisively whipping Vince Dundee in Paris

Where are the future stars of the ring coming from? New York City is considered the last thing in boxing elegance but all the material cannot come from New York. We are listing names that have never shown in New York but after their first showing will positively be welcomed back. There is Billy Jones of Philadelphia and Al Gainer of New Haven, light-heavyweights, and two southpaws in the same class, Joe Knight from the South and George Nichols of Buffalo. Tiger Thomas of Leipersville and Leo Larrivee of Waterbury and Frank Battaglia of Winnepeg in the middleweight class. Leo Brouillard of Worcester is a southpaw welterweight and Billy Townsend of Vancouver who will surely get by.

Barney Ross and Harry Dublinsky, Chicago and Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids lightweight, will make the grade. Roger Bernard, from Flint, Tracey Cox, of Indianapolis, and Petey Sarron, of Brimingham, Ala., are exceptionally good in the junior-lightweight class. Freddy Miller is a good southpaw from Cincinnati, Claude Varner from the Pacific Coast, and Tommy Paul, of Buffalo, are great featherweights. There is plenty of material around distributed all over the country and all you have to do is look for it.

The power of the Dempsey name was never more ably exemplified than through the receipts of the recent Baer-Paulino tussle. Dempsey took an active part in every bit of the proceedings from selling tickets to refereeing the bout. He is much more than the figure-head people presume him to be and would be ideally suited to head the largest boxing organization in the country, namely, Madison Square Garden. There is something about him that invites confidence and he has the necessary background to command full-hearted respect from the profession.

A line on some of the country's leading matchmakers. Tom McArdle, at Madison Square Garden, can tell a good match a mile away but hesitates if it will cost too much. Al Weill, of the Queensboro Stadium, has good insight as to the drawing powers of a match and isn't afraid to spend money for good value. Nate Lewis, of the Chicago Stadium, old-fashioned in his methods and his deliberations often lose him a good match. Scotty Monteith, Olympia of Detroit, his capabilities limited in some respects but he is not afraid to gamble for something that looks good. Billy Ames, shrewd, conservative and very progressive. In poor territory, he has done exceedingly well. Joe Levy, of the Olympic Auditorum, trying to develop talent in a limited section and knows how to nurse potential cards along. Martin Burke, of New Orleans, former heavyweight, has lots of ability and is doing well with a tough job. Jeff Dickson, promoting in England and France, is a colorful, ingenious promoter, who, in the near future may make his power felt in this country. Dickson was born in Mississippi but remained in France after the late war.

HUDSON CO. AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

YOUNG TERRY, of Trenton, won a ten round decision over Ben Jeby, of New York, before a crowd of 12,000 fans at Dreamland Park, in Newark. Terry's aggressiveness, savage, two-fisted body attack and clean punching gained for him the edge from a rugged, stubborn opponent who was more dangerous at long range than close fighting, Jeby was staggered in three rounds, the fourth, seventh, and ninth rounds.

In the semi-final, Lou Halper, of Newark, and Jimmy Phillips, of Bernardsville, fought a fast and furious eight-round draw, while Sid Silas, of New York, won a close decision from Anthony Petronzio, of Newark after six rounds of fast milling.

Roscoe Manning, of Nutley, and Johnny Pilic, of Newark, supplied the customers at Clarke Field, in Harrison, with plenty of action in the windup number on the all star card. After having battled desperately through ten thrilling rounds, the referee called the combat a draw. In another ten-rounder, Jimmy McNamara, of New York, fought ten fierce rounds to a draw, with Jay Macedon, of South Orange.

Snowflakes Wright, of Newark, lost a ten-round decision to Jack McVey, of New York in the feature contest at the Morristown Sporting Club. McVey's last round rally gave him the close decision.

Joey Costa, of Jersey City, won a ten round decision over Joe Ghnouly, of St. Louis in the feature event at the Oakland Arena, in Jersey City. The decision was booed by the fans.

Jimmy Phillips, of Bernardsville, scored a kayo over Jackie Shupack, veteran, welterweight from Paterson, in the fifth round at the Englewood Arena, in Englewood, before a large crowd.

Ruby Goldstein, New York's East Side Jewel, finished Danny Cooney, of Trenton, in jig time, at Dreamland Park, in Newark, stiffening him in 44 seconds of the second round of a scheduled ten. Joe Barbara, of New York, scored a technical knockout over Bobby Hamilton, of Newark in the sixth.

Bat Battalino, world's featherweight champion, proved to be too strong for Bobby Brady, local featherweight contender, from Jersey City, and punched out an easy ten round victory at the Jersey City Baseball Park, before a crowd of 6,000. Bat kept on top of Brady the entire route. In the semi-final, Ralph Lenny, scored a technical kayo over the much battered Dick Strasse, of New York in the third heat, while in another eight-rounder, Nick Zinna, of Kingston, making his first local appearance lost a close decision to Eddie Reilly, of New York.

Bucky Lawless, of Syracuse, one of the most active, punch flingers these parts have ever seen, scored a dazzling triumph over the highly touted Pete August, of Newark in the ten-round feature contest at Clarke Field in Harrison. In the semi-final, Georgie Smith, of Newark, scored a knockout, over Happy Benkert, also of Newark in the second round.

Before 10,000 spectators, Young Zazzarino, and Harry Carlton, Jersey City, rivals fought ten rounds to a draw. Because of the intense interest in the clash, the fight was held in the High School Stadium. Zazzarino started off by flooring Carlton in the first round for a nine count with a sweeping right to the chin. Carlton was freshened by the long count and continued a strong pace throughout the fight. The receipts were close to $13,000.

Ernie Ratner, Newark lightweight lost a close decision to Frankie Carlton, of Jersey City, in a hard fight, while Billie White, veteran lightweight from Jersey City scored a knockout over Harry Burrone, also of Jersey City, in the fourth heat, and Frankie O'Day was kayoed in the first round by Allie Tedesco, of Jersey City.

Al Ridgway, of Union City, proved to the local fans that he is ready to tackle any local lightweight, by scoring a clean cut knockout over the veteran Al Matera, of New York in the seventh round of what was to have been a ten at the West New York Playgrounds, before a large crowd.

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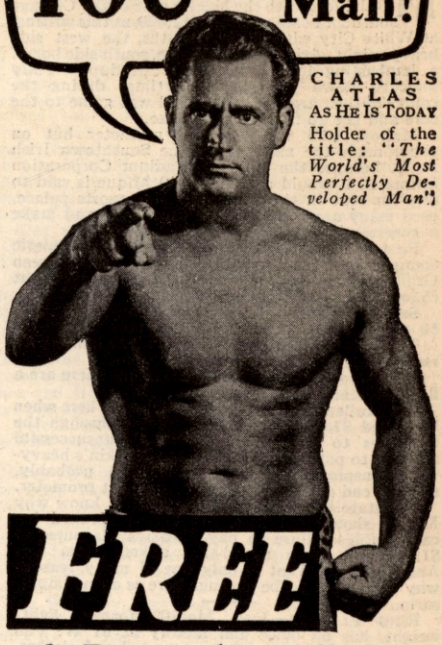

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In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

MIQUE MALLOY returned to the local promotorial field with the biggest gate of the Chicago outdoor boxing season, $12,000, at this writing, at White City with Tuffy Griffiths, the west side heavyweight, giving Paul Pantaleo, south side boxer, a lambasting in the ten-round windup. Tuffy knocked down Pantaleo four times during the course of their argument but Paul was game to the core and got up fighting each time.

Malloy, who was the real promoter but on paper made the matches for the Southtown Irish A. C. because the Chicago Stadium Corporation intimated it would attach $4,000 Mique is said to owe for rent in the huge west side sports palace, used many angles to put the show over and make a generous profit.

First he acquired sanction of the Illinois athletic commission to label and advertise the bout between Griffiths and Pantaleo as for the heavyweight championship of Illinois.

Second he sold his tickets at popular prices of 50 cents, $1.00, $2.00 and $3.00, plus tax.

Third he received permission to allow ladies with escorts free in the unreserved sections.

Those are the three main reasons but there are a flock of others.

Jim Mullen had the previous high gate here when he pulled $7,000 worth of customers through the turnstiles to view King Levinsky's unsuccessful attempt to put the quietus on Ace Hudkin's heavyweight aspirations. That bout also, probably, saw the end of Mullen's career as a fight promoter.

The state boxing commish wanted to know why Mullen should not have his license revoked because of his failure to pay Hudkins his purse of $1,900 and three round-trip tickets from Los Angeles, Cal. That is only one of many reasons why Jim is apt to be through here as a ring impresario.

RING FLASHES—Joey Medill, former lightweight, has an office and factory at 81 W. Van Buren St., where he sells custom tailored clothes. . . . Mickey McLaughlin left Los Angeles, Calif., a middleweight and in the two weeks it took him to reach Chicago he lost twelve pounds. . . . Miss Mary Virginia Woods, of Louisville, Ky., is very much interested in Jimmy Segreti's local newspaper and pugilistic careers. . . . Eddie Rook is a fight enthusiast of the first water. . . . Clyde F. Lloyd, president of Property Owners' Association, is a millionaire member of Brown's gymnasium, formerly Mullen's. . . . It is said that Eddie Walsh, erstwhile 135-pounder, now eats razor blades to earn money to eat food. . . . Solly Schuman, local featherweight, is prepared if he can't make the grade as a topnotcher . . . He has a hot dog stand on Ogden Avenue and doing a very good business.

Danny Spunt has promising prospects in Billy Lorenz and Reno Ginetti, Aurora, Ill., featherweights. . . . Leo Ranieri accomplished a notable feat when he defeated Einar Hedquist in a bout here. . . . Gene Higgins has two fingers missing on his right hand but that doesn't stop him from winning bouts quite regularly. . . . Danny Gasparo's latest pugilistic acquisition is George Angus. . . . "Jabber" Young, Belle Plaines A. C., referee, lost $1,900 in a north side bank. . . . Frank Murphy, the scrapping Berwyn copper, broke his leg riding a motorcycle during the World War.

Joey Kleko looks like the sweetest young featherweight on the fistic horizon in this city in some weeks. As an amateur boxer he has done everything asked of him by Manager Gus Rock, topping off his simon pure career with the precious position of alternate on the international Golden Gloves team at Soldier's Field. He was the first to hand an artistic lacing to Julius Cohen, the self-sufficient-unto-himself Milwaukee, Wis., ringster. Nick Scialaba and Davey Day also trounced Cohen.

Harry Weiss is taking his 126-pound protege and Bobby Stewart, colored lightweight, to California the later part of December for scraps and intends to stay in Los Angeles and Hollywood for at least two months. Levine has defeated all of the lesser feathers in this locality and Manager Weiss has been asked to take Sammy to California after Christmas and he will get plenty of work. Weiss has been told that negro fighters go over big on the west coast and he will take along with him and Levine, Stewart, one of the best preliminary 135-pounders here.

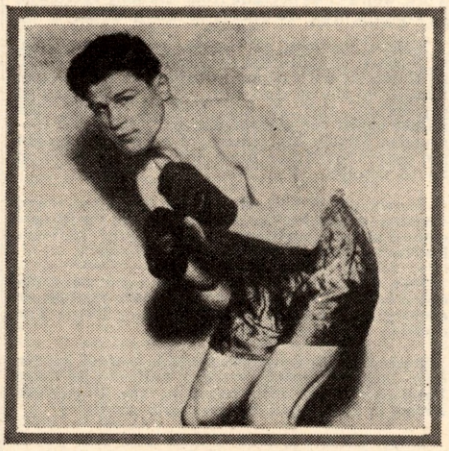
New faces of capable men are always welcome in any line of business, the boxing game included. We have an embryonic big league fight promoter in William (Pep) Kerwin, of California, and he is going to start the ball rolling in a big way before the open-air season has passed into the discards. He was trying to close a match between Earl Mastro and Fidel LaBarba at Wrigley Field on the north side as a starter in the big time.

Mastro and LaBarba have met three times, Fidel winning the first bout, Mastro the second and the third ending in a draw. In that last LaBarba match Earl was hit low continuously and following the tilt had to undergo an operation for hernia. Mastro said recently that he will not rest until he gets LaBarba into the ring with him once more and as their most recent meeting was staged here the fourth go would be a "sure fire" hit in Chicago. Promoter Kerwin has netted $30,000 in two seasons with his outdoor amateur shows and he is a real showman.

Fistic Chips—George Getz, member, Illinois athletic commission, is reputed to have $8,000,000 . . . Ike Bernstein, pugilistic character of another day, is a member of the Bailiff's office . . . Bill Black, manager of Harry Dillon and Del Fontaine, retired from the sport and from now on will tend to his farm at Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada . . . Gen. John V. Clinnin's brother, Sheridan, died from an appendicitis operation.

Chuck Logan got married and his luck continued with the announcement of his job as matchmaker for a local amateur club . . . Stuart Owens, Chi sports scribe, hails from Louisville, Ky. . . . Art Crantzton guides the ring destinies of Babe Kellar and Pat McLaughlin, besides tending to his duties as general manager of Childs & Co., local stationers . . . Hank Bruder is celebrating his ninth month as a hubby . . . Howard Carr, proprietor of the Arcade gym, lost several thousand dollars on his medical baths.

A bettor at a local arena wagered on first blood in a bout and immediately old timers at the ringside recalled that was done quite frequently years ago . . . Inspector Grosh of the Illinois athletic commission is the daddy of a beautiful baby girl . . . So is Phil (American Legion) Collins . . . He is now with the Illinois Railway Commission . . . Archie Ward whistles and goes collarless while making up dummies for his sports pages . . . Charles Francis Coe, writer of ring and gangster stories, was once a prize fighter.



Henry Lenard, veteran Chicago feather, still going strong

Some of This and A Little of That—About 1,500 persons paid $1,362 at Denemark Stadium to see the double windup of eight rounds each between Owen Phelps and Johnny Burns and "Wild Willie" Oster and Jerry Crano . . . Both were called draws . . . It was Kane (Cain) against Abel when Paddy was in Paul Pantaleo's corner and Barney Abel was in K. O. White's corner during a brief meeting between Pantaleo and White . . . Wilfrid Smith, Chicago *Tribune* fight writer who picks winners pretty frequently, was married at the age of 29 and is only wedded three semesters . . . Eddie Siegal, manager of Haakon Hansen, belonged to the Leper Colony Guard, some years ago, which was stationed at Guam, Japan . . . The Teaberry Sports reporter is Jack Ryan and he is on the Chi *Herald Examiner* copy desk . . . Charlie Glazer, ex-featherweight, may handle Joey Freeman when he isn't busy working in Judge Finnegan's court.

Katherine Brush, author of "Young Man of Manhattan," got her info from Westbrook Pegler, sports feature writer . . . Sam Hall's "pa" is 80 years old but he was among those in Cleveland at the most recent heavyweight championship struggle . . . Forrest Mey co-workers on the Daily *News* call him "Moe" . . . Al Miller was around with a movie camera and taking pictures of his proteges while they were sparring . . . Later he was to show them their mistakes through the lens . . . Ed Willard, pilot of Ray Tramblie, has a 14-year-old son who won a De Paul University scholarship . . . Jim Irwin, promoter, manager, trainer and second, is in the ring game 16 years and does a lot of traveling but when he does he always takes along his wife.

Lou Diamond, Chicago Daily *Times*, and Warren Brown, Chi *Herald-Examiner*, are the only local scribes who picked Schmeling to defeat Stribling. Diamond also chose Schmeling over Sharkey. Brown is one of America's finest sports writers.

Pat Hayward, Philadelphia heavyweight, is hailed as a future champion by a former light-heavy title-holder, Battling Levinsky. Al Lippe manages Hayward.

Frankie (Freddy Fasano) Boyle is a dance hall bouncer when he isn't seconding some fighter . . . Nick Scialaba was one of the greatest prospects seen here for some weeks until one Trixie came into his life . . . Rocky Wolf was in an injurious auto accident one Sunday morn but that didn't stop "Rocks," for that Sunday afternoon he was broadcasting the Cubs baseball game as usual . . . Two thousand customers paid $1,045 to see Mike Kamis knock out George Holden in a Pep Kerwin amateur show at Western Stadium.

"Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana," should be a leading part in any red-blooded human's library. It is an intimate story of the greatest ex-heavyweight champion we've had in a long time and was written by Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING. The book is composed of 324 pages, 142 of them filled with photographs. Among the highlights of the narrative are Dempsey's thrilling victory over Jess Willard, told n story and in pictures; the first million-dollar gate and Jack's knockout of Georges Carpentier, the old Manassa Mauler's unsuccessful attempt to regain his crown from Gene Tunney at Chicago, and his narrow escape at the hands of Luis Angel Firpo. Those are only a few of the features and part of the greatest biography of a ringster written in years.

Machine Gun Chatter—Harvey Woodruff smokes a corncob . . . Alec Korecek is Promoter Billy Cepak's main assistant . . . "Wild Willie" Oster was born at Terre Haute, Ind., and is Polish . . . Otto Von Porat is due back in the Loop after being in Norway since last November . . . William H. Troxell is not a captain but a major and he is in the U. S. Reserves . . . Paul Walsh chewed gum while taking a four-round beating from Tony Bertuci, Nessie Blumenthal's light-heavyweight . . . Jimmy (Christopher) Flynn has a nice looking lightweight in Johnny Lullo . . . A law in Illinois says that promoters are liable for ring injuries . . . Johnny Baima is scheduled to return to the pugilistic wars subsequent to being on the shelf for two months with a broken jaw and larnyx bone . . . Did you know that a novice ringster turns professional out of his novitiate?

Hot Off the Griddle—Besides his latest position, assistant to President Sidney Strotz of the Chicago Stadium, Joe Foley is glorifier for the Hawthorne and Aurora race meetings . . . "Mac" Maculusco, of Boston, former Colgate fullback and now a pro wrestler, was to go to Green Bay, Wis., and join the Green Bay Packers pro football team, September . . . Dr. Deno F. O'Connor and Dick Hanley are great fight boosters and hero worshipers . . . Grant Poole, gymnasium porter, has turned ring pilot and has acquired the managerial rights to Bobby Stewart and John Morris.

Eddie Crantzton, mentor of Irish Kennedy and Jerry Crano, lost his eye in the war . . . He was also gassed . . Bud Taylor is learning the insurance game at Culver, Ind. . . . Although "Red" Weeks of the Local A. P. smokes Piedmonts he is not from Virginia but from Battle Creek, Mich. . . . Dr. David Jones, examining physician on the state boxing commish, is getting together his Chicago Cardinals football team for the coming season . . . Clair Kelly smokes Johnny Walker cigs . . . Jack DePine, local boxer, boasts a three-pound baby girl who was in an incubator for 21 days . . . Johnny McDonald, the printer who gets most of the ring work in this vicinity, has a summer home at New Buffalo, Mich.

Danny LaMarre, a light-heavyweight, has been added to Ted Bogan's stable of ringsters . . . Not many know that Eddie Bulat and Joey Kleko had a school yard brawl . . . Bert Forbes, in charge of Western Union wires at fights, managed Jack Keenan, a lightweight, 24 years ago . . . Izzy Marks pilots Big Boy Matievich, Tom Pivac and Sam Brown . . . Patsy Flannigan, of Danville, Ill., is a cousin of the Patsy Flannigan who fought such as Joey Burman and Mike Dundee before boxing was legal here . . . Hal "Nifty" Smith was promoted from a copy boy to sports writer on the *Evening Post* here and immediately acquired a byline.

Joey O'Hara, erstwhile middleweight who was brought to the top by Jack (West Side) O'Keefe, fought eight years and earned $50,000 but today he is working in the mail room of the Chicago *Tribune*.

Kid Buck, the Battle Creek, Mich., bantamweight, was forced to quit a brilliant career as a ringman because of injuring his spine from a fall off a ladder while he was trying to carry a 200-pound bag of cement. Local fans saw his dandy fights with Herbie Schaeffer and such, and very few of them know of his calamity. Buck can hardly walk and it is said he will be a cripple for life.

Al Sweeney, the Chicago lad who calls himself the youngest ring pilot in this section, is rapidly getting together one of the largest stables in the country. Among the boxers he manages or books are Harry Dillon, Del Fontaine, Prince Saunders and Haakon Hansen as well as Laurie Peppin and Roy Peters. Sweeney announces his new address as 4945 Wabansia Avenue, Chicago, and his latest telephone number as Berkshire 8319.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

PROMOTER CHARLIE MURRAY of the Queensberry Club has gone strong for wrestling. Murray staged the Don George-Henri De Glane wrestling encounter which drew a $13,000 house. It's a long time since a boxing match pulled in so many customers.

The George-De Glane match, which ended in a draw, attracted fans from all walks of life.

When Promoter Murray brought De Glane back to wrestle Stanley Stasiak, the Warsaw wolf, who is a favorite here, the house fell way down and was a loser. George is the boy who puts 'em in. He is local, colorful and popular with a tremendous Western New York following.

Harry McCoy, a new comer among the local managers, has unearthed a likely light-heavyweight prospect in Peter George, former amateur district champion. George has won six consecutive ring battles and is being touted by McCoy as a future opponent for Lou Scozza or Jimmy Slattery. McCoy was formerly Buffalo's pocket-billiard champion and is well known in sporting circles.

Bert Finch has Lou Scozza in fine shape for a strenuous campaign. Scozza, just back from his honeymoon, is working hard at Bobby Rosenberger's gym, getting in tip top condition. Lou wants another crack at Jim Slattery before interest in his prospective bout dies out. The boys hung up an all time record for Buffalo gates when they put $69,000 into the coffers at the Broadway auditorium in February, 1930.

The Warren Brothers

Buffalo is in bad shape for cards. There hasn't been a real drawing power here since Irish Jimmy Slattery bobbed up from the First Ward to draw better gates than any of the great fighters in Buffalo's history.

A few years back we had Jimmy Duffy, Lockport's sensational lightweight and welterweight; Dick Loadman, the bantam bearcat; Knockout Brennan, the fighting Dutchman; Uncle Herman Smith, featherweight, with his pike-pole left; Rocky Kansas, one of the best lightweights that ever lived; Joe Kansas, his brother, also a good lightweight; Harry Coulin, bantamweight; George (One-Round) Davis, heavyweight; Frankie Schoell, a great middleweight; Jimmy Goodrich, who won the lightweight tournament sponsored by the New York State athletic commission; and others too numerous to mention.

Tommy Paul is one of the best feathers in the game, but he hasn't been very active this summer. His last appearance in the ring was at Cleveland where he stopped Mickey Cohen in one round.

Sam Bruce is a good colored welter, but he has a hard time getting the topnotchers to fight him since he blazed his way through ten torrid rounds with Jackie Fields last winter.

Although Steve Halaiko lost to Tony Herrera at Chicago and to Sammy Fuller at Boston, Manager Vince Plunkett is far from discouraged and is making plans to show Steve at Elmira with a topnotcher in late August.

Halaiko, by the way, had a narrow escape from death at Wilkins Glen, N. Y., when his automobile crashed into the ditch, after two wheels had mysteriously come off. Halaiko was unhurt.

Vince Plunkett has taken over the management of Joe Lyons, welterweight champion of the amateurs here last season. The Lancaster lad appears to be a fine prospect.

Talk is rife that a new boxing club will make its appearance here this Fall. Reports have it that Sam Robertson, former baseball magnate, who used to stage boxing under the old Velodrome A. C. charter, will get back in the game.

Some short gossip. . . . Red Carr sent Jimmy Slattery against Maxie Rosenbloom for the light-heavy title. . . . Slats trained at Speculator, N. Y. . . . Art Weigand, southpaw light-heavyweight, has wisely decided to hang up the gloves. . . . Art took a bad beating in Toronto from Jack Renault. . . . George Parker might develop into a good fighter if someone took a little interest in his ring future. . . . Parker was a star in the amateurs. . . . Ben Irvine, former manager and second is an auctioneer. . . . Bert Finch is spending the summer at Crystal Beach. . . . So is Red Murray, well-known second. . . . Jimmy Mack will train the Syracuse hockey team this winter . . . Virgil Kinkade lost a close decision to Harry Sacks at Toronto recently. . . . Harry Fuller of Niagara Falls has done little fighting this summer. . . .

Good boxers of all weights without managerial contracts will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 793 Crescent Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Shannon is arranging to send boxers to France and England and another group to Australia.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH PINTO

IN the most important bout of his career, Young Terry, Trenton's middleweight contender, came through with honors flying. His opponent was Ben Jeby, pride of the East Side. The bout, held at Dreamland, Newark, was one of the most punishing infighting battles ever seen in those parts.

Since Paulie Walker, New Jersey's premier welterweight, joined with Billy Duffy, he has been making rapid strides.

In his bout with Jack Rosenberg, latest New York sensation, at the Madison Square Garden, Walker gained the crowd's plaudits. This writer's score card showed that Walker was the winner. I disagreed with the official decision.

(Baby Face) Pullen, Hightstown southpaw, scored another knockout in short order. This time his victim was Allie Wolcott of Camden, whom he stowed away in two heats at Long Branch.

Georgie Levy, Trenton's preliminary sensation, knocked out Jim Sheffield of Newark, in two rounds at Dreamland Park.

Jimmy Rivers, of Trenton, won over Joey Pasidino of Newark in six at Long Branch.

After two years of retirement, Danny Cooney, Trenton welter, was dug up by Dreamland Park promoters to do battle with Ruby Goldstein and was kayoed in the second round. My advice to you Danny, is to stay in permanent retirement.

In the six-round bout Frankie Fratto of Trenton and Dick Parker of Newark, battled with honors even.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy, veteran Trenton welterweight, goes right along winning his share of fights. Murphy beat Phil Raymond of Wilmington at Atlantic City in 8 rounds.

eorgie Barrett and Doc Carrell, two boys who did a lot of sparring in the Gym just to keep in trim, have come to parting of ways, Barrett claims Carrell tried to put over a fast one while some of his friends were present. Carrell denies it, both boys are now in training, the next time they meet it will be in the Square circle before the public.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

TWO boxing shows were staged in Westerly during the past month, and both brought out many fans. Chick Ferraro and Charlie Connors did the matchmaking, and some very evenly matched bouts were fought here. In the first show, Willie Lewis of Stamford, junior-welterweight champion of Connecticut lost a close decision to Wild Man Firpo of Providence. In the semi-final, Joe Russo of Westerly retained his Rhode Island middleweight crown by defeating Johnny Curcio of Providence in six rounds. In his next start Russo easily defeated Ollie Koski of Worcester.

Young Rochette, like Russo, turned in a pair of victories during the month. In his first engagement he easily whipped Kid Moran of Arctic, and in his second clash, he won from Tony Caprio of Providence.

The most sensational fight staged here was a return match between Bernie Monahan of Providence and Hookie Jackson of Westerly. Monahan was returned the victor after a stoirring slug-fest in which both boys were on the verge of a knockout several times.

Harry Devine of Worcester scored the most surprising victory of the season when he was awarded a technical knockout win over Vic Darr of Norwich in five rounds. Devine completely outclassed the Norwich boy. After the fight it was disclosed that Darr has broken his hand, the second time this has happened to him in six months.

Two Westerly boys took it on the chin during the month. Tony Moretti was kayoed in one round by Al Lacy of Norwich, and Joe Sposato was flattened by Eddie Baker of Fall River in three heats.

Benny Galinas of the New London Coast Guard, who has put up some fine fights here, was no match for Tony Catalano of Providence, and was stopped in two rounds.

Jimmy Metcalf of Westerly was not very successful in a comeback bout. The local boy lost to Eddie Forte of Providence in four frames.

An extra purse of $25 is being awarded by the promoters to the boys putting up the best fights. Thus far the prize has been won by Russo and Koski, and Monahan and Jackson.

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Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

WHY Al Brown asked to be disqualified in his contest at Olympia with Johnny Cuthbert, when the latter was a beaten man, will ever remain a mystery to those who know just a little. It is possible that he was scheming for a return bout and easy money when he could go and play in Johnny's own back-yard at Sheffield.

"The Passing of Phailing Phil" Scott made an inglorious exit from the fight game when he opposed Larry Gains at Leicester. It took the Canadian Negro exactly four minutes to whip the ex-fireman. Everybody there appeared to be relieved when they realized that no claim for a foul was forthcoming.

I am one of those people who think that Scott has missed his real vocation. He might have reached dizzy heights as a comedian, for had he not informed his long suffering suporters that "he has now finished with boxing for good" which is of course the other way of saying that "boxing has finished with him."

The third meeting between Len Harvey and Jack Hood, which resulted in a points victory for Harvey settled the question of supremacy once and for all. It was a smashing fight all the way and Harvey proved that his speedy defeat of De Vos was no mere "flash in the pan." He has improved immensely since his American trip, and gave his follows much encouragement to believe that he will yet come near to winning a world title. Hood appeared to box below his usual form, but it must not be forgotten that a fellow can only box as well as his opponent allows him to do, yet, Jack Hood proved that he is an outstanding claimant for the world's welter title.

The decks are now clear for a third meeting between Vince Dundee who was recently beaten by Marcel Thil, the Frenchman, and Len Harvey.

The spectators at The Albert Hall could not help being delighted with the minor bouts on the Hood-Harvey card. There was not a single contest that failed to please. Jeff Dickson can be depended upon to provide tasty "etceteras" as trimmings for the big "dish." Tommy Hyams, the King's Cross "fire-eater", put up a thrilling slam with Billy Gannon, a tough Liverpudlian fight merchant, and at the end of the scheduled eight rounds, the crowd cheered them when a draw was declared.

Phineas John and Tommy Lye also boxed a draw. Of action there was plenty and then some. The number of punches which were exchanged in this bout would probably constitute a record.

It was pleasing to hear that Kid Berg had registered another victory by stopping Tony Lambert in the eighth round at Newark, New Jersey. From reports to hand, it would appear that Berg was very liberal with the punishment which he dealt out.

Dick Corbett soon got to work upon arriving in South Africa. He received the decision over Willie Smith at Johannesburg, and in doing so, he confirmed his previous victory over Smith when the pair met in London about a year ago.

Harry Corbett, who made the journey to Africa with his brother, has been matched up with Kid Como, an American. This will be Harry's debut in the land once beloved by Kruger, and if he has not been affected by climatic conditions, he will cetainly show the Joburgers something classy.

On the Brown-Cuthbert card we were served up with something very hot in one of the supporters. Jack Garland, the Irish feathers champion who some few weeks ago "messed" Al Brown about for the full 15 rounds, was paired up with Aldo Spaldi (Italy) who came in as a substitute.

Spaldi, in times of peace, follows the occupation of a shepherd, and was unknown here as a scrapper. Directly the gong sounded he walked round Garland like a cooper walks round a barrel, and after outstabbing the Irishman with a lightning left hand, he brought his right into action, and Garland was "out" to the world. It took this boy exactly 55 seconds to inflict this further injustice upon Ould Ireland, and it may be that this Italian sheepminder will prove capable of beating any featherweight in the world.

Reggie Meen K.O.'ed Peter Van Goole of Belgium in the second round at Sheffield.

What are the chances against getting this welterweight business settled? It would appear that eliminating bout "stuff" will never get us anywhere. Jack Hood the reigning champion, has designs in the higher class, and bearing in mind that Harry Mason has a decision over the Brum, I feel fairly confident that if a ballot were to be taken to decide the best welter apart from Hood, Mason would top the poll, and all the fellows who are clamoring for a shot at the title are fully aware of the public's estimate of Mason.

Dick Power the Welsh heavyweight champion K.O.'ed Big Jim Campbell in the second round at Caerphilly.

Jack O'Brien, the Irish middles champion, outpointed Sonny Doke of London in a 15-round bout at the Winter Gardens.

Donald McCorkindale, South African heavyweight champion, is expected to arrive here within a few days' time. His object is to meet Larry Gains for the British Empire title which Larry secured when he toppled Phil Scott over at Leicester.

Another South African who threatens to visit us is George Purchase, who is after Al Foreman's scalp.

Dick Burke, the Liverpool flyweight terror, stopped Percy Dexter in the seventh round. Burke's progress has been rapid and he must now be causing Jackie Brown, the British and European title holder, some concern.

Willie Farrell, the ex-actor boxer, who is the matchmaker for the Argentine Boxing Enterprises, is now on a visit to England, his object being to sign up likely material for South America. Harry Mason will probably be one of those to go.

Alf Mancini and Jack Hyams opposed each other in a 15-rounder at the Blackfriars "ring." The opening round was by no means a "beg pardon" affair, and the succeeding round, which proved to be the last, was also of the hectic order, and at the conclusion of this, Mancina was compelled to retire owing to an injured arm.

The big guns were in evidence at the initial tournament of Jimmy Lambert's at Oxford. Jack Pettifer, the English Carnera, received referee Jack Bloomfield's decision over Arthur Meurant, (Belgium), and Don Shortland was awarded referee Jimmy Wilde's verdict over Ore Bergwall (Sweden).

Ginger Jones, Welsh feathers champion, stopped Paddy McGrath in the ninth round. During the second round the Welshman had a narrow escape as he went to the boards for a count of nine, his head coming in severe contact with the timber. However he recovered in quick time and thereafter it was Jones all the way. This was a Johnny best topliner at the Lyric Theatre, Liverpool.

It is about time that Johnny Cuthbert informed us of his intentions regarding the feather-"wait" title which he holds. Some months ago when he fought Nel Tarleton at Liverpool for the title and new Lonsdale belt, he got a draw decision when the majority of those present thought that Tarleton had whipped him. Since then he has ignored Nel who is clamoring for a return bout.

London—The Ring—Harry Vaughan beat Curley Merritt in the 13th round owing to the latter being disqualified for a low punch. Harry Jennings stopped Fred Green in round six. Bud Walley got a disputed points decision over Jackie Quinn, the Irish flyweight champion. Donald Jones outpointed Jack Alder in twelve rounds. Jimmy Lindsay and Joe Blake boxed a dozen-round draw. Dave Crowley beat Len Beynon on points in 15 rounds, Harry Connolly defeated Jackie Quinn on points over 15 rounds. Jack Alder and Jack Delaney boxed a twelve-round draw. Stoker Reynolds outpointed Red Pullen over twelve rounds. Dave Crowley stopped Bud Walley in six rounds.

At Edmonton—Johnny Clift outpointed Slosh Saunders in 15 rounds. Teddy Walsh stopped Bert Swaddle in the ninth. Tom Benjamin beat Jack Alders on points. Bob Fitzgerald outpointed Herbie Hill in eight rounds. Johnny Clift defeated Jimmy Thornton on points, this was a very fine scrap.

At Croydon—Archie Sexton stopped Stan Waller in four. Harry Vaughan stopped Fred Rumsey in eight. Bobby Turnbull outpointed Tommy Lye in a twelve-rounder. Billy Jones was disqualified in round seven in his bout with Young Siki. Jack Garland narrowly outpointed Joe Pelemans (Belgium).

The Stadium Club—George Brown stopped Edmond Vaucaille (Belgium) in round ten. Francois Machtens (Belgium) got a points decision over Bert Taylor in 15 rounds. Dave Crowley outpointed Jack Ellis. Harry Vaughan outpointed Curley Merritt. Jim Wheeler defeated Sid Raiteri on points.

At Kilburn—Johnny Croxon outpointed Johnny White in ten. Charlie Chew and Phil Fellows boxed ten rounds to a draw. Billy Overton retired in the third of his bout with Ted Kendall.

At Ilford—George Ross outpointed Seaman Wakeling in 15. George Aziz (Egypt) beat Jack Connell on points. Jim Learoyd stopped Fred Chandler in the twelfth. Alby Kestrell boxed a draw with Moe Moss. Fred Webster outpointed Phil Richards in a 15-rounder.

At Liverpool—Cyclone Ovey outpointed Jack Humphreys. Ginger Foran beat Teddy Snowball. Tommy Rose defeated George Marsden. Ernie Sherratt and Nipper McFarlane boxed a very fine draw.

At Sheffield—Kid Socks outpointed Tom Cowley in a dozen-rounder. Billy Gannon beat Tommy Dexter on points. Pat O'Connor outpointed Arthur Rees in twelve. Frank Webb K.O.'ed Nipper Thompson in the second. George Aziz outpointed Billy Yates. Percy Dexter stopped Frankie Nour (Roumania) in the sixth. Tommy Rose K.O.'ed Billy Rewston in the seventh. George Lawson K.O.'ed Butcher Ryder. Billy Hazel stopped Kurt Aust (Germany) in 11 rounds. Herbert Jacques outpointed Fred Green. Phineas John outpointed Tom Cowley over twelve rounds. Jack Inwood K.O.'ed Eric Robinson in ten.

At Leeds—Spike Bradley outpointed Sandy McEwan. Benny Thackery stopped Billy Shaw in seven. George Lawson outpointed Dave Sykes in twelve. Benny Thackery stopped Sandy McEwan in eleven.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne—Benny Sharkey beat George Wallins on points. Pat Gorman outpointed Billy Farrell. Spud Murphy beat Tom Cowley on points. Candy Evans K.O.'ed Big Jim Campbell in half a minute—the combined weights of this pair reaches 457 lbs. The veteran Jim Falcus stopped Bob Reeves in the fifth round.

At Birmingham—Jimmy Ross beat Bert Taylor on a foul. Jack Davis stopped Alf Paolozzi in round seven.

At Plymouth—Marine Fraser stopped Billy Moore in round five. Tommy O'Neill stopped Cock Barry in nine rounds. In a return O'Neill comfortably outpointed Barry in 15 rounds.

SCOTTISH BOXING RESULTS

At Dumbarton—Bobby Lees, contender for the Scotch feathers title, succeeded in narrowly outpointing Jim Boyle over ten rounds. Boyle is anxious for a return and has good backing to say that he can reverse the decision at a second attempt. Phil Malloy and Johnny Brown boxed a draw, this was one big slog from start to finish.

At Glasglow—Benny Lynch stopped Young McColl in the third, and Seaman Black compelled A. Leckie to surrender in round 5.

IRISH BOXING RESULTS

Al Belfast—Jack Flynn outpointed Jack Fisher in a ten-rounder. Joe Barnes K. O'ed Jack Thompson in the first round and Spike Robinson K.O.'ed Young Matchett in the second. Fred Warnock, who is coming along very speedily, outpointed Tancy Lee (not the famous Scot). Jimmy Warnock stopped Billy Beattie in round six. Jack Flyn K. O.'ed Hughie McGaughey in the first round. McGaughey offered to fight Flynn again later on in the evening, and as Flynn was agreeable the pair "climbed in" again and the latter confirmed his superiority by hammering all the fight out of his adversary in two rounds. Jimmy Warnock outpointed Matt Dale.

WELSH BOXING RESULTS

At Pontypool—Ronnie Stephens outpointed John McCoy in 15 rounds, the flyweight championship of Monmouthshire was at stake in this bout. Bryn Weed beat Pete Stephens in ten rounds, and Sid Whiting stopped Cowboy Morgan in the seventh round.

At Merthyr—Ashton Jones and Al Clark boxed a very fine 15-round draw. Dai Benyon outpointed Billy Viner over the ten-round journey and Pancho Ford did likewise to Reg Edwards in ten rounds.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE French Boxing Federation has removed the rule which permitted one man to judge and referee bouts. Prior to the French Federation taking such action, the International Boxing Union decided that the "one man stuff" in boxing, had to go in order to save the game. Personally I have always been against the "one man stuff."

Gustave Roth, the welterweight champion of Belgium, defeated Vittorio Vênturi, champion of Italy in a bout for the European title which was held in Brussels. It was a point decision.

At the same entertainment Camille Desmet of Belgium defeated Huizenaar, the champion welterweight of Holland, in ten rounds on points. Luc Biguet of Belgium defeated Dimeo of Italy on points in six rounds, and Noben of Liege, defeated Sas of Anvers in an eight-round bout.

The Vince Dundee-Marcel Thil contest attracted a big crowd of outside boxing enthusiasts to Paris. Many came from England, Scotland, Belgium and Germany. Outside of the main bout there were four other matches which were good enough for headliners of any boxing entertainment. The victory of Thil came as a shock to the American admirers of Dundee who figured he would be the successor to Mickey Walker.

Johnny Gaudes, Wisconsin flyweight champion

Dundee was outpointed by a clear margin. In fact the Frenchman handed him a lesson in boxing and fighting and now tops the list of middleweights. Regardless of the outcome of the Dundee-Harvey return bout, the two defeats that Harvey already has suffered at the hands of Dundee, makes Thil the outstanding middleweight. Thil contemplates visiting the States where he hopes the Garden will put him on against the leaders of the division to prove his right as successor to Walker.

Yount Perez, the new French flyweight champion, made a magnificent showing when winning the title from Anglemann at the Salle Wagram, of Paris. His ring generalship was the best I have witnessed in a Paris ring for many a day. His defence is good and he never forgets that he has a pair of good hands.

Perez makes better use of the ring than the former champion, "Spider," Pladner did. He does not appear to have as much of a kick behind his blows as Pladner, or Genaro has shown to have, but he can take them to the button and any other point without flinching.

Jack Root, who is over in Europe on one of his annual vacations, will endeavor to sign up the champion welterweight of Czechoslovakia, Franta Nekolny, to box under his auspices in the United States. Nikolny is one of the fastest welterweights ever seen in a ring. He will surely make good in America.

Anacteto Locatelli, the Italian lightweight, is another fine fighter who has made good in France. He has had several offers to go to the United States, but he will probably remain in Europe and box for Jeff Dickson's promotions in France, England and Spain, during the coming fall, winter and spring seasons.

The rebuilt Velodrome d'Hiver, which will be renamed the Paris Palais des Sports is fast nearing completion. The contractors are ten days ahead of their schedule, and everything should be finished many days prior to the scheduled opening which is set for October 3.

With a seating capacity of 18000, it will be possible for promoter Jeff Dickson to make offers for the biggest of boxing cards. There is seldom a mail steamship coming to France, which does not bring managers' letters to Dickson requesting engagements for battlers.

Johnny Buckley, manager of Jack Sharkey, cabled to Dickson if suitable terms were offered he would match Ernie Schaaf, against the Canadian colored heavy-weight Gains, and as an added attraction he would bring Sharkey over to second Schaaf.

Dickson cabled back, "Schaaf, unknown in Europe. Sharkey no attraction as a second. Might be able to use Sharkey against Gains."

Dickson has made a big cut in his admission prices, in all three countries in which he operates.

Girones, the champion of Spain defeated the Italian champion Tamagnini, in the eleventh of a scheduled fifteen round bout for the European feather weight championship. The fight took place in the bull ring at Barcelona.

Reggy Meen, of England, stopped Peter van Goole of Belgium in the second round of a scheduled ten.

Otto Von Porat defeated Peterson of Sweden in fifteen rounds on points in a bout which was held in Copenhagen.

Poldi Steinbach, the Austrian middle-weight, received a decisive points victory over Mario Bosisio of Italy, in a fifteen round contest which carried along with it the European championship.

Guy Bonaugure of France and Luigi Quadrini of Italy fought ten rounds to what was called a draw, at Marseille, France.

Kid Nitram of France defeated Bassin in the middle-weight by a knockout in the sixth round, in a bout which was held in Prague. Nitram will probably be signed up to meet the European champion Poldi Steinbach, early in the fall.

There appears to be no let up in boxing during the summer months throughout France. Prague and Budapest also attract big attendances, when good bouts are offered.

Pierre Charles, of Belgium, defeated Maurice Griselle of France in a fifteen round bout held at Brussels for the European title. The fight which was a good one was decided on a point decision.

Nick Bensa, the French feather-weight champion, defeated Sandjack, in a ten round bout which was held at Nice. At the same entertainment Mazuchetti of Italy defeated Gianelli in the ninth of a scheduled ten rounder, and Leoncini of Italy beat Solis of France, in six rounds, when the latter abandoned.

In the boxing entertainment held in Hamburg, Germany, with French, Italian and German boxers taking part there was an attendance of over 30,000. Boxing is going strong in Germany. The victory of Max Schmeling over Stribling, will add impetus to the game in the Fatherland.

Jackie Brown of England, defeated the Italian fly-weight in a twelve round contest. It was a fine contest. The Italian made a splendid showing against the British champion.

Max Schmeling received a big reception on his arrival home carrying a real world's championship. So different than when he returned home after his being awarded the bout against Sharkey on a foul and being crowned the world's champion.

The contest between Vince Dundee and Marcel Thil was the first open air night boxing show ever held in Paris. The Stade is one of the finest places possible to hold a boxing entertainment as far as out doors is concerned.

Next summer Dickson will probably run boxing at least twice each month during the summer months but same will be held in the Palais des Sports, where the promoter does not have to take any risk with weather conditions.

Professional wrestling is to have a trial in Paris next winter. It might be revived in France as it has been in the United States. It will get a fair trial.

Joe Beckett, according to an English paper is anxious to try a comeback. It has been suggested that he and Phil Scott, have a preliminary bout at one of the big shows.

The little fellows are coming to the front fast in France, Belgium and Italy. The present crop is the best of any year since the war.

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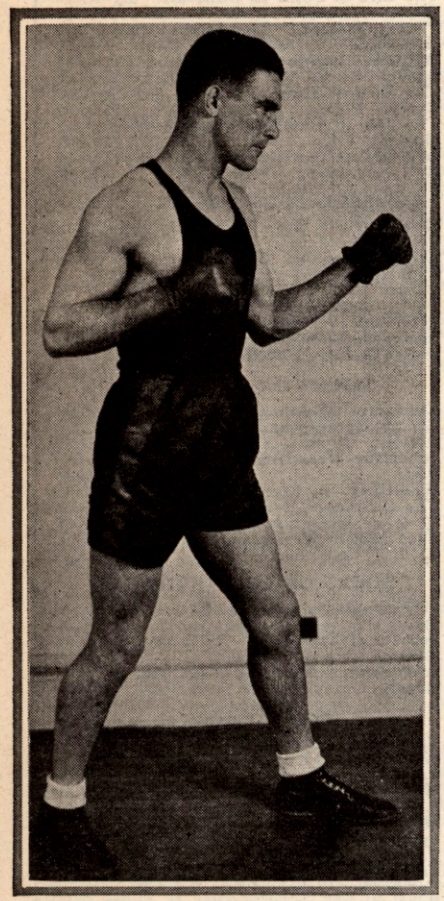
Greater Boston and New England

By DOC ALMY

NOT so many weeks ago Ernie Schaaf, the blond ex-sailor heavyweight, disposed of Jimmy Maloney in 70 seconds in the Boston Garden ring, all very much to the astonishment of the Maloney clan, the majority of the spectators and the "Sea Tiger," as Schaaf is known, himself. It seemed at the time that it must have been one of those "flukes," so the powers of sport set themselves at work to rematch them. It looked good for a repetition and the fistic fans, who really didn't see much on the first occasion, were hot to see it again. So, the men were again matched—there was a lot of intensive training—and, the night of July 10 found them back in the Boston Garden ring, more than 15,000 fans nearly filling the place. The gate was $27,959—wonderfully good for Boston and the times.



Midshipman Crinkley, of N. S. Naval Academy, intercollegiate heavyweight champion

The weights were announced as Maloney 195, and Schaaf 196—both were in the best of condition and willing to fight. In the third round Schaaf hooked left to jaw, then crossed his right, and Jamsey began to wobble. He rallied, however, and got over a good right to the jaw himself. It was returned with interest and down went Maloney, his head bouncing against one of the lower ropes. He took a count of nine, got up and then Schaaf charged into him again, meeting Maloney with another right that put Jamsey down for six. He came up groggy and wild-eyed, and again was put over for six. Once more Jim got back onto his feet, and then was crashed for the down and out. He was all done. Referee Johnny Brassil did not even bother to count over him. The seconds carried Maloney back to his corner and there restored him. Schaaf's hold on the N. E. heavyweight title, won in his first battle with Maloney, seems likely to continue for years.

The probabilities favor that Maloney is all done with the active ring. He announced before the contest that if defeated he would retire, and, as he is a family man and well fixed financially, it is likely that he will keep his word. Certainly no provocation exists for another bout between him and Schaaf.

Schaaf never looked better ringwise in his whole career than he did in this fight. Instead of the uncertain, sleepy, retreating boy—taking many blows without making an effort to return them—that he has shown himself for years, Sharkey, part manager, has re-vamped him into a vicious, aggressive fighting man of the first class. He has changed Schaaf over entirely. Priorly, Schaaf was just another fighter, also, not much of a drawing card in his home city, but, as he is now traveling to-day, his chances of winning the world's heavyweight title within the next two years are remarkably bright.

On the same night and in the same ring another Bostonian came to life—boosted himself into the drawing-card class—Tony Shucco, N. E. light-heavy champion—an Italian boy residing in the North End. Shucco came out of his shell when he met and dropped Al Morro with a right to the jaw for a count of four. The bout went the eight rounds with Shucco a big winner and a real card in Boston.

The fire, steam and stamina packed away in the sturdy frame of Sammy Fuller, the North End lightweight, who a while back scored a victory here over Tony Canzoneri, the world's lightweight champion, carried him through to a 10-round victory over Steve Halaiko, of Buffalo, before the customers of the Argonne A. A.

In one of the bouts under the feature, Norman Conrad, of Wilton, N. H., welter title holder in his own state, made his Boston debut, and registered a success against Joe Trippe, of Buffalo, in six rounds.

Jack Thompson, the dusky leader of the welters, aroused the wrath of the Worcester admirers of Lou Brouillard, of that city, N. E. welter champion, in his failure to appear here early in the month for his scheduled bout with the up-Stater at the Boston Garden. When all was set, word came from Thompson that he was ill in Chicago with ptomaine poisoning. The bout was postponed for four weeks.

At the Argonne A. A. after Primo Carnera failed to show up to strut his stuff, the show went on without him. Jack Renault clashed with Darcy White, of New Bedford, in a 10-round feature. White, though black, is a rather classy performer, and his bout with Renault was a good one. It went the route, Renault collecting the decision. The fans liked the match and the boys are to be re-staged here at an early date.

On the same card, Haywood Storey of Chicago, a dusky ring comedian but dangerous, nevertheless, lost to Eddie Fister of New Rochelle, N. Y., while Paddy Creedon of New York, a nephew of Dan Creedon, the old-time New Zealand fighter, defeated Spec Friend, of Oklahoma. In another contest, Jose Diaz of New York, a very willing performer, won the award over Tommy Rawson, Jr., son of the old-time feather star of that name. Joe Wolcott and Sam Langford, who are doing their three-rounds exhibition stunt about the New England circuit, rounded out the programme. Both got a big hand.

After four false starts—rain interfering on each occasion—Promoter Mack, of the Argonne, finally got away with his much-postponed bout between George Nichols, of Buffalo, and Leo Larrivee, of Waterbury, Conn. As was expected, it was a sizzler—a fighting fight between two chaps who were not afraid to sling punches. Every round from the first to the finale, was a fine stanza. Larrivee lost but made many friends.

Willie Bush, of Waterbury, and Hale Brown, of Louisiana, Negro heavies, supplied the eight-round semi-final. It was a plain fight—both slamming—with the victory a toss-up all the way. Brown received the award.

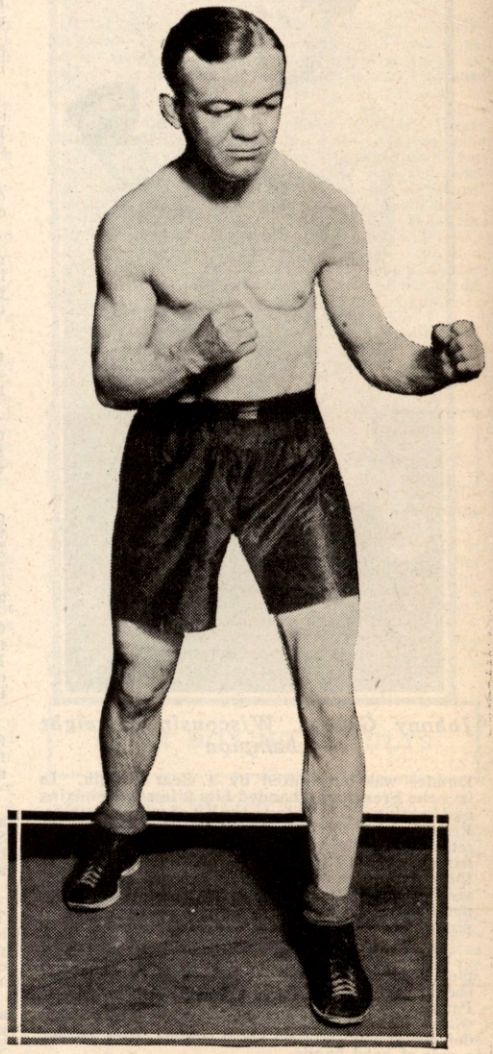
Strenuous sport attracted more than 22,000 fans, men, women and children to Braves Field, July 14—the annual Crosscup-Pishon Post, Al., carnival—with Henri DeGlane, holder of the world's mat title, defending the same against Ed Don George, of Java, N. Y. as the big feature. The turn-out was the largest ever at any event of the kind held in Boston or New England. The gross gate was in the vicinity of $50,000. After losing the first fall via the flying tackle in 4:35, DeGlane took the next two in 23:20 and 9:20, winning the match and settling all dispute as to his ownership of the title so far as Massachusetts is concerned.

After being knocked cold a few weeks ago by Joe Zelinsky, of Winthrop, Mass., the former Binghamton, N. Y., scrapper, Harry Allen, of Brockton, former N. E. light-heavy champion, did a comeback by defeating Zelinsky—his second win over the latter—in a hot 10-rounder fought at Avon, Mass. The fray attracted about 4,000 spectators.

The question of who is the New England feather champion, may be brought to a head within a few weeks. There are several claimants of the title, among the number being Andy Martin, of Boston, who cannot seem to land a bout in Boston; Johnny Harko, of Manchester, N. H., Vernon Cormier, of Worecester, and Johnny Delano, of East Boston. As Cormier has shown no interest in meeting either Harko or Delano, the latter pair clashed recently at Keene, N. H., Delano winning. Priorly, Harko had piled up 13 successive victories. However, this bout was not at weight. Negotiations are now on, the same with boxing commission sanction, to stage Harko and Delano at 126 pounds. It is to be hoped that it goes over.

After an absence from the ring due to an injury, Buster Price, of Lynn, came back on July 15, at Salem, Mass., and stopped Leo Curley, of Pawtucket in six rounds, the first visitation of the latter to the canvas. The win, along with Buster's previous fine showing, has caused Johnny O'Brien, his manager, to knock at the doors of the two big Boston clubs for recognition.

Sammy Fuller, of this city, recent winner over Halaiko, was handed a tough decision at New Bedford, on July 13, when he was declared the loser to Pancho Villa, a lightweight of that city. The contest went 10 rounds with Fuller out in the front two-thirds of the way. He and his backers nearly collapsed when Villa was declared the victor.



Happy Atherton, rugged Indianapolis flyweight

Joe Delmont, of Roxbury, National 147-pound amateur champion, recently bumped into a surprise in a "pure" tourney staged in Somerville, a Boston suburb. In the first round of the class final, a right swing to the head delivered by Peter Burke, a Somerville youngster, knocked the champion cold. For about two years Delmont, a rough, tough, bore-in chap, had been going full speed ahead, hitting on all cylinders.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

BOXING is gradually coming into its own. Up to the present no money has been made by any of the promoters but fighting cards have been staged which should soon prove magnet enough to bring back the customers.

Probably the best card of the month was staged at Webster by Henry Plasse, a former boxer of prominence, who fought under the monicker of "Buck Krause." In the feature, Art Bergeron, Worcester's outstanding featherweight prospect won his sixth straight professional fight when he stopped Billy Herman of Springfield in the third. On the undercard, Frankie Costello of Clinton lost a close decision to Young Cournoyer of Webster. They are flyweights. Tony Benito, promising Worcester welterweight edged out Russell Martin of Webster in a six-spot. Vic Bernard, hard hitting Millbury Middleweight, stopped Young Jeffries of Springfield in the fourth of a six. Kid Forcier, Webster flyweight, stopped Al Williams of Springfield in the third of a six.

At Worcester, Ring Larsen of Quincy, former national amateur middleweight champion, rallied in the ninth and tenth rounds of a main bout to win a close verdict over Billy Gonyea of Cherry Valley. Three eight-rounders supported the main fracas with Ray Pelkey, local heavyweight, outpunching Douglass McKinnon of Quincy. Vic Lottie, Marlboro lightweight stopping Harry Alexanian of Worcester in the sixth and Johnny Yagjian, flashy featherweight, winning the "rubber" from Hughie King of Providence.

Jack Dudley, former New England heavyweight champ, had two knockouts pinned against him during the month, first by "Dynamite" Dan Martin and later by Big Boy Burlap. Ray Pelkey was stopped in the sixth by Tiger Tom Dixon of Dover, N. H. Eddie Williams, local welterweight outpointed Val Nadeau of Somersworth, N. H. in a ten-rounder. Pete Savageau stopped Ray Gilman of Woonsocket in the first round for the second time. Vic Bernard stopped Tony Thompson in the third.

Harry Devine won on a "technical" in the sixth of a ten when Al Linzi of Italy suffered a broken hand. Later Devine handed Vic Darr of Norwich his first knockout in the fifth round at Westerly. Olli Koski lost a decision to Joe Russo of Westerly in the semi-final. Pete Savageau stopped Ray Innis of Lynn in the second of a six. Harvey Peete bested Baby Tiger of Boston in a six.

Val Nadeau, great club fighting lightweight from Somersworth, N. H. lost an eight-round decision to Tony Acquaro. Harry Alexanian outpointed Mickey Ashline, of Plattsburg, N. Y. in a ten at Littleton, N. H. Vernon Cormier, recognized by many as the New England featherweight champion, outpointed Pete De Grasse in ten at Holyoke.

At Hartford three Worcester boys met with fair success when Harvey Peete outpointed Eddie Reed, Tony Benito bested Joe Arnold and Tony Thompson lost to Johnny DeStephano.

Lest we forget the wrestling results. They follow:

Jim Browning won two out of three against Allan Eustace. On the undercard Louis Loew drew with Bonnie Muir in thirty minutes. Karl Nowena Zybsko threw Joe Shimkus with a front crotch and head chancery and body slam and Farmer McLeod and Count Zarynoff went to a 30-minute draw.

Henri DeGlane, the champion, was the victor over Jim Browning after 34 minutes and 17 seconds of heated tussling. On the undercard Count Zarynoff drew with Charlie Strack in 30 minutes; Pat McGill also drew in his match with Joe Malcewicz in 30 minutes; Archie Golembeskie, Providence College football coach threw Boris Demitroff in 18 minutes and 32 seconds and Joe Shimkus drew with Karl Nowena Zybsko in 20 minutes.

The writer may be reached at 68 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass.

HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGIE "KID" ROSS

ROLAND LECUYER, pride of Holyoke, lost a decision to Johnny Pena of New York, in vicious battle of ten rounds.

Frankie Carlton, of Jersey City, took a well earned decision from Jerry Emard of Holyoke, in an eight-rounder.

Patsy Pasculli, of New York, stopped Red Dupe, Worcester, Mass., in the second round of an eight-rounder. Harry Alexanian, of Worcester, won a six-round bout from Manny Souza of Fall River and Billy O'Brien, of Springfield won a four-round decision from Armond St. John, of Holyoke.

Eugene Huat, former flyweight champion of Europe gave Willie Cubic, of New Jersey a severe beating in the ten-round bout at Heywood Arena. Art Chapdelaine, of Springfield, won his decision over Sammy Gelber, of New York, in another ten-rounder.

Ernie Schaaf, Boston heavyweight, made short work of Leo K. O. Williams, of New York, in the main bout of the American Legion show, winning by a knockout in the second round.

Joe Cabana, another Boston Heavyweight, stopped Johnny Dwyer, of Athol, in the sixth round.

Roland Lecuyer, of Holyoke, beat Johnny Dube, of Boston, in another eight-rounder.

Jackie Dupont, of Holyoke, stopped Jimmy Knight, of Philly, in one minute of the third round. He opened a gash over Knight's eye.

Kewpie Ledeau, of Holyoke, stopped Al Williams, in the fourth round.

Holyoke Ruby "Dark Cloud" Bradley was badly beaten in his Championship bout at Coney Island Stadium with Midget Wolgast. Ruby showed signs of the battle on his return home. His lips and eyes were badly swollen.

North Adams, Meadowbrook A. C. is running bouts every week to fair houses, the results of these last four shows follow: Unknown Winston, Tampa, Fla., won a technical knockout over George Larrocco, of New York, in the eighth round of the ten-round main bout.

Harry Lagess, of Adams, starting a comeback campaign won a technical knockout over Jimmie Diamond in the fourth. Young Bard, of Adams, scored a knockout victory over Billy Hermen, of Springfield, in the fourth. Roy Powers, of Holyoke, won from Young Jeffries, of Springfield, Louis Boschetti, of No. Adams, stopped Young Hughes, of Great Barrington, in the first.

Tommy Crowley, of Pittsburgh, stopped Johnny Gaito, of Yonkers, in the tenth. In the semi-final, Billy Champney, of No. Adams, knocked out Sol Carter, of Middletown, Conn., in the fourth. Johnny Dwyer, Athol heavyweight won over Vic Carton, of Bristol, Conn., in eight. Rene Pelcquin, of Springfield, won over young Bard, of Adams, in a six, and Pete Mancuso, of No. Adams, beat Billy Banis, of Adams, in the opener.

Art Chapdelaine, of Springfield, won a decision over Sammy Farber, of New York, in ten rounds. Young Granado, of Waterbury, Conn., won over Frankie Martin, of Pittsfield, in eight. Young Sample, of Adams, knocked out Joe Preston, of Worcester, in the second, and Lou Boschetti, of No. Adams, stopped Kid Knockem, of Gardner, in the curtain raiser.

Jackie Pilkington, of N. Y., knocked out Pete Petrolle, of Syracuse, N. Y., in the sixth. Jerry Emard, of Holyoke, won over Billy Champney, of No. Adams. Vic Carlson, of Bristol, Conn., beat Olaf Herset, of No. Adams, and Eddie Decker stopped Young Sample, of Adams, in the fifth round.

Roland Lecuyer boxed Frankie Britt, of Philly, in Madison Square Garden and made a hit with the fans by his two-fisted toe to toe fighting.

Jack Herman, a verteran of many fights, was in town looking over the boxing situation here. Jack is running a Tourist Inn in New York State.

MAINE BOXING
By FRANKIE BEARD

LOUIE NEMIS, Bangor's toy bulldog, invaded St. Stephen, Canada, to kayo Al Marvin in two rounds of one of the best fights ever seen in that city. Cyclone Violette, Old Town, drew with Young Renault, Lewiston, in the semi-final. Tommy Burns, Bangor, beat Pat Cornner, Old Town, and Young Peters, East Port, drew with Leo Louis, the Indian champion.

Pat Grant, Eastern Maine's middleweight king, was the victim of an upset when Jerry Dupree, rugged veteran, knocked out Grant in two rounds at Bangor.

Young Jack O'Brien, the fighting guide, went to a draw with Young Harry Wills, globe trotting Negro, at Greenville, on July 4th.

Henry Dungan, Garden Grove, California, heavyweight, is expected here soon where bouts have been arranged for him against some of the best men in the state.

Hy Diamond, Boston junior-welter, came to Bangor and knocked out Louis Nemis, local pride, in the fourth round of a sensational scrap which was well attended. Young Stan Ketchell, Bangor welter, put Johnny Suttree, of Boston, to sleep in round three and Sulo Kid, of Newport, bested Tony Brennon, Bangor.

Al Weatherbee, Lincoln, put on a banner show when he secured Johnny Bouchard, Old Town, 175-pounder, to battle Red Williams, of Bangor.

Rosie Batout, Van Buren heavyweight, who has shown his wares in New York, returned to his home town to completely outclass Big Boy Burlap, of Providence, R. I.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

SOUTHERN Ohio came back with a bang the past month in the boxing game. Cincinnati, Springfield, Zanesville, Milford and Piqua bore the brunt of the comeback and things are beginning to brighten up a wee bit.

The Cincinnati lodge of the F. O. Eagles, Aerie 142, with Gus Schwartz as chief matchmaker, staged two shows, with Billy Shaw colliding with Max Koshover and Billy Rose meeting Buzz Edmonds.

Koshover trimmed the Detroit boy in one of the greatest battles yet seen at Redland Field. The Jewish lightweight took five of the eight rounds. With this win under his belt, the time is not far distant when Koshover should enter Eddie Borden's monthly ratings in THE RING.

In the other show held by the Eagles, Billy Rose and Buzz Edmonds, Muskegon Flash, fought a torrid eight-round draw. The fight was fast from start to finish, with each boy scoring a knockdown in the final session. They do not come any tougher than the Michigan boy. Rose scored a shade win over Edmonds, earlier this spring.

Some of the results of the prelims to these bouts were: Johnny Brown shaded Joe Dragan in 6; Charley White copped the duke over Kid Wright in 6; Chief Adams lost to Morris Gruber in a 4; Danny O'Keefe punched Abe Menachoff silly in 3; Cricket Helson and Bobby Ammon drew in 4; Art Whorley shaded Stumpy Boyer in 4; Mickey Glass beat Kid Chocolate in 4; Sid Bailey copped from Kid Sparks in 3; Woody Smith defeated Billy Farmer in 3; Art Whorley drew Clem Meiners in 4; Red Sparks and Chick Settles draw in 3; Mickie Glass beat Frankie Edwards and Kid Katzie was held even by Cowboy Guery.

The Chicago Cuban, Jackie Raymond who is fighting under Cinci management, is improving with every start. Jackie recently handed the veteran Jack Blackburn of Detroit a nifty lacing on the same card that Frankie Meiner drew with Lee Cox in their rematch.

Eddie Liebisch, Joe Altman's rangy middleweight, added two more to his belt, winning from both Larry Payton and the iron man Billy Speeks. Young Tiger Flowers, Memphis Negro, defeated Pete Leno, of Italy, in another feature bout of mention.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . here we are back again . . . wiser but weaker. . . . Clarence Ecklund, western grappler disputes my recent sentence in THE RING that Hugh Nichols is sole claimant to the world's light-heavyweight westling crown. . . . Ecklund enclosed clipping where he threw Stanley Bursch of Oregon in straight falls at Billings, Mont., on a recent date. . . . I received this dope from reliable sources, but am glad to hear from you . . . now that is done how about an Ecklund-Nichols match here in Cinci . . . might bring the game back out of the mire. . . . Johnny Stote writes that he took a trip north of his native heath and is in excellent shape . . . wants Reynolds in a title wrestling bout. . . . Stumpy Boyer, Florida feather, made his debut in an Ohio ring recently under the direction of Williams & Amann. . . .

Coleman Johns is coming along great . . . will be ready for the best by fall . . . his stable mate, Johnny Kinnard, made a remarkable comeback. . . . Dick Barnett has these two. . . . Cliff Millward of the Post is claiming something that isn't in the books in his new racing car . . . Scrambola ala Mac of Tillie fame. . . . Cliff says so, anyway, while Sol Strauss, his erstwhile buddy of the Enquirer, is busy as a bee filling in on boxing, succeeding the late Joe Nolan.

Box Saxton is the new sports editor of the Enquirer. . . . Redland back in the running with regular monthly shows . . . auspices of the Eagles . . . Gus Schwartz, matchmaker . . . Al Willig and Jimmie Amann doing publicity-alternating for Danny Davis . . . Danny is busy these days . . . has two hot shots in Georgie Annarino, bantam, and Lonnie Bowden in the middleweight class . . . remember way back when . . . Jimmy Gordon was a promising bantamweight . . . Billy Ryan fought Frankie Welsh at the old Peoples, with Joe Anderson meeting Billy later on . . . it was a natural . . . none since then . . . unless we could see a Miller-Koshover at 130 . . . which is way out of question . . . when Young Camille and Earl Butler were in the pros and Lou Bauman and Willie Pucell were the pride of the simon pures . . . now all four are our leading third men . . . a real training site for summer on the Licking river . . . but rarely used . . . Joe Olding pilots this camp . . . was once the spot for Tacoma Kid, when this boy was coming along . . . may open next season . . . the writer came close on the RING award . . . had Tony Canzoneri, Tommy Loughran and Young Stribling in order named . . . Harry Hartman has deserted that well-famed Sonada for the milder Ibold . . . oh, yes, Harry still sports those duck weeds . . . and closing just like Harry does on his hookup . . . good night folks . . . see you next month.

Information in the boxing game in these parts can be had by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Fighters, with good records, who would like to get work in this territory would do well by getting in touch with the writer.

Johnny Stote, Schenectady, N. Y., welterweight wrestler who worked here for two months under the management of the writer, is back in excellent shape and is planning another invasion of the Middle West. Stote, while here, wrestled Hy Sharmen, Scotty Williams, Pete Becker, Merle Dolby, Mike Chacoma and 10 others with great success. A match with Jack Reynolds for the title would help the mat game back on its feet, as Stote has as many admirers as the champion around here. All we ask is Millard Rauh, Heywood Allen, Johnny Herley, Al Haft or Jack Curley get in touch with us and the match is on. There are a plenty who think the Schenectady Speed Boy can turn the trick. Let's hear from all of you wrestling promoters if you want a natural.

A great little prospect is Danny O'Keefe, 16-year-old lightweight of the Danny Davis stable. O'Keefe in his last two times out, trimmed Abe Menachoff, and one week later turned back the veteran Earl Baker with ease. Watch this kid, he's going somewhere.

Another good one to lay on the line is Cliff Cassidy, in the 147 lb. class. Cassidy is a Middletown, O., boy and is going great guns.

Georgie Annarino, Newark, O., Italian bantam, clinched the honors in this territory for his weight on June 29th, when he gave Cowboy Martin of Columbus a severe drubbing in the feature ten-rounder at Zanesville, O. In the semi-windup of six rounds, Ray Reisinger, Cinci's second edition of Harry Greb, surprised by trimming the veteran and hard punching Lou Weidig. Reisinger looked like a champ in winning and this bout will probably be the feature in the next outdoor show in the steel city.

East Liverpool, O.—Lonnie Bowden, Huntington, W. Va., 158 lbs., won the judges' and referees' decision over Jimmy Guthrie, Akron, 168 lbs., in ten rounds.

The results of the prelims on the Rose-Edmonds card were: Bob McCormack, Cincinnati heavyweight defeated Frankie Elmore, in four rounds; Tim Charles, Louisville, Ky., 195 lbs. stopped the veteran Jack Moran of California in the fourth round. Willie Purcell was the referee.

The opening of the new American Legion Universal Stadium in Portsmouth, O., was held on July 4th with a boxing show receiving the house warming party. In the main go of ten rounds, Buddy Bezenah, Cincinnati, and Jack Dillon, Dayton, drew. Both weighed in under 147 pounds. Vince Coogan won the eight-round decision over Johnny Kinnard in the semi-final. George Barber chilled Soldier Hampton in one round. A record crowd was in attendance.

Lee Gunther staged another one of his great all star cards at his arena in Piqua, O. Joe Walters, Southern Ohio middleweight champion, floored Young Eiler of Louisville, Ky., for five counts before stowing him away in the sixth round. Eddie Allen triumphed over Hal White in six rounds and Pete Harrington lost on a technical knockout to Kid Clemons in the fourth session.

Joe Walters is there. Don't let any one in any way fool you on this. The Springfield Negro has defeated such good ones as Pal Silvers, Jackie Raymond, Young Eiler, Frankie Palmo, Pete LaCrosse, and recently climaxed his winning streak with a sensational victory over K. O. Kelly of Akron in the main go of Buck Beatty's show in Franklin, Pa. Walters won after one of the hardest fights ever witnessed in the Franklin armory. Joe hit Kayo with everything but Manager Jacob's managerial abilities, and Kelly returned the compliment in the same way. The judges ruled in favor of Walters.

Some "naturals" for Southern Ohio we would like to see: Joe Walters vs. Gorilla Jones; Maxie Koshover with Henry Perlick; Billy Rose or Buzz Edmonds vs. Frankie Hughes and Georgie Annarino stacking up with Mickey Cohen of Cleveland.

On the Walters-Kelly card, Tiger Joe West, old Cinci favorite drew with Billy Brunn of New York in 10 rounds; Allen Beatty held Tod Smith to a draw in 6; U. S. Carpenter won on a technical knockout over Jimmy McMahon in the second round, but according to the press results, it was a bad move on the part of the referee; Frank Ackerman of Oil City, Pa., was the announcer.

Quite a number of fans have written in to the writer in regards to the missing wrestling column in the August RING. Instead of addressing me on this, set your pen for the Quality Club, Room 303, Havlin Hotel, Cincinnati, O., care Millard Rauh, matchmaker.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

THE big fight here was a big disappointment financially but it proved that Max Schmeling is a much better fighter than he was given credit for. On the supporting card, Johnny Risko and Frankie Simms, both Cleveland boys, won.

I had Johnny Risko all set to take K. O. Christener at the Harvard Bowl, but Suey Welch got impatient and signed for Christener to box Schaff at Holyoke, Mass. The Bowl, which was formerly known as Taylor Bowl, has been taken over by Joe Tuma and Suey Welch. It has been remodeled and several big matches will take place during the summer months.

All managers who have outstanding fighters are requested to get in touch with Parson Tom McGinty, Prospect 2798, No. 406 United Bank Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio, if they want to fight at the Stadium.

Fighting his last amateur fight, before entering Schmeling's training camp—Jack Pallat, National amateur heavyweight champion of the United States, knocked out Mike Hogan in the feature bout of the Papke A. C. in 30 seconds of the first round.

Billy Wallace beat Lope Tenorio, at the Elysium in 10 listless rounds. Frankie Chatterton of Cleveland knocked out Juan Breaux, of Chicago in the first round. Joe Semon knocked out Harold Lepke in three rounds, Harold Krill pounded out a decision over Al McVeigh, in six, while Jimmy Vaughan decisioned Johnny Young in the opener.

Tommy Freeman, former welterweight champion of the world made his first appearance at Erie since losing the title and won a ten-round decision over Canada Lee, New York negro.

Frankie Goosby, New York City, stopped Red Jaderburg, Jamestown, N. Y. in the second.

Johnny Klesch, Cleveland veteran, who gave Bryan Downey two fairly good fights, was brought out of retirement by Jerry Sachs, and went down and out in the first round at Norwalk, Ohio. Georgie Nichols of Buffalo turned the trick.

After five long years of writing and wiring to show Phil Zwick down in the big town, and many thanks to Frank Menke, feature writer who helped pave the way, this is what the Associated Press says of the lanky Cleveland featherweight's maiden effort at the Garden:

"Phil Zwick, lanky Cleveland featherweight, scored a sensational knockout over Jimmy Slavin, rugged New Yorker, in the second round of the feature event at Madison Square Garden last night. Zwick showed terrific hitting power and gave Slavin a bad battering in the first round and floored him three times for counts of six, seven and one before another smash put him down for the final count.

"The Clevelander's showing was highly impressive and Tom McArdle, Garden matchmaker, predicted many good matches in the future on the strength of his showing."

So at last—they had a look at Zwick—the boy Kid Chocolate refused to fight here in Cleveland for Ed Bang!

Joey Goodman, now boxing under Tommy McGinty's management, defeated Tommy Grogan, Mickey Cohen, and Ray Kiser in his first three starts. Sam Goldman, before leaving New York for the coast said he would take Goodman at Cleveland some time in August or September for Canzoneri.

Dayton promoters are after Rosy Rosales to box Tommy Loughran, at the new Dayton Stadium. Rosales has improved 100 per cent. and is one of the few to beat Larry Johnson, and Billy Jones.

Ross Fields, of Weirton, and Willie Davies fought a draw here.

Danny Dunn's fast rising light-heavyweight, George Pavlick, went down to the ball yard at Akron, Ohio and soundly thrashed Tiny Powell. Pavlick has been a consistent winner.

Arol Atherton of Indianapolis brought his crew over from Indianapolis, headed by his star welter Jack Purvis, for an intercity swatfest with Cleveland's big five, at the Equestrium, Walter Taylor's house of swat, and returned to the Hoosier Capitol with four losers. Purvis, who turned in some good fights recently at the Garden topped the card, and also topped Lawrence Madge.

Mickey Cohen, Mickey Silverman's young Jewish heavyweight has been going along very good. He has been a consistent winner. He made a big hit at Akron on Suey Welch's all heavyweight card.

Ollie Downs' little flyweight star, Babe Triscaro, showed the way to Joey Ross, New York flyweight, at Taylor Bowl.

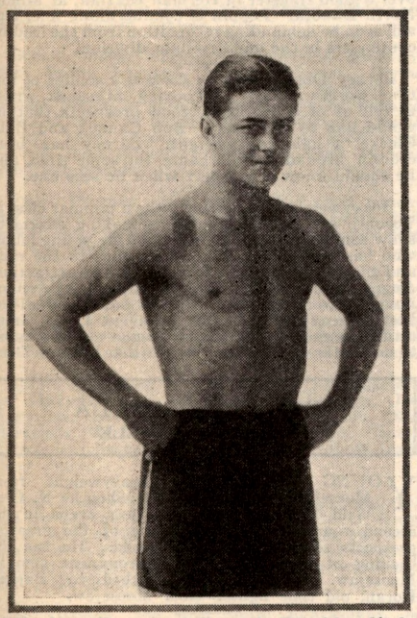
Jimmy Avon is keeping his battlers busy—so is Charley O'Connell—and Jimmy Dunn.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE only fight clubs now providing regular outdoor shows in this section are Meyers Bowl in North Braddock, promoted by "Apples" Meyers with Jules D. Beck as matchmaker; and Hickey Park Bowl, promoted by John L. Hernon, assisted by Matchmaker Bill Bummer. Reasonable cards are featured weekly at both clubs. Each club has a seating capacity of over 5,500.

The North Braddock Lunch Bowl was the scene of one of the most surprising upsets ever staged here when Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia turned in a spectacular triumph over Tony Herrera, heretofore rated as the leading junior-welterweight contender. Jadick floored the Mexican in the first session. Johnny should make things hum in the 135-pound class on the strength of his easy Herrera win.

Tiger Joe West, clever Indian middleweight redeemed himself for a recent defeat by stopping dusky Jack Tracey in the last round. The Indian floored Tracey twice in the 7th. Andy Andrucci walked off with a six-round decision over Jimmy Reilly, McKeesport lightweight. The opening bout between Paul Balint and Johnny Montebano, featherweights, was stopped by the referee in the fourth round as both battlers received cut about the eyes.



Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids lightweight star

Teddy Yarosz, of Monaca, was given a crack at Buck McTiernan, regarded as the leading local middleweight, in the form of a ten-round windup at Hickey Park Arena at Millvale. Young Yarosz handed the Swissvale middleweight a lacing. Teddy ran his winning streak to 44 straight. He has yet to lose a pro bout.

Dusky Jackie Rodgers, our featherweight star, added prestige to his fighting wares in stopping Chico Cisneros in the seventh.

Mose Butch made his main bout debut against Eugene Huat at the Braddock Bowl. It was an interesting match. Huat won. Harry Fierro, Chicago bantamweight, won a hard-fought battle from Marty Gold of Philly in the semi-windup.

The bantamweight situation here has developed into a three-cornered affair. Willie Davies, Mose Butch and Jimmy Thomas are the principals involved.

Gov. Pinchot appointed Dr. William E. McClelland, of Pittsburgh to supplant Havey J. Boyle as the western Pennsylvania member of the State Boxing Commission. McClelland is well known in local sports circles. He is a former Pitt grid star.

Jumbled Jabs—Marty Gornick stopped Harry Fine in the sixth round in the semi-windup of the Rodgers and Cisneros rematch—Marty is a lightweight that bears promise—Teddy Yarosz, the undefeated welterweight from Monaca, tied himself to a five-year contract with Ray Foutts—Yarosz just turned 21—Foutts will make a champion out of Yarosz before long—Havey J. Boyle is the last of the three original members of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission established eight years ago—Young Jack Thompson may show here this summer—Mail your dope to the writer at Donora, Pennsylvania and send pictures of your fighters to be published in this magazine to THE RING, 11 W. 42nd Street, New York City—That's all until—next month!

ERIE AND VICINITY
By LEW KROHN

FRANKIE BAJORSKI, the socking southpaw lightweight, added Cowboy Eddie Anderson and Babe Herman to his unbroken list of victories. He K. O.'d Babe Herman in the 3rd round and Anderson was lucky to go the limit.

Every fight fan in Erie is demanding the Bajorski-Maxie Strub fight, and the writer feels certain that this match will be made before the summer is over.

Francis "Red" Duffy is promoting the Northwestern Pennsylvania Amateur Championship tournament and started off fine. Eleven bouts the first night and every one of them a corking good bout.

Patsy Severo, Meadville, Pa. 124-pounder wants to meet Jimmy Thomas, Mose Butch, Micky Cohen or anybody up to 126 pounds. Patsy particularly would like another shot at Matty Mathewson.

The great heavyweight title fight at Cleveland has made things hum around Erie pugilistically speaking, and both promoters are again drawing good crowds.

Steve Simon and Paul Moroski are two heavyweights that are going somewhere. Simon has won about four bouts all by knockouts and Moroski has won both his battles by the K. O.

Ray Collins of Erie would like another shot at Frankie Bajorski, but wants it at 136 pounds. Collins is one of the most pleasing battlers around Erie.

John J. "Jocko" Phillips, Deputy boxing inspector since the boxing law went into effect, is a candidate for City Treasurer.

The boxing game is getting back on its feet, and will continue to flourish, but the conniving manager and the stalling boxer can send it to the floor again with just a few bad fights. Let us all do our utmost to keep the game above board. The Boxing Commissions are doing wonderful work, but it needs the co-operation of the managers, boxers and promoters. When this is done, the public will respond as in the days of Dempsey and Tex Rickard Let us all pull together. Atta boy

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK
By TERRY J. BATTLES

BEFORE a crowd of 6,000 fans, the majority of them Italian worshippers of the so-called man mountain, Primo Carnera knocked out Umberto Torrianni, the Brooklyn barber in the second round.

The crowd saw a corking welterweight battle in the semi-wind-up in which Eddie Ran, snappy Polish boxer knocked out Abe Lichtenstein, of Rochester, in the fifth round. It was a real bout with Ran taking the lead after being outboxed in the first round.

In a slow six-round bout Joe Doctor, Buffalo heavyweight, won from Tom Kirby, of Boston. Frankie Lindhart won over George Parker, after six hard-fought rounds.

Red Jaderberg, brought from Jamestown by Tommy Moore, lasted just three rounds with Pete George, the hard-hitting Buffalo light-heavyweight. Red was down in both the first and second rounds, and in the third Red suffered a deep cut over his eye and the referee stepped in and awarded the bout to George. Perry Lacey carried too many guns for Johnny Doolin, and won the decision in a four-round opener.

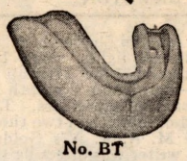
The Lou Scozza-George Nichols fight at the Bison Stadium was a good tonic for the boxing game in this district.

Things we can't forget—Jack Dempsey's first Buffalo appearance against Carl Morris—Bobby Tracy's wedding party—When Bert Finch weighed 150 lbs.—Jimmy Goodrich's home coming celebration, after winninng the lightweight title—That Peninsula automobile ride—Dickie Dundee's fight with Dick Loadman—Vince Plunkett's fish story—And when a certain party named their toy dog in my honor.

Terry-Bits—Patsy Newman, who acts as trainer for Jack Singer's long string of fighters is about the busiest man in town—That knockout Eddie Ran scored over Abe Lichtenstein was one of the cleanest ever seen in a Buffalo ring—Dick Coffey, who refereed the Carnera-Torrianni fight looked like a dwarf alongside of the gladiators—Haven't heard from Irving Robinson for so long, that we are planning on putting up a reward for information concerning his whereabouts—What happened to the proposed comeback of Bobby Tracy?

The writer seeks the cooperation of promoters, boxers and managers in making this column a worthy one. Address your boxing news to the writer at 432 Connecticut St., Buffalo, N. Y.

RING and TRAINING EQUIPMENT



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EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREAL'S ring fandom have had no opportunity to witness fights since the Giroux-Sanstol battle on June 17th up to the time of this writing—more than a month of inactivity for the professional mitt wielders. The amateurs attracted a crowd of more than two thousand a week later, at the M. A. A. A.'s Golden Jubilee ring tourney. The writer was directing the show in the capacity of matchmaker and the youngsters treated the enthusiasts with some classy battling. Pete Sanstol made an appearance as a referee and his popularity was evidenced by the hand he got when introduced by the M. C., R. L. Calder, K. C., one of Canada's most prominent barristers. All in all, the show was a bigger success than expected.

The amateurs are attracting their merited attention and they never fail to give their money's worth—something the public cannot help but appreciate. With Supervisor Denis White keeping the sport well regulated, it looks as though the simon pures are in for another banner season during the coming fall and winter months. Bobby Leitham, Verdun's flashy bantam who is a dangerous contender for Sanstol's world title, is keeping busy training the youngsters at the Verdun Boxing Club where he is the coach.

Armand Vincent, the enterprising young local promoter, opened up at the Forum again on July 29 with Pete Sanstol battling Eugene Huat, heavy-hitting French star.

Sanstol had an open-air training camp at the corner of Mt. Royal and Iberville where he engaged in daily workouts. Manager Raoul Godbout directed the workouts.

Jimmy Thompson, the colorful local lightweight, is a bereaved youngster these days. Jimmy's dad passed away at the hospital during an operation.

Al Foreman, the heavy-hitting local knockout idol who holds the British Empire Lightweight title, is not likely to come back to Canada this summer. Al expects to meet either Johnny Cuthbert or Al Brown within the next two months.

Harry Rappaport writes plenty of news from Sherbrooke, Que. He states that Quebec City is preparing to put on a smart heavyweight card on August 29th. The main attraction will feature Jack Renault, the big Canuck ex-cop, against Jimmy Maloney, Pat McCarthy, or Ernie Schaaf.

Coaticook, Que., is getting fights pretty regularly. Their last show was a success with Gaston Menard, their welter idol, scoring a one-round kayo over Young Montreal, Sherbrooke, in the scheduled ten-round headliner. The semi-final eight-rounder which followed the main event saw a close battle with Rene Taillefer, young Montrealer, scoring over Herman Prince, a tough lightweight from Berlin, N. H. The special six-round attraction ended in the third with Rene Loubier, Sherbrooke lightie, stopping Jack Robidas, his rival townmate.

Antonio Daigle, Coaticook's promising junior-welter, plastered Dick Lambert all over the ring to win an easy six-rounder. Daigle is a crowd pleaser and can be located through his manager, H. Rappaport, 8 Queen Street, Sherbrooke, Que. The opener provided excitement with Battling Perusse of Sherbrooke flooring his youthful Montreal opponent, Paul Mecteau, three times in the first couple of rounds only to have Mecteau eventually turn the tables and win the fight in the fourth stanza. Mecteau is a real prospect and Gene Brosseau will likely guide him up the fistic ladder, as he did with Art Giroux and George Chabot. Kid Cote departed from Sherbrooke to meet Kit Britch of Newport, Vt., in the feature ten-rounder at the latter's home town. Cote slugged out a knockout victory in seven heats and then hurried home.

Quebec City was the scene of a couple of shows during the month. Levi Duquette, their hard-socking southpaw lightweight, and Ralph McNaughton, tangled in the main event. It didn't go far with Duquette connecting with one of his haymakers in the second heat and Ralph folded up for quite a few minutes. Duquette also boasts an eight-round kayo over Rene Loubier after Loubier had had him on the floor for two long counts in a previous show.

Quebec's latest show was good except for the main event again. Young Peter Jackson, sensational New York colored bantam, hooked up with Davey Brown of New York and the affair was declared "no contest" in the third heat. Levi Duquette decisioned Rene Taillefer in a hard fought semi-final eight-rounder and Rene Loubier stopped Frankie Belanger of Quebec in three cantos. Wilf Carufel, Montreal lightweight, beat Bob Godring, England, in six hard-fought rounds and Kid Lapointe of Sherbrooke snatched a six-round draw with his town rival, Billy James, though the latter had the edge.

Sig. Hoiseth, alias Battling Tracey, of New York, is requested to get in touch with the writer, Lawson Bampton, as soon as possible. The address is 4838 Park Avenue, Montreal, Canada. Anyone wishing to communicate may write to given address.

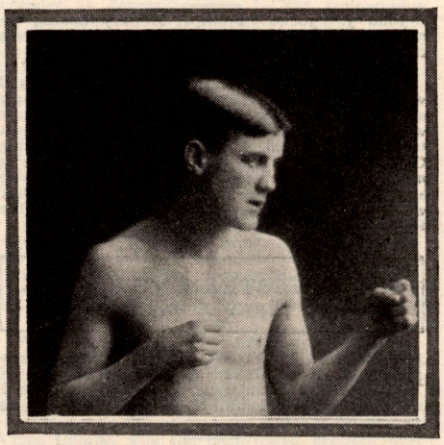
CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP

By JACK JARVIS

PRIMO CARNERA'S visit to Toronto in a scheduled ten-round bout against "Bud" Gorman of Chicago, under the direction of Jack Corcoran, and the Queensbury club, reminded us of Rudyard Kipling's immortal poem, "Gunga Din" and the leadoff, "The heat would make your bloomin' eye-brows crawl" . . . Six thousand fans sweltered and sizzled at the Arena Gardens when the mercury skyrocketed to record marks in Canadian history, but Carnera was the attraction, and it is doubtful whether any other celebrity could have attracted a similar crowd under the conditions. Carnera received a tremendous welcome from the Italian colony. De LaSalle band met him on the outskirts of the city as he motored in from Buffalo, thousands paraded behind the "Big Parade" and his automobile. At the city hall, he was welcomed by the Mayor.

"Bud" Gorman made a splendid effort against the huge son of "sunny Italy" but a belt on the bean spilled "Bud" for "nine." Gorman when he arose, tried to land a solid punch, but another right almost caved his ribs in. He dropped to the canvas in agony but was up again at nine. The Chicago lad received another thunderous thump to the side of the head that ended the evening's entertainment.

All the other bouts on the card were splendidly contested. Jackie Johnstone, boxing in the best form of his career, outpointed Raymond Larcin of Montreal. The latter gave a good account of himself, staging several determined rallies.



Irish feather, Belfast, Jackie Quinn

Eddie Judge of Toronto proved too strong and too rugged for Knute Christensen of Norway, winning the decision at the end of the sixth. Jimmy Darcy, a youthful heavyweight from New York carried too many guns for Maxie Brown, a sparring partner of Carnera's. In the opener, two game, willing lads, short on science but mighty long on courage, Paul Hansen and Elmer Hebner, sent the show off to a good start in a "hot-pot" duel of gameness, and honest to goodness battlin', with the former getting the judges' verdict.

The Queensbury Club featured the Canadian welterweight championship match between Jackie Phillips and George Sidders, the challenger, which Phillips won. The latter did not seem to get going until the final rounds. Phillips fought a great battle, far better than anticipated. Credit is also due to Sidders who was engaging in his fourth bout after a lengthy layoff of eighteen months. A few more bouts to his credit, and the hard-hitting Montrealer will demand a return bout.

Some more classy boxing featured the semi-windup, between Jackie Johnstone and Jimmy Travis of England in which the former, boxing in superb fashion, out-boxed and out-hit the good little Britisher almost all the way.

Joey Eulo, pint-sized little bantamweight spotted Knute Hansen nine pounds, and after dropping the hardy Norseman three times, won the verdict after an interesting tilt.

"On the Spot" and in the Spotlight . . . Carnera followed by big crowds during his three-day visit . . . "his dogs" caused considerable comment . . . each time he lifted them to take a step, threw a shadow right across the street.

Floyd Fitzsimmons, Detroit Promoter, Babe Culnan, who chaperoned "Bud" Gorman, with other Toronto sports in a fanning bee. . . . Leon See, Carnera's manager, speaking about the pioneer days of boxing in France . . . 1908 . . . glad he remembered our old friend Tom Dyer, now a trainer with the Chicago Shamrocks. . . . See spoke very highly of Tommy, and his boxing ability; Dyer was campaigning with "Willie" Lewis, former world's champion Harry Lewis, "Blink" McLoskey, Bob Scanlon, Tom Thomas, English champion . . . "whoa there" . . . almost forgot to mention Peter Brown . . . rugged hard-hitting welter . . . still recall the stories of Peter, that Tommy used to tell . . . drop us a line Tommy, if this happens to catch your eye . . . many inquiries about you, by old time friends and boxing fans. . . . Dave Stormont, escort de luxe, at the Queensbury promotions . . . "we won't be long now" . . . "Polly," Rame and Steve Rocco, poker players . . . par . . . singing, "It was hard, but it was honest" . . .

Benny Stockley chorusing . . . with the help of the drum . . . "thirty-five smackers" . . . "seventy bottles of home-brew" . . . "shake me bleedin' dicer . . . all I gets is the 'orse laff." . . . Barney Doran, wild-eyed western Irishman eulogizing a lightweight find. . . . Bob Canuck . . . "thanks for the felicitations," Barney "me boy." Jack Kogut, Canadian light-heavyweight wrestling star . . . wearing plus fours . . . telling us fishing stories, between bouts. . . .

Tommy Bland, elongated Toronto lightweight showed some exceptional good form, when he won the award over the veteran Billy Hindley, former English star, on the Phillips-Sidders card. If Bland can keep this form up he will make himself a good attraction locally. Tommy Munn's lightweight protege, Cosmo Cazano also looked very good on the same card. He chalked up another win over "Rocky" Scott of Rochester in six rounds.

Jack Peppin keeps us well posted on battles of brother Laurie. John chases off a note to say that the latest win of his battling brother was scored over a good ringster in Herman Retzlaff, at Minot, North Dakota. Peppin is coming along fine, and will soon be demanding recognition from the leading contenders in the middleweight division.

Barney Doran, western Canada's soldier of fortune, world wanderer, and boxing enthusiast, writes to tell us of a couple of good prospects that he would like to send east. Bob Canuck and Billy Clarke, a light-heavyweight. Barney has been diddlin' around the old game, for some time, and he should know a prospect when he sees one.

Heavyweights are getting to be a popular class in Toronto and Jack Corcoran is making efforts to show some of the leading lights. One young fellow who has been doing some good work in the ring, and efforts will be made to make him an attraction. Angus Snyder, formerly of Winnipeg is the young man we are referring to. Snyder has boxed all the best in heavy brigade. In the event Larry Gains returns home from England, Angus may be asked to do battle with him for the British Empire Title.

WESTERN CANADA

By Y. J. DOMVILLE

YOUNG Clarke, clever heavyweight from Moosejaw, made a great hit when he K. O'ed Wild Bill Smith at Red Deer arena in the second round. This boy is one of the greatest prospects seen in Western Canada. He has the backing of some of the most prominent men in Moosejaw. He is being coached by Barney Doran, old time fighter from Moosejaw.

Red Allision, junior welterweight champion of Western Canada, has hung up the gloves and is a member of the local fire brigade, where he is very popular.

Ray England, flyweight champion of Western Canada, will defend his title against Tommy White at Calgary in the near future.

Johnny Metka, local featherweight, has won his last ten bouts by the K. O. route. He is one of the hardest hitters of his weight in Canada.

Jackie Rodgers, one time bantam champion of Canada, was the only one in these parts to give the correct result of the Stribling and Schmeling fight. Jackie is a close personal friend of Jim Corbet. He is now near sixty but is hale and hearty yet. He is a guard at the Regina jail.

Jim Londos, world's wrestling champion, may be seen in Regina next winter when he will wrestle Earl McCready. Nick Pappas, local Greek, will stage the bout.

George Porter, of Regina, will show his wares in Calgary where he will meet Jack Taylor, Canadian heavyweight wrestling champion for the title. Porter, a former policeman, stands six feet four inches and weighs 240 pounds.

Kid Jones Hauge won over Kid Lees at Kamask, Sask.

Bob Canuk is in Toronto where is is doing well, having won four bouts in a row.

Charlie Josephs, one time runner-up for the Canadian lightweight title, is staging a comeback.

Del Yontanie, self-styled Canadian middleweight champion, lost to Ted Moore, of England, at Sasakatton by a technical K. O. in the sixth round.

Harry Runcan, the real and undisputed middleweight champion, is out with a challenge to box either Moore or Fontaine for the title. Runcan is recognized by the Saskatchewan Boxing Commission, Alberta and British Columbia Boxing Commission.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

KID CHOCOLATE'S victory over Benny Bass upset the dope in local boxing circles, but by annexing the Junior-lightweight title, the Kid has made his countrymen happy. Mr. Gutierrez, his manager, deserves all the credit in the world for bringing to Cuba a world's title. Atta Boy Pincho.

Baby La Paz, one of Cuba's new lightweights, won a six-round decision over Jimmy Flynn. Jose Garcia drew with Antonio Gonzales; Tomas Carvallo lost a close decision to Baby Buick, and Olayo Nebot drew with Johnny Govantes in six rounds.

Rafael Valdes scored a five-round knockout over Raul Ochendia, and then outpointed Marino Diaz in six fast rounds. Valdes only weighs 105 pounds but is a great little fighter. Antonio Santana scored a four-round knockout over Amado Avila. Jose Canseco drew in four with Marty O'Grady, and Sonny Boy of Panama drew with Francis Rodriguez in six.

Benny Rodriguez, the little southpaw from Marianao, beat Francisco La Cruz in four rounds, and then won over Isidro Delgado. Jose Canseco won over Ernesto Lopez in a hot four-rounder. Joaquin Jorge beat Felipe Aldama in a closely fought contest.

Divino Rueda scored a four-round knockout over Benny Leonard (Mario Jardines). Divino is a fast puncher. Marino Diaz knocked out Emilio Lopez in three. Sonny Boy of Panama knocked out Kid Pandero in two rounds. Ignacia Garcia beat Ricardo Ayala in a good bout. Gabriel Alvarez and Jose Garcia drew in four good hot rounds.

Pedro Proenza again showed his great punching power by stowing away Frank Ortiz, tuff soldier boy, in five rounds. A right to the chin did the trick.

Humberto Casal scored a three-round knockout over Kid Rodriguez. Casal look mighty good, too. Ventura Yanes put the K. O. sign over Tonelada Fernandez in the second canto. Yanes moved too fast and good for his slower opponent.

Rafael Ma. Club is the training headquarters for Havana's best boxers. Kid Proenza, Joe Arguelles, Divino Rueda, Baby Marmon, Kid Barcelona, Ignacio Blanco, Joe Coego, Castor Fernandez, Rafael Valdes and many others train there daily.

Fred Anduce is Cuba's new boxing promoter, and up at the La Comercial arena he is doing some fine work. Mr. Anduce has shown considerable talent as promoter and matchmaker. Antonio Santa is the hard-punching southpaw who recently beat Happy Atherton.

Joe Gandon, the deaf mute lightweight, is preparing for his return match with Baby La Paz, who was the only boxer to defeat the Casa Blanca favorite.

Raul Rojas scored a three-round knockout over Sergio Rodriguez at Caibarien.

Henry Santos outpointed Mario Kid Sanchez in ten good rounds. Santos is preparing for a titular bout with Kid Chocolate some time in October this year.

Cuban Primo Carnera, whose right name is Magdaleno, scored a surprise knockout over Fred Malibran in five rounds. Magdaleno is a good prospect and may yet prove his ability as a challenger for the Cuban heavyweight title.

Goyo Rico is in Mexico and scoring knockout victories. His stablemate, Angel Kid Sanchez, is also doing fairly well there, and his recent battle with Tommy White was a corker.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By SAM HART

THE return bout between Young Ambrose Palmer, middleweight champion of Australia, and Herman Bundren, of America, was a repetition of their first meeting, Palmer winning on points in 15 rounds.

Wally Hancock, welter champion, won on a foul in the seventh round from Jack Carrol.

Rus Critcher won from Jack Hannaberry in 15 rounds of good fighting. It was Hannaberry's first defeat.

Bert Wilcox K. O.'ed Art Negus in 8 rounds.
Jack O'Mally K. O.'ed Pat Daly in one.

Billy Thomas won in ten rounds from Jerry Hostler.

Bert Wilcox won on points from Herb Butler.

Wally Maher won a 15-round decision over former champion, Billy Grimes.

Bobby Stone won from Jack Bowden in 10 rounds.

Jack Haines, former middleweight champion, has completely recovered from his illness and is training again.

Bobby Delaney K. O.'ed Roy Story in two rounds.

Con Evans K. O.'ed Al Price in 6 rounds. Allen Edgecock won from Len Boon in 10. Harry Mack and Bill Cooper forced a 10-round draw. Roy Rogers K. O.'ed Ces Been in one. Jackie Burns won from Herb Bishop on points in 10 rounds.

Billy Seers outpointed Tommy Gibbs, 10 rounds. Vic White, former flyweight champion, has made a successful comeback. In his third fight he K. O.'ed Ted Sullivan in 4.

Young Halliday K. O.'ed Chinese boxer, Kid Rooney in 13.

Wally Walker beat Benny Ward on a T. K. O. in 10.

Jack Haines, the most outstanding boxer in Australia for many years, is about to make a return to the ring. Last December he lost his title to Ambrose Palmer under dramatic and almost tragic circumstances.

With his recovery to health, confidence in himself was rekindled and he expressed a desire some months ago to begin training with a view to fighting the only man who has conquered him, young Palmer, again.

The announcement came as a great surprise to the boxing part of Australia as it was generally thought that Haines would never don the gloves again.

SOUTH AFRICA NEWS
By JOHN E. SACKS

THERE was a riot on the night when Dick Corbett, 123 pounds, was declared winner on points over the South African featherweight champion, Willie Smith, 125 pounds, after 15 close rounds. The pair had previously met in London, where Corbett won on points.

Johannesburg, where the fight took place, is 6,000 feet above sea-level, and American fighters who intend to visit these parts must remember what Corbett forgot. He did not leave himself enough time to get used to the altitude, so that when he needed the extra spurt in the last five rounds, he felt more like choking than fighting. He collected most of his points with his left hand at long range, but Willie Smith did all that mattered in the close-up stuff. When it was all over, the referee, Harry Carter, thought Smith had won, but the two judges, Bertie Sims and G. Chester Jones, counted Corbett the winner. Majority vote counts here. The referee ought to have announced Corbett the winner at once, instead of which he hesitated and asked the judges if he could call it a draw. Well, they couldn't.

The delay got the rowdy lot very excited. There was plenty of booing when Corbett was eventually named, and the boxers got out of the hall. They missed the fun. Chairs came flying into the ring, also bad fruit, newspapers, orange peels, and all sorts of odds and ends. One fellow got into the ring and conducted an angry protest, but he was thrown out by the ring steward. Fights broke out in different parts of the hall, and the police had to draw their batons and clear the place.

In the supporting bouts Babe Smith who won the British Empire flyweight championship at Hamilton in 1930 and fought in Chicago before he returned to Africa, was stopped for the second time since turning professional. For three rounds he made Ivan Swanepoel look like a tenderfoot, and then all his stamina and boxing went out of the picture, and Swanepoel registered a knock-out. Con Allen lasted only a round and a half against Len McLaughlan, former national amateur bantamweight champion. The contest between Vic Upton and Mike Towel ended in a draw.

On the same night that Smith and Corbett met, Don McCorkindale, South African heavyweight champion, and Joe Woods, heavyweight of Los Angeles, had their fourth tilt, this time at Capetown. On the third occasion they met, Woods was disqualified for a low punch in round eight. This time the fight went the full twelve rounds, and referee Karstadt called it a draw. The crowd didn't like it and they showed it, for they thought McCorkindale had won.

C. M. Botha beat W. Hebbler on points, six rounds, on the same Capetown programme. George Purchase beat Kid Morgan on points in an eight-round lightweight affair.

Wrestling promoters here are trying to get Kallio, and some of the other top-notch middleweights in the States to pay a call to Johannesburg.

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THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFMAN

BENNY BASS has been shorn of his second boxing title. The Philadelphia boy who has been in the ring for the last ten years gave up his junior-lightweight championship to Kid Chocolate at the Phillies' Ball Park when Referee Leo Houck stopped the bout late in the seventh round owing to a deep cut over Benny's left eye. Bass's eye was closed and blood poured forth as Houck called off hostilities with only two seconds remaining in the round.

It was the first time in his long boxing career that Bass was stopped. Bass played for Chocolate's stomach most of the time and hammered him plenty but it did not seem to do any damage. When Benny aimed higher his blows went wild and swung over the Kid's head. Chocolate raked Bass' face with a wicked left and backed him with hard rights time and again.

This was the third time a title has changed hands in Philadelphia in the last eight years. The first was when Mike Ballerino won the same junior-lightweight crown from Steve Sullivan in 1923. The second was when Gene Tunney dethroned Jack Dempsey as heavyweight champion in 1926 at the Municipal Stadium.

Harry Blitman, of New York, trying to stage a comeback, was stopped by Tony Falco, South Philadelphia Italian in the eighth round, on the same card with the Bass-Chocolate tiff. Blitman was in bad shape when Referee Lou Grimson stopped the bout.

Vidal Gregorio, of Spain, was entitled to something better than a draw with Archie Bell, while Baby Joe Gans, of California, defeated Eddie Ran, of New York, in another preliminary on the Bass-Chocolate card.

Maxie Rosenbloom evened the score with Billy Jones by outpointing the South Philadelphia colored light-heavyweight contender in the ten-round windup at the Arena open air ring. Jones was given an earlier decision over the champion in Pittsburgh early in the year but "Slapsy" threw plenty of gloves at Jones and made him like it.

Al Ettore, former West Philadelphia amateur, went up against his most severe test in meeting Steve Latzo, former world welterweight champion and came through with flying colors. Ettore gained the ten-round decision and was entitled to it as he did most of the fighting.

Steve Smith, battle-scarred Bridgeport, Conn.; battler, was handed a setback by Tony Morgano, of South Philadelphia, in one of the preliminaries to the Rosenbloom-Jones bout. Steve's both eyes were badly cut from the second round on and at the end of the seventh round his chances were so hopeless, Referee Joe McGuigan ordered the bout stopped.

Matty White, veteran Philadelphia boxer, put up a good showing against Andy Martin, of Boston, but the latter earned the ten-round decision at the outdoor Arena. Andy came in at 127 and White 123 1-2 pounds.

Harry Blitman, of New York, and his manager, Bobby North, were reinstated by the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission at a meeting early in July. Blitman had been set down for his unsatisfactory fight with Young Firpo, May 12.

Natie Brown, whose home is in South Philadelphia, helped Max Schmeling with his sparring in preparation for the heavyweight championship clash with Young Stribling. Brown has done most of his fighting on the Pacific Coast.

Johnny Hayes, of West Philadelphia, outpointed Johnny Ketchell, of Chester in a hard-fought ten-round windup at the Delaware County Arena, Leiperville. Hayes scored a knockdown with his first punch but after that neither one was able to connect solidly. Hayes weighed 142.

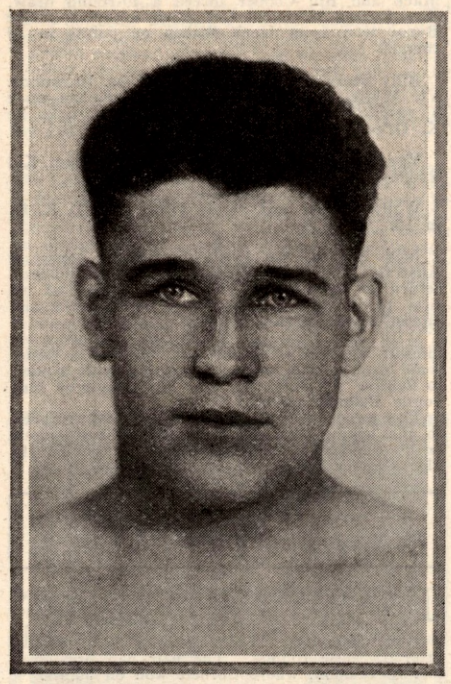
Rattle Kichline, a rugged middleweight from Phillipsburg, N. J., stopped Buddy Burke, of Chester, in the second round at Leiperville. Kichline dropped Burke seven times in the first round and it was not until a towel sailed into the ring in the second round that Referee Frank Knarsesborough stopped the unequal contest.

Jim Browning, of the west coast, scored two straight wrestling falls over Regis Siki to win the feature bout at the Camden open-air arena. Browning scores the first in 51 minutes, 5 seconds with a leg airplane slam and clinched his triumph when Siki conceded the second fall after 4 minutes, 43 seconds of tussling.

Through a special ruling Leo Houck, former Lancaster middleweight star and coach of boxing at Penn State College at present, is the only promoter of boxing in the state of Pennsylvania empowered to referee bouts. He recently resigned from the state commission's refereeing staff in order to promote bouts in his home city —Lancaster. The commission refused to accept the resignation, owing to his long and honorable record. It was quite a tribute to Leo.

Mickey Blair, of Camden handed Young Patsy Wallace, of Atlantic City an eight-round beating in the open-air windup at Pensauken. The show was conducted by Jimmy Toppi, who runs the Broadway A. C. in Phillie during the winter months. In the semi-windup, Johnny Lucas, of Camden, punched out a six-round victory over Harry (Kid) Murphy, of Philadelphia.

As a tune-up for his clash with "Kid" Chocolate, Benny Bass stowed away Georgie Day, of New Haven, in the Convention Hall at Atlantic City in the second.



Harold Mays, Bayonne heavyweight

Tony Falco, clever South Philadelphian, who is also handled by Phil Glassman, got a draw with Lew Raymond, of Baltimore, in an eight-round semi-windup, which preceded the Bass-Day affair.

Young Joe Firpo, Pennsgrove, N. J., lightweight, is the father of twin boys. They arrived recently at the home of the boxer, Joseph Bracale (Young Firpo). He is now the daddy of three boys.

Less than two days after Benny Bass was dethroned by Kid Chocolate, his seventeen-year-old sister, Anna, died in a Philadelphia hospital from spinal meningitis. Benny was at her bedside most of the time after he lost his title, even though his left eye was in a bandage and otherwise he felt pretty badly beaten up. The sister passed away still thinking her brother was junior-lightweight champion of the world.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

LEO HOUCK, Lancaster, once rated among the top flight middleweights, has branched out as a promoter. Leo spends his winters at Penn State, teaching the college boys how to win intercollegiate titles. During the summer he stays in Lancaster and now he is putting in his time giving the fans of that city some real matches. He also is a referee. He officiated at the recent Bass-Chocolate fight.

Houck, always a showman, has the confidence of the fans and his first two shows attracted record crowds. He has one of the finest arenas in the state and should put Lancaster back on the fistic map before the outdoor season closes.

Johnny Chiodo, Johnstown featherweight sensation, did what was regarded as almost impossible: beat Rosey Stoy in Lancaster. Stoy has boxed Eddie Shea, Pete Nebo and others in Lancaster and Chiodo is the first one to beat him in his home town.

Art Feeser, Lebanon slugger, had little trouble in polishing off Hal Murray, Harrisburg, in eight at Williamsport. Murray got a big hand for his gameness.

Lee Fogleman, Williamsport promoter, has had tough luck. He's been giving them great fights but the crowds just won't materialize, even with a lower scale of prices.

Williamsport has a great little fighter in Frankie Erne, featherweight. Erne looked like a million bucks in outpointing Griffie Kenvin, Mahoney City. Kenvin put up a great fight but Erne rallied in the last round to win. Erne looks like a great prospect, if he doesn't get a swelled head.

Mickey Dugan is another Williamsport lad who looks like the goods. Dugan, who is a welterweight, defeated Dick Rudegeair, Lebanon, and the following night trounced Jackie Allen, clever Wilkes-Barre Negro.

Sunbury got back into the fistic sun with a bang up card. Charley O'Neill, Mt. Carmel, defeated Calvin Reed, Philadelphia, in eight. Preliminaries resulted as follows: Fumbler Martin kayoed Chick Bastian in two, Frankie Hauser and Bucky Bastian drew in six, Ted Ball lost to Kid Snooks, and Dugan bested Allen.

Sam Weiss, Nazareth, gained a hairline decision over Danny Devlin, Allentown, in a sensational ten rounder at Bethlehem. Weiss won the last round to gain the verdict. It was one of the best fights seen in Lehigh Valley in years. The under card was as follows: Al Borelli, Allentown, and Tony Lucci, Easton, drew in six; Larry Reina, Easton, beat Jerry Sullivan, Phillipsburg, four; Nick Rabin, Allentown, defeated Johnny Bednar, Bethlehem, in four, and Frankie Burns, Bethlehem, outpointed Johnny Rosko, Nazareth, four.

Lancaster prelims to the Stoy-Chiodo fight were: Spib Styer, Lancaster, outpointed Dick Rudegeair, Lebanon; Young Landis, Lancaster, defeated Joe Ficco, Lebanon; Freddie Kircher, Lancaster, decisioned Paul Wentzel, Lebanon, and Art Leeds, Lancaster, knocked out Benny Mercer, Harrisburg.

Wally Sears, Minersville, erased himself for the fistic picture when he claimed Matt Rice, Gilberton, bit him on the ear and he refused to continue. Sears jumped from the ring and Rice was awarded the fight on a technical knockout. Sears was ahead at the time.

The fight was held at Minersville and the under card was as follows: Sailor Matty, Shenandoah, outpointed Georgie Bender, Girardville; Fumbler Martin, New Philadelphia, scored a technical kayo over Johnny Maloney, Hazelton; Jimmy McLarnin, Lost Creek, lost to Ray Lynch, Mahoney City, and Young Firpo, Pottsville, won on a technical knockout over Mickey Dunn.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

"WILDCAT" O'CONNOR, Lackawanna County's contender for Tony Canzoneri's title, gained sweet revenge on Vince Murphy, Scranton, by winning all the way in their second meeting. In the first setto Murphy defeated the Wildcat.

Johnny Helstein, Carbondale featherweight, won over Danny Dempsey, Scranton, in ten rounds. In the other bouts Charley Russo, Pittston, outpointed Eddie Brink, Scranton, six rounds. Johnny Glover, Scranton, kayoed Joe Gallo, Carbondale, 4 rounds, Sam Donato Dunmore kayoed Lou Sotoskey in two, and Pete Brelish outslugged Johnny Nealon in the opening four-rounder.

Johnny Kelly, local contender for welterweight honors, journeyed to Norfolk, Va., where he fought a slashing eight-round draw with Joey Raymond of Norfolk. Kelly is anxious to get a bout with Gene Baldoni or Tony Stetz, local rivals, whom he has fought and held his own with at different times.

Bucky Lawless, Syracuse welterweight and recent conqueror of Champion Jackie Thompson, handed Pete Suskey of Scranton a neat shellacking in ten rounds at the Armory A. C.

In the other bouts Johnny Lopaskey, Harvey's Lake kayoed Tony Rock, Dunmore, 4; Charley Russo, Pittston beat Vince Murphy, Scranton, 6; Adam Gayeski, Glen Lyon knocked out Frankie Silvers, Pittston, 1 and Lou Spattaro defeated Nick Allapeck in the opening bout.

Maxie Rosenbloom, world's light heavyweight champ fought like a real champion to win over Joe Banovic, Binghamton in the feature ten-round bout at the Scranton armory.

Freddy Haverlak, former Newport schoolboy staged a fine comeback when he defeated Vince Murphy, slugging Scranton lightweight in the semi-final to the Rosenbloom-Banovic bout.

Gene Baldoni, Hilldale welterweight who made a big hit with the local fans his last time out when he substituted against Tony Stetz and more than held his own, is anxious for another shot at Stetz.

Local fans are wondering what become of Jackie Britton, "Pringle Pepperpot" who is a prime favorite with the fight rabids in this region. It has been rumored that Britton is working out everyday at his cottage near Harvey's Lake, Pa.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

SENECA C. TAYLOR, Missouri Athletic Commissioner, has hied himself to his fishing lodge in northern Michigan for the balance of the summer. Before leaving "Judge" Taylor was honored with a banquet at the M. A. A. given in appreciation of his priceless work for boxing and wrestling in the State of Missouri. At the banquet he was the recipient of many flattering remarks on the part of prominent local sportsmen and was presented with a valuable three-piece silver service. He was characterized as a good citizen, a peerless sportsman, and a great Athletic Commissioner. He is all of that and more.

Lou Terry, Missouri's outstanding punching lightweight, accomplished more afield than the rest of his local pugilistic brethren. Terry journeyed to Chicago and trounced Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill., veteran in a fast match. Dundee is ranked 6th among the jr.-lightweights of the world by several leading sports authorities. Terry also added to his knockout victims by stopping Jack Murray and Lloyd Martin in 1 and 9 seconds respectively at St. Louis.

Just about the biggest surprise any local fighter ever experienced happened to John Schwake, Maplewood heavyweight. Schwake had beaten Risko in a great fight and was casting his eyes about for good matches in other cities when a local promoter offered him a bout with Angus Snyder, aptly termed the Kansas Destroyer. Snyder cuffed Schwake around four rounds, received a healthy swat on the chin in the 5th and then went to work. Schwake groped his way to his corner at the round's end and was unable to come out for the 6th round due to a terribly cut eye. Roy Mitchell, Centralia, Ill., welter, stopped Joe Herbst Jr., in 5; Pee Wee Kaiser shaded Roy Logsdon, Litchfield, Ill., 10; George Daw shaded Grub Whalen in a 6-round middleweight setto.

H. E. Ripple, of Dodge City, Kan., is the pilot of Angus Snyder and a good lightheavy, Chick Rains. Rains should match Snyder with Dave Knost, local heavyweight, and then get a return with Schwake.

George Daw, Pine Lawn 155-pounder, certainly had the promoter's interests at heart in the opener of the above show. Daw dropped Whalen with the first punch and Whalen in a dazed condition took the full count of ten on one knee. Referee Harry Kessler raised Daw's hand but Georgie thought this a poor way to open a show so he begged Kessler to let the bout continue if Whalen was agreeable. Grub wanted to fight, so that was that.

Chick Rains, another of Ripple's classy stable, liked St. Louis so well that he stayed here. Rains is another rip-tearing fighter. He laced Tom Pivac and Joe Lohman before St. Louis fans and dropped a ten-rounder to Clyde Chastain. The results of other bouts on the Chastain vs. Rains show: Lou Terry spotted Lloyd Martin 3 pounds and stopped him in the 9th; Martin was saved by the bell 3 times and was down for 9-counts 5 additional times; Roy Logsdon belted out Roy Woods in 2 and Harold Murphy stopped Joe Brian in 1 round of the heavyweight opener. E. E. Murphy, Springfield, Mo., sportsman, accompanied Chastain, Martin and Murphy on their trip to St. Louis.

Dave Berry, Springfield, Ill., 120-pounder, has won his way to the hearts of our fans. He never stalls and for such a mite he can punch like the very devil.

Sammy Offerman, popular local lightweight, has left our city and moved to New York. Accompanied by his charming young wife, formerly Rose Kruppnick, Sammy the globe trotter went his way.

Al Stillman, Missouri's punching 165-pounder, takes on heavyweights, lightheavys or what have you with equal nonchalance and licks them to a frazzle. Al is in a large way responsible for the present era of "nothing but good fights." He is punching harder, boxing better than ever before. If Al can still do 160 pounds he looks like a sure shot to reach the top of the middleweight division.

Another fight show: Davey Abad lambasted Johnny Datto of Cleveland in a 130-pound match over the 10-round route. The last 5 rounds were fought in a pouring rain but no customers left. Davey bounced all over the ring, punching as he bounced and the poor Filipino was all wet when he tried to land. Prelims on this bill, Allen Mathews stopped Honey Carter, 2; Woody Williams K. O.'d Frank Cassilla, 1; Pee Wee Terry K. O.'d Kid Bradley, 1; Frank Doxey K. O.'d Benny Perez in a flyweight battle, 2.

Al Stillman was wanted in Little Rock again so he accommodated and kayoed Jack Tunney, Birmingham heavyweight, in 7 rounds.

Say! Missouri Boxing Commissioners, how about changing that law to read that all licenses shall be good for one year from date of issue. This is the only fair way to license those of us in the fight game.

Another point for our Commission; it will not be long before we have decision fights. Why not start now and make it possible for our Missouri fighters to battle it out to determine the State Champion in the various weight classes. We need State Championships for the fans' benefit, for the promoters' good and for a fitting reward to the fighter who is willing to face all comers to prove his fitness to hold this high honor.

Still more boxing: Eddie Wolfe defeated Roy Mitchell, Centralia, Ill., 10; Chick Rains, Dodge City lightheavy won easily from Steve Marre, 6; Dave Berry, Springfield, Ill. Bantam, outslugged Woody Williams, 6; Eddie Terry, local lightweight, stopped Red McGinity, West Frankfort, Ill., 2; Allen Mathews stopped Jack Lewis, Memphis, 2.

Lou Terry boxed a draw with Freddie Revalto in the main event at Memphis. Here is the humor, Revalto was scared stiff and hung on frantically for the entire 8 rounds. The rounds billed as 3 minutes turned out to be two minutes. Local judges satisfied that Revalto stayed the limit with Terry, voted a draw.

Fighters and managers wishing booking in St. Louis, get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gym., St. Louis, Mo.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

BELOIT, Kans.—"Irish" Eddie Ostrander and Kid Worley, lightweights, fought 10 rounds to a draw. Tommy Saballos and Kid Carmen drew in 8. Ed Boughen knocked out Johnny Coke in 3. Russ Sanders defeated Slip Scraper in 4 rounds.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Baxter Calmes won a 10-round decision over Jack (Young) Dillon.

St. Louis, Mo.—Davey Abad beat Johnny Datto in 10. Allen Matthews knocked out Honey Carter in 2. Woodrow Williams knocked out Frankie Castilla in 1. Pee Wee Terry knocked out Kid Bradley, 1. Frank Doxey knocked out Benny Perez in 2 rounds.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook and Johnny Hernandez fought 10 bloody rounds to a draw. Kid Huff beat Gus Wood in 6. Billy Smith knocked out Battling McKinney in 2 rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Al Stillman beat Chuck Burns in 10. Allen Matthews beat K. O. Kelly in 8. George Daw beat Benny Burns in 8. Woodrow Williams knocked out Manuel (Wop) Figuero in 5 rounds.

Alva, Okla.—Kenny Hill, the "Kansas Buzz Saw" of Wichita, beat Les Culbertson, recognized as the best welter in Okla. Hill is under the management of Jack Slattery, of Wichita.

Chanute, Kans.—George Cox, a very popular and efficient referee formerly of Mulberry, Kansas, is now located in Chanute.

Tulsa, Okla.—Louie Avery defeated Ad Cadena in 10 fast rounds. Britt Gorman beat Chat Laredo in 10. Johnny Nichols and Pete Pacho drew in 10. Mickey McMullen beat Jimmy Hyde in 4 rounds.

Neodesha, Kans.—Les Showers, amateur boxing promoter, returned to Colorado after spending several days in this vicinity renewing old acquaintances and looking over the territory in preparation for several amateur shows this fall. Showers will promote a 3-day tournament in Colo. this month.

Tulsa, Okla.—Glen Nute socked out a 10-round victory over Howard Scott for the featherweight championship of Oklahoma. Ernest Hollopeter knocked out Harlan Britton in 1. Jimmy Craig beat Leo Selby in 6. Speck Gordon and Goldie Stewart bout stopped in the third round and declared "No contest." Jimmy Hyde beat Kid Sharp in 4 rounds.

Topeka, Kansas.—Mr. Frank Gilleece states this has been the quietest month of boxing activity in Kansas for several years. But prospects for an active season will begin in the fall months.

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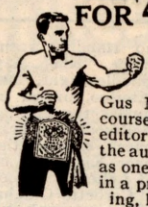

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

A PACKED arena, with no standing room available, turned out to see "Kid" Ray Schneck, Waterloo, Ia., middleweight, and Miss Ivabelle Rice, also of Waterloo, united in the holy bonds of matrimony, under the glaring lights of the squared circle at Riverview park. Following this gala event, Schneck entered the ring to punch out a victory over Kid Carr, of Onawa, Ia. In another sixer Kid Lehr, Waterloo, nosed out a win over Tommy Corbett, Omaha feather. The best bout of the evening, and the one that caused much comment over the result, was between Jimmy Thompson, local Junior lightweight, and Buzz Smith of Liberty, Neb. Both local newspapers split their decisions. But it is the opinion of the writer that Thompsón edged out a shade the better for the six rounds. In the fours, All Sullivan of Lincoln, Neb., knocked out Caddy Casey of Waterloo in the second round. Matt Smith of Elk Point, South Dakota drew with Young Pahl of Moville, Ia.

Waterloo, Iowa—In the heavyweight tournament staged here, George Cory of Coon Rapids was crowned heavyweight of Iowa, outpointing George Bourland of Des Moines in the final bout. Teddy Bourland outpointed Billy Cory. Kid Allen shaded Whitey Dale, and Dennis Arch beat Bobby Ryan.

Freddie Penn, Omaha Bantam,, took the wind out of Re-al Villa's sails in a furious sixer but the bout ended in a draw. Tuck Shaddon, Lincoln, lost to Carl Wells of Omaha in another sixer. Mickey O'Donnell, local boxing artist, taught Ing Hansen, of Vermilon, South Dakota, a good four-round boxing lesson. Jerry Howard knocked out Puggy Welch in the second round of their four.

Pep Jennings of Des Moines took on Re-al Villa for six fast rounds. The bout was so close, that in justice to the boys, a decision one way or the other would have been unfair, regardless of other reports sent out over the wires. Frankie Larrabee of Lincoln, making a come-back, lost by a narrow margin to Jimmy Wooten, of Omaha. Larrabee did fairly well considering his long layoff.

Davenport, Ia.—Kid Leonard, East Moline, outpointed Phil Ross, Chicago welter, in 10 fast rounds. Young Terry, Davenport, Jr.-welter, outpointed Iowa Joe Rivers in eight rounds. Young Powell, Rock Island, defeated Eddie Manning, Peoria Jr.-lightweight, in four, and Cliff Beckman won a T. K. O. over Chuck McKee.

Don Pershing, better known about the state of Iowa as Sailor Burke, and at one time a good tough lightweight, has taken over the management of Dick Mahoney, coming middleweight boxer of Anamosa, Ia.

Never before in history of boxing at Riverview Park Arena has such a multitude of fans turned out to see a boxing show staged there, as the one staged by Harry Jones, featuring his first ten-round main event. Re-al Villa, the Mexican flyweight from Tulsa, Okla., shaded Pep Jennings, Des Moines, Ia. The bout was fast, with both boys throwing gloves from all angles. Mickey O'Donnell, the fighting schoolboy, mixed things aplenty with Carl Wells, veteran lightweight from Omaha. Both papers gave the decision to Wells, but it is the opinion of the writer, that O'Donnell should have received a draw. In another star six-rounder, Jimmy Thompson, local Jr.-lightweight, fought six rounds to a draw with Georgie Atwood, also of Sioux City. Young Montgomery of Sioux City, and Young Johnson, of Moville, did nothing but stall and hug, with the Moville lad having a shade the better. Matt Smith, doing the come-back trail, out-punched Kid Newman of Merill, Ia. Both are lightweights. Ted Zanfes was the third man for all the bouts and per usual, did his job well.

Last Minute Sparks—Joe Ryan, former Sports Editor of the *Journal*, is now publicity man at Riverview Park. . . . Dave Fidler, Des Moines, Ia., manager and promoter, is keeping his star featherweight, Hymie Wiseman, busy. . . . Tony Ligouri, veteran lightweight of Des Moines, has taken over the management of Davey Stagg. . . . Ray Mann, Sioux City welterweight ace is doing a month's rest. . . . Connie Curry and Earl McArthur, local managers were seen working with Jimmy Thomson in a recent bout, perhaps Thomson has changed managers again. The old desk is jammed with notes from all over the state, thanks again. . . . Re-al Villa, the little Mexican flyweight, has left for Oklahoma. . . . Keep your eyes on this lad, he is a comer. . . . Sammy Sacco, local feather, is doing light training. . . . Howard Graack, former Sioux City boxing manager, is now located in Minneapolis. . . . Harvey Potthoff, *Tribune* boxing writer, knows his decisions. . . . Tuffy Griffiths, our heavyweight star, will swing into action soon. . . . Walt Pritchard, who held forth at the ball park last summer, has been on the side-lines . . . Reddy Adair, veteran lightweight, starts a come-back on the average of four times a year. . . . Better hang up the gloves Reddy before it is too late. . . . Records books, RING Magazines, are all dug up to back an argument when Rod Edmunds, Guy Sands, Mike Gerstenberger, Fred Spaulding, Gene Cutler and Skinny Floren get together. . . . But for picking winners of fights, we must take our hat off to Mike Gerstenberger, who knows records of fighters from A to Z. . . . Jimmy Thompson, local Jr.-lightweight, wants to hear from his old friends around New York and Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 2206 N. Lafayette Place will reach him. . . . See you next month.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

"LEFTY" MARTLER, Duke Barry's "Belgian Assassin" 150-pounder, is hot on the trail of My Sullivan, St. Paul's corking good welterweight, who won by a T. K. O. over "Kid" Leonard, in eight frames at Davenport's last show.

Duke Barry will reopen his club at Clinton, Ia., early in the fall. Pending matches for this section include "Lefty" Martler to meet Clyde Hull at Sioux Falls, S. D. Harvey Carothers to meet Johnny Fulton at Cedar Rapids, and Lou Taylor to mingle in a rematch with Glen "Kid" Lehr.

Hercedro Montello, Chicago Cuban 118-pounder, now campaigning in the East, at present located in Atlantic City, will shortly headquarter at Davenport.

Efforts should be made by the Davenport and Moline promoters to match "Kid" Leonard, of East Moline, and "Lefty" Martler, of Moline. Both are of Belgian nationality.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LIGHTIG

TAIT LITTMAN is out to regain his place as one of the leading middleweights.

Roger Bernard lost a hard ten-round bout to Harry Dublinsky. Most fans around the ringside were of the impression that best Dublinsky should have gotten was a draw.

Frankie Battaglia continued his winning ways by putting the old K. O. pill on the highly touted Johnny Burns in two rounds. This makes five straight wins and four K. O.'s.

Johnny Saunders, Milwaukee's latest heavyweight threat, won from Mitz Minikel on a foul.

Len Bernstein made his pro. debut in a big way by putting the K. O. on Al Bethia, Syrian champ.

George Rhorick and Roy Jacks fought four interesting rounds to a draw.

Sailor Near and Vince Rockne continued their duel of a few weeks ago and after it was all over, they were still even.

Sid Novak is going good in Chicago. He beat Johnny Baima and lost a close fight to Jerry Crano.

Curtis Brown, Marquette University boxing instructor, is back after a two months' layoff and is ready to fight himself into the favor of local fans.

Jim Demetral, well known local sportsman, is now promoting boxing shows in Madison, Wis.

Demetral stole a natural from Milwaukee in a King Tut-Frankie Hughes fight.

Frankie Cheek is ready for action again.

Eddie Metrie, local fight impresario and former amateur champ and writer, has formed a fistic corporation with offices at 47 Caulker Bldg. and 756 North Plankinton Avenue.

Any high class fighters, especially heavyweight, wanting to fight down here and willing to come down on their own expense, should get in touch with the writer at 756 North Plankinton Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

The officers in this new fistic corporation are Eddie Metie, president; Larry Lightig, vice president and treasurer; Miss Irene Kling, secretary; and Abe Barrock, advance agent.

Charlie Metrie, who brought Dave Maier to the front, has uncovered a new Carnera in Tiny Hables, 220-pound heavyweight. Hables is a very good boxer and punches with either hand.

Milwaukee fistic colony has a new additon in Herb Anderson, hard-hitting welterweight from Gary, Ind.

Al Fain, man about town, has taken Johnny Saunders, hard-hitting heavyweight, under his wing and expects to pilot his boy to a shot with Levinsky or any other leading heavy.

Joe Azzarella is back in shape and ready to give the best of 'em a battle.

A few Milwaukee naturals are Frankie Battaglia-Tait Littman, Dave Maier-Johnny Saunders, Curtis Brow-Joe Azzarella, Roger Bernard-Kid Chocolate, George Rohrick-Kirkpatrick, Sailor Near-Herb Anderson, Tiny Hables-Johnny Saunders.

Charlie Crocker, who is under the management of Eddie Metrie is now at Citizens' Military Camp, giving the boys pointers on boxing.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

DULUTH went over in a big way the past month, fistically speaking, when the Duluth Devaster, Charley Retzlaff, hung the lullaby wallop on Marty Gallager, on the Schmeling-Stribling card in Cleveland. Chawley followed that up by putting the castors under Ralph Ficucello, in New York.

Billy Petrolle, who also hails from the Zenith city, upset everything including Justo Saurez, when he showed the Argentine just how the boys away up north in Minnesota toss the leather. Great goin', Bill and Charley and, lest we forget, a nod to manager Jack Hurley.

The fight game is pretty groggy around here, right now, and a lot of unnecessary skepticism on the part of local sport writers isn't doing our Minnesotan fight enthusiasm one bit of good. I refer to the continued harping on fixed fights. It is true that there are rotten politics androttener politicians in the great old game, but, man you can't hope to hoist Fistiana to its former "status quo" by throwing a shadow of doubt, without any obvious reason, on every fight that comes along.

What got the gents of the press hot under the collar around here was that Petrolle-Tut affair in New York, when the Express kayoed Tut. It was a jolt to the rail birds around the Twin Cities and Duluth, but the fight reporters of the East, who had their noses in the resin at the time, and Nat Fleischer assured us that the fight was on the up and up. But still, one or two boxing columnists hereabouts, who didn't see the fray itself, continue to yelp and point at everything that comes along.

For the Love of Boxing, LET'S BOOST THE GAME! It isn't as raw as some people like to think it is.

Ernie Fliegel's eyes failed him again and the former boxer was rushed to Rochester and then to Chicago, where he underwent an operation. Frankie Battaglia, one of Ernie's fighters, was at his manager's bedside. The operation, fortunately, was successful and we hope that Ernie won't have another experience of this kind. Fliegel is co-manager of King Tut and Frankie Battaglia.

CONGRATULATIONS! Tommy Loughran! If ever there was a chap worthy of the Valuable Boxer award, presented by the RING, you're the fellow.

It's a pity that there aren't more boxers of Tommy's caliber and character gracing the fight rings of today. A true blue boxer with a great manager. More success to you, Tommy.

SHORT SOCKS . . . Personal nomination for Minnesota's most broadminded boxing critic: George Barton . . . George barely missed the call for officiating the Schmeling-Stribling championship bout . . . Minneapolis doesn't think that Duluth's Charley Retzlaff is such hot stuff . . . A lot of railbirds can't forget that time when Grant Slade gave Chawley a socking here . . . That was the Duluth Devaster's first and last fight in Minneapolis . . . Ho-hum . . . Jawnee Salvator knows the hemps when it comes to fighters . . . That oughtta be good for a coupla comps, eh, John? . . . "For sale. Extra cheap. A pair of very slightly used boxing gloves. See Big Boy Peterson." . . . My Sullivan kayoed a guy in Davenport . . . So Jock Molone has hung up the leather . . . About time . . . Britt Gorman carries on . . . A great little scrapper . . . There are a lot of fighters around here that are finding out how it feels to be down an' out, financially speaking . . . A certain welterweight buttonholed me . . . "Pal, fer a coupa java and a coupla sinkers, I'll do the Rhumba with Primo Carnera and play blind man's bluff with Jim Londos," says he . . . We wonder where Dick Daniels' pork chops are coming from these days . . . A lot of guys are still grumbling about Jack Hurley's silent interests in the new St. Paul Fight Club . . . Hurley's fighters think a lot of their dominator . . . Word comes from New Yawk that Tony Canzoneri can't see our Billy Petrolle attall, attall. . . . 'Smatta, Tony?

Remember When . . . Jack McCann was touted as another Dempsey? . . . Duke Horn was *the* fashion plate? . . . Big Boy Peterson said that he would walk back to New Orleans if Tiny Roebuck beat him?

Will Tim Derry, Phil Rothberg, and Harmon Kid Swinney get in touch with me at 5328 York Ave., S. Minneapolis.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

NISH KERKOERIAN, the sensational Armenian middleweight, fought three of the most sensational fights seen at Dreamland in several years. In his last bout, Nish won three out of four rounds from Eddie Daniels, but in that fourth and last canto, he was stretched for a nine count which entitled Daniels to a good draw. Tommy Cello is Nish's manager.

Al Johnson, Smiley's slugging welter, returned from the mountains where he spent a week conditioning himself for future combats. He is anxious to don the gloves. His last bout at Dreamland was a corker.

Willie Davis, former amateur middleweight has turned pro.

Roy De Gans, colored middleweight of Pocatello, Idaho, in his five bouts at Dreamland Auditorium, has made a big hit with the fans. He has won all his bouts with ease, so we look for better bouts for this colored boy. Watch this boy, *he has* IT.

Al Citrino, featherweight, continued his winning streak and defeated Paul Mann in a great fight at Dreamland.

Clem Hamill should send Citrino south where I'm sure he'd be a sensation. He is a good match for Raymond Montoya and to my way of sizing the pair, Citrino would win.

Johnny Jaegers is taking a much needed rest.

In a return match, Gaston Le Cardre, French battler, gave Raymond (Battling) Dozier a neat trouncing in ten rounds, winning eight out of the ten rounds, with two even. Dozier failed to win a round, and as a main eventer, Dozier is about thru.

Jimmy Evans won a close ten-round decision over Charley Hernandez at Dreamland. Charley had Jimmy on the canvas for a nine count in the first round, but Jimmy came at a fast clip in the closing cantos to win a well-earned decision.

Roy De Gans won a decision over Al Marino, one of our most promising youngsters in the bay region. Just as I said before, keep your eye on Roy, he has IT.

Kid Capley ko'ed Daniel Boone.

Nish Kerkoerian ko'ed Ad Ramsey, in two heats, and Al Manfredo ko'ed Bennett in two rounds.

Ira Kaplan, L. A. 130-pounder, is making a comeback after a layoff of three years.

Johnny Conde, former boxer of Oakland, is now right hand man to Ronald Brown, motion picture director with Universal Studios.

Carlo Curtis is now in Seattle, Wash., with Jack Johnson, ex-heavyweight champion of the world.

Abie Israel, former flyweight sensation, now a bantam and featherweight, is here in Los Angeles, training daily; seeks work with the best. Abie is bantam champion of the Northwest.

Leonard Bennett, now of Los Angeles, has acted as sparring partner to Meyer Grace, Tommy Herman, Tony Canzoneri, Sammy Mandell, Benny Bass, King Tut and Joey Sangor. His bout with Paul Negri in San Francisco will be well remembered.

King Tut is in San Francisco, and has started to train for future battles.

Alfredo Gaona,' welterweight champion of Mexico, in his last bout, lost a ten-round decision to Tommy Herman of Chicago. It was a bad decision, and all the newspapers gave the Mexican lad a big edge. The decision was booed by the entire house which consisted mostly of Mexicans.

Syd Keenan, 122-pounder, looks like a tough lad, but he's having a tough time getting work in Los Angeles. He has fought the likes of Pancho Villa, twice, Elino Flores, five times, Pete Sarmiento, five times, Mike Ballerino, and Johnny Hill twice. He beat Mike Ballerino a few months before Mike won the world's title.

He has never been ko'ed in 13 years of fighting, and has had about 300 battles and is but 26 years of age.

Salvadore Ruggierelo, heavyweight battler with a sock in either mitt, punched Roberto Roberti into submission in the first round of a scheduled ten-round bout here in Los Angeles.

At Oakland, California, Jose Santa, man mountain heavyweight of Portugal won a ten-round decision over Roberto Roberti.

Tony Canzoneri beat Cecil Payne, and believe me, it was a close decision.

Billy Townsend gave a neat exhibition of boxing skill in defeating Tommy Herman of Chicago.

Abie Miller is a good looking featherweight.

Bob Perry left Los Angeles for New York, to second Mickey Walker for his big bout in New York.

Ronald Brown, Clara Bow, Larry McGrath, Johnny Conde and Sid Marks were among those who saw Bob off.

Carl Oden, 155-pound Swede battler, is a baby who packs them in.

Le Roy Haynes, heavyweight is on his way to Oakland, where promoter Louie Parente is featuring heavyweight shows.

Billie Roberts, manager of fighters who fight, has Ray Butler, bantam champion of the navy, Peter Pinna, 122 lbs., and Ernie Dell, Frisco Terror.

V. Duran, actor-manager of Hollywood has some fair boys in Indian Pete Cardenas—135 lbs., Joe Lara—124 lbs. and Cecil Myart—200 lbs.

Fritz Reshit and Blackie Sullivan want to be mentioned, Fritz is from 'Frisco and Blackie is from Los Angeles and both are well liked by everyone.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO
By EDDIE MAYER, JR.

JOHNNY WALKER was awarded a draw with George Dixon when George fouled him in the third canto. Don Fraser handed Nels Ferguson a six-round boxing lesson in the semi windup. Johnny Casebeer, of Mullan, decisioned Red Vandervert in a special six-rounder. The bouts were promoted by Will Maylon at the Dishman arena, near Spokane.

Gus Sonnenberg, 203, ex-heavyweight champion grappler, won two out of three falls from John Freberg, 225, Spokane, at the Dishman arena. Abe Kaplan, 218, and Don Koloff, 220, fought a five-round draw. Billy, a brown bear, stole the show with his draw match with Harold Rumberg.

Fred Lenhart, Spokane light-heavyweight, won a ten-round decision from Charley Belanger, at the Alan Punch Bowl near Coeur d' Alene, Idaho. In the semi-windup, Johnny Casebeer was awarded a technical knockout over Joe Gorman. Llye Roach kayoed Tommy O'Brien in the fourth round of a sizzling special.

Don Fraser scored a six-round decision over Al Gracio at the Dishman arena.

Don Fraser, Spokane welterweight, won a six-round decision over Tony Portillo, Seattle, in a slam-bang main event at Dishman. Del King earned a draw with Billy Wells of Wenatchee in a vicious six-rounder. Lee Roberts K. O.'ed Eddie Ryan in 2 in a fast preliminary.

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world will fight an exhibition bout on the next card at Dishman.

Young Firpo, of Burke, lost a decision to George Gilstrap, veteran of the ring, at St. Maries, Idaho, in a ten-round main event. The boys are light-heavies.

Ralph J. Davis, of Boise, has been appointed by Governor C. Ben Ross as secretary of the Idaho Athletic Commission. The post was formerly held by William B. Pratt, also of Boise.

IN MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
CLIFF SCHIEBERL

WELL, Red Heneghan held his fight at the new $200,000.00 Municipal Stadium on the River front. His show was a wow for action. Kid Leonard of East Moline beat Phil Ross of Chicago in ten . . . Young Terry, Davenport, again walloped Mexican Joe Rivers, of Cedar Rapids, in 10 heats . . . Billy Hoon beat Tommy Bambrough, 8 . . . Young Powell, Rock Island beat Eddie Manning, Burlington, 6 . . . Cliff Beckman, Davenport, K.Od., Chuck McKee in the second . . . Frank Duffy refereed and makes the boys fight.

Waterloo, Ia. . . . Pinkie George, the fight impressario of this town, staged a heavy tournament to get a heavy champ for Iowa, and that he did. Snubs Ganaway, Geo. Bourland, Jerry Slayer, A. Costello, Lou Gordon, Hod Held and Geo. Cory fought it out in four nights at the Electric Park. Geo. Cory was the winner.

Iowa City, Ia. . . . In July, Ralph Parcaut, the middleweight champ of Iowa, and H. Croy met before a crowd of 2520. The affair ended up in a row, Parcaut winning on a foul.

On Mississippi River . . . On the Capitol Steamboat while drifting down the stream, Mr. Phelps and Mr. Harrison of the Chevrolet Motor Co., in Davenport staged one of the best fight cards ever seen. Young Terry outclassed Lou Taylor in 10. Young Powell and Kid Debeck drew. . . . Kid Plunger and Al Vance drew. Young Desmet shaded Kid Karter in four.

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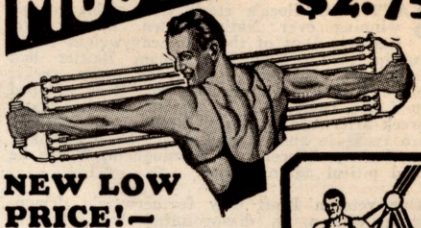

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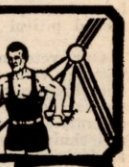

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ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
By SAM CAPRI

BATTLING Bozo's stock rose a bit in his winning over Natie Brown, in the preliminary bout of the last heavyweight championship card. The Birmingham Battler had fought three battles, in about as many weeks, previously to this Brown-Bozo go. Bozo whipped Pete Latzo, twice, once in Atlanta and then about a week afterward in Birmingham. Latzo floored Bozo twice in the Atlanta bout; he must have been feeling different in Birmingham, where he looked pitiful against Bozo.

Our veteran Pratt City featherweight demon, Claude Wilson, is disappointing his followers with his present losing streak. He lost to Mickey Genaro, of Waterbury, Conn., in New Orleans, recently. Claude followed this up by losing by a technical kayo to "Kid" Wolfe, of Memphis, at Jackson, Tenn., in three rounds.

With Bozo and Petey Sarron, who trounced Davey Abad, of St. Louis, and Babe Ruth, of Louisville, in the course of four days, going up with the select circle, Birmingham fans now have some good battles now that Jack Ausborne and Jimmie Box, two youngsters, are coming to the top.

Sam Siegel, promoter of wrestling for the General Post, No. 1, in Birmingham, is featuring such wrestlers as Joe Cox, Ernie Dusek, Tommy Marvin, Jack Shannon, Marshall Blackstock, John Katan, Stanlet Zwacki, Nazarene Poggi, in his semi-monthly shows.

The veteran Spike Webb, of Savannah, has made himself a big favorite here with the fans. Webb has scored more knock downs in Birmingham than any other fighter ever to show here.

Battling Bozo clowned his way to a ten-round decision over Chuck Burns, Texas heavyweight, at Winston-Salem, N. C., recently.

Little Jack Ausborne, of Bessemer, is the nerviest fighter in these parts. A fresh cut or a broken hand or any minor thing like this doesn't make Jack call off any bout. He has yet to make a bad fight, and he fights often. Some of his recent fights: The Bessemer Wildcat, lost by T. K. O. in five rounds to Albert Leon, at Miami, Fla., suffering a badly cut eye. Jack followed this up by stopping Sammy Lucas, in eight rounds at Savannah, Ga. A few days later trounced Young Whitlock, at Charleston, S. C., in ten rounds.

Our Petey Sarron was held to a draw by Midget Mike O'Dowd, the Columbus veteran, at Greenwood, Miss., recently. Sarron injured both paws in this bout.

Little Jimmy Box, a fast rising featherweight, from this vicinity outboxed Horace Hooper, in a fast six-round bout in Birmingham.

Johnny Semas, of Toronto, Canada, was too much for Jimmy Murphy, of Fla., in an eight-round bout, in Birmingham. They are welters.

A new promoter is entering the boxing game at Haleyville. Snoddy is the new match maker for the Legion here. He will use local boys and charge a small admission fee, for a start.

The Amateurs are furnishing some hectic battles here. Two outstanding fighters in this rank are Ed Kaiser, light-heavyweight, and Tiger Janaza, featherweight, both of the Ensley Athletic Club. Each remains undefeated up to this writing.

Spike Webb, Savannah middleweight, won from Jack Wolfe, of Memphis, in seven rounds, by T. K. O. in Birmingham. Webb, as usual, scored several knockdowns in his bout.

Jimmy Musso, a young Bessemer welterweight, is making a comeback after more than a year's lay off. Musso recently beat Whitey Saylors and held the clever Porky Saab, a fast coming welter, to a draw.

Bob Martin, wartime heavy of note, is living at Nitro, near here, with his wife and family. Bob still takes interest at the fight game.

Russ Rowsey is stepping right along, and is pointing to a successful Fall and Winter in the ring. Russ is on the up all the time.

When I was a kid I thought sports writers were original.

Some nice cards are in the offing in various sections of the state, brief reports of which will be in this column in next issue.

Information on West Virginia may be had by writing to the writer at the Smoke Shop, Quarrier Street, Charleston. Matchmakers write, send photos.

To know what all of the boys are doing, all of the time, in ALL of the states, read THE RING, champion of them all, and still undefeated.

WEST VIRGINIA JABS
By "HUD" HUDSON

THE State Boxing Bill has finally become law, and bouts are now legal in this State. George Phillips, of Wheeling is the kingpin of the newly created Commission, two other members as aides.

Charleston—Bobby Grant outhit and outsmarted Holly Kid Allen to get a popular verdict after 12 rounds of work. Grant impressed the fans. On the same card, Parsons lost a tough one to Manley via TKO in 8th; Shannon won over Larry Reynolds; Bobby Powell, Portsmouth lad, put a sparkle in the card by his neat K. O. in the 4th over Robinson, of Charleston.

Now that we are getting a better grade of boys here, local ringworms are beginning to check up on records. Read THE RING, gang, for news and views from your own and every State in the Union. Being clean from cover to cover, you can take it right along home with you for the boy to read.

Clarksburg will soon have a place to hold the increase in attendance at fights held there, as also will Huntington and Beckley.

Johnny Edwards, the local flyweight pride, drew with Happy Atherton in the baptismal bout at the new Terminal Arena. The mix drew 4,000 bugs out to the open-air ring, and proved to be a nice opener for the Canepa card.

Referee Bernard Rocke is the best third man this scribe has seen in many a moon. Rocke has nothing to say, but knows his work from ropes to rosin.

Bobby Grant, Charleston welter, finished strong to outpoint Billy Alger, New York, (10). The win establishes Grant well on the road to a safe comeback.

Speedy Price, popular colored scrapper, won handily from Tommy Spellman.

Bud Connell, Legionnaire sportsman and all-around good guy, was recently named Chairman of the local Commish. Incidentally, Bud is always toting around a copy of the current RING magazine.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

THE Mid-City Arena, located half way between Baltimore and Washington, got under way during the month. The initial show featured Babe Hunt with Petro Corri. Hunt was an easy winner. Arthur Bebeve and Mickey Diamond put on the best bout of the evening with Debeve returned a winner. Herman Weiner flattened Young Sullivan, of Philadelphia, in two heats and Billy Edwards did likewise to Jack Scott. Matchmaker Gerrin intends to use Hunt again with a more suitable opponent.

Arthur Huttick, of New York, beat Jake Denning in ten rounds at Fort Washington. Huttick was entirely too big and strong for Denning who wilted after a few rounds. The surprise of the evening was Billy Landis' decisive defeat of Eddie Buell, top-heavy favorite, who injured his arm and quit in the sixth.

Reds Journee, Virginia middleweight, continues to turn his opponents over. His latest victim was Babby Barrett at Salisbury, Md., in three rounds.

Buss Malone won a ten-round decision over Walter Kirckwood at Lynchburg, Va.

Texas Stovall, Indian middleweight, is doing light training with views of a comeback.

Nick Antonellie, New York featherweight and Mickey Greb, of Newark, N. J., fought an eight-round draw at Portsmouth, Va.

Sailor McKenna, Washington lightweight and Young Willie Ritchie, of Philadelphia, fought eight rounds to a draw at Ocean City, Md.

Lew Raymond, Baltimore lightweight, is one of the most promising boys in this vicinity. Lew scored wins over Bobby Burns, and Charles Gomer and knocked out Benny Toothman.

Jackie Portney, Baltimore lightweight, scored a technical knockout over Charlie Jacobs at Virginia Beach, Va.

Virginia fans were tickled with Bobby Godwin's win over Arthur Huttick in his initial appearance in the Madison Square Garden. Altho Godwin hails from Florida, he does most of his boxing around Norfolk, Va., where they look upon him as a hometown boy. Godwin also pasted Doc Conrad in a return bout at Portsmouth, Va., for an easy win.

IN AND AROUND MEMPHIS
By AL HAYES

JACKSON, Tenn.—The fight game in this little town is going good with matchmaker Tommy Tompkins doing a fine job of matchmaking. Stanley McRae won a fast 8 round bout from Dummy McKenney of Memphis. Tommy Seaton, a stable mate of McRae, won a six-round decision from Scar Face Watkins, of Jackson; Tarzen Leggett of Tupelo, won from Jimmy Griffen in eight rounds and Luther Orr of Memphis and Jimmy McGraw of Detroit battled to an eight-round draw. Bobby Mathews stopped Eddie Stewart of Memphis in four rounds.

Greenville, Miss.—In a show on July 4, Luther Orr and Tarzen Leggett headlined the card and Orr dropped a close decision in ten fast rounds.

Oxford, Miss.—Has uncovered a good middleweight in Sammy Kyzer, who bids fair to come up. He stopped Clarence Smith in five rounds, then kayoed Benny Sanderson in four. Charley Rhodes, a feather of Memphis, stopped Kid Collins in four rounds on the same card.

—o—

Greenwood, Miss.—Midget Mike O'Dowd drew with Petey Sarron of Birmingham, Ala., in ten fast rounds, Charley Rhodes of Memphis kayoed Haven Box in one round. Tommy Fowlks lost to Sailor Campbell in six, Ray Shook won from Garland Lucas in six rounds.

Little Rock, Ark.—Jack King, of Little Rock, won a ten-round decision from Roy Mitchell, of Centralia, Ill.

The Legion A. C. put on a show featuring Eddie Kid Wolf, of Memphis, and Jackie Duggan, of Louisville, Ky. Wolf stopped his man in the eighth. Charley Rhodes, the Memphis feather, won a fast six-round bout from Billy Williams, also of Memphis; Al Derose lost to Fred Rivailto in another six and Gene Demontriville, won from Herbert Anderson in four.

The best boys around this section are, Jack King, of Little Rock, Don Burton, of Blytheville, Ark.; Little Tuck, of Little Rock; Luther Orr, Memphis; Tarzen Legget, Tupelo, Miss.; Jimmy McGraw, Memphis; Charley Rhodes, Memphis. These boys are fighting regularly and winning most of their fights.

FLORIDA WEST COAST
By JACK HEMAN

A POPULAR decision was handed down when Sammy Mandell was held to a draw by the Lakeland youngster, Wilbur Stokes. The battle was close and the verdict just. The bouts were held in Tampa.

In the semi-final, Bud Kamm, Chicago, K. O.'d Billy Williams of Ocala in the first. Roy Bailey and Tony Diaz put up the best fight on the card, Roy winning. In a return bout Ernie Kerschiner, Germany, handily licked Kid Ronco of Cuba in six rounds. The German looks like a comer. The attendance was fine. About 4000 fans turned out.

On the first card run by The Disabled War Veterans, with 1500 fans turning out in St. Pete, Don Kelley, Clearwater welter, lost a tough one to Johnny Roberts, Kansas City, in ten rounds. Roberts was on the canvas in the first but came back to win.

Down in Miami a son of a great fighter, Frankie Britton, fought his first professional ring battle and won in four rounds.

At the Cuban Club, in Tampa, Baguero fought Rufus Miles in the ten-round windup and Jackie Herman met Billy Roque in the semi for eight frames.

The new summer prices have helped to raise attendance in these parts 70%. Boxing appears to be on the upgrade in Florida.

IN STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

A WRESTLING match between a local champion, one Jim Cassidy, and challenger, one Kid Allen, from North Carolina, was recently scheduled here. Preliminaries arranged consisted of a boxing bout between two local light-heavyweight Negroes, "Black Lightning" and "Dreadful Demon."

"Dreadful Demon" failed to show up and Cassidy, whose weight is 150 pounds, realizing that the show must go on, offered to put on the gloves and enter the ring against "Black Lightning," fighting his own prelim, and thereby save the schedule and Cassidy knocked out the burly "Lightning" in the second round, after which he won two falls from Kid Allen. The first in two, and the second in five minutes, and retained his championship. Cassidy is a wrestler of no little ability.

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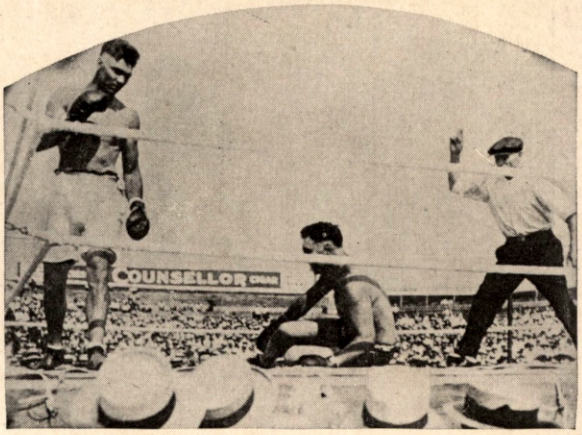

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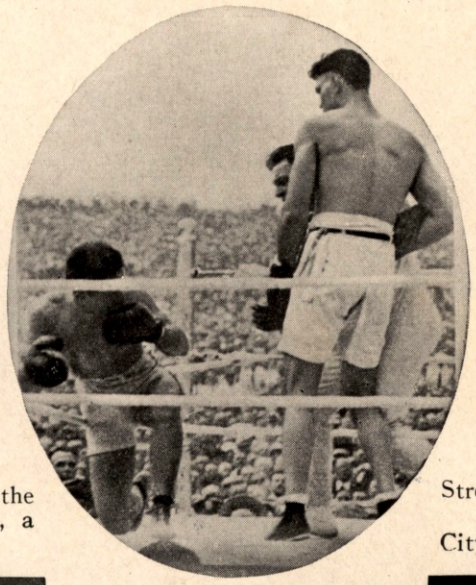

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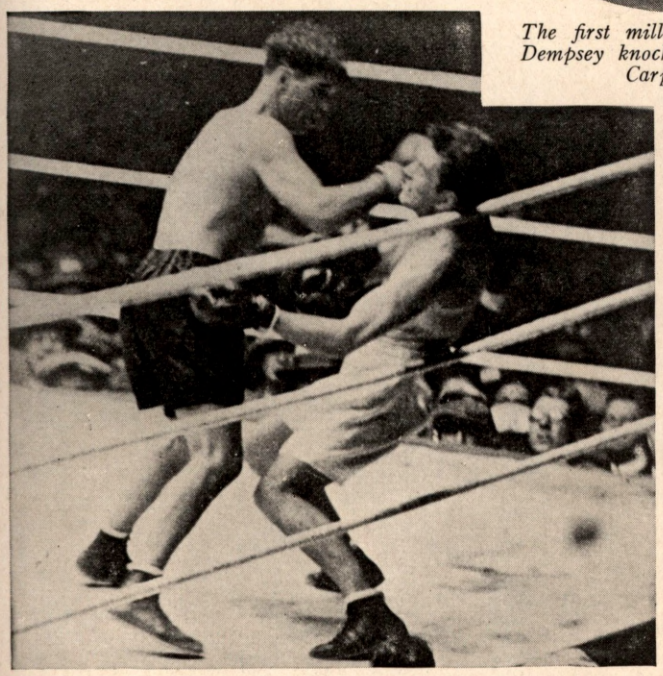
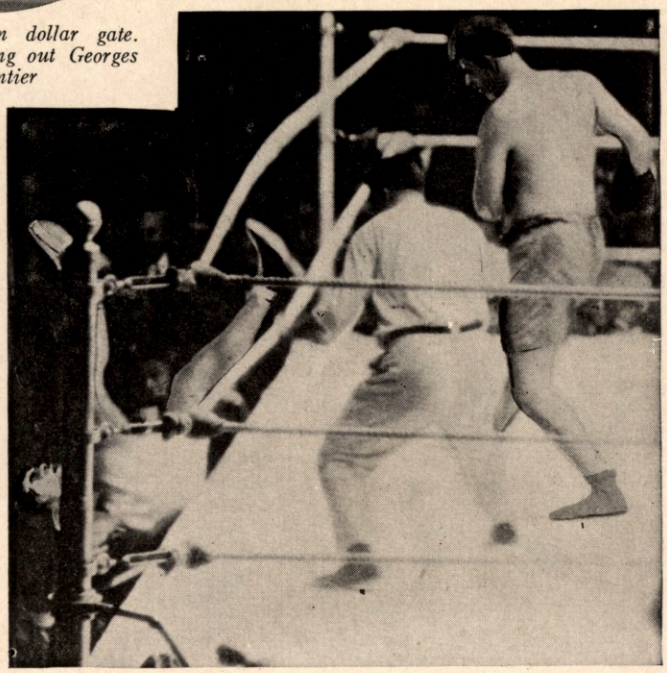


When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"



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